BEGINNING—**MIKE** By **GRACE PERKINS**
A VIVID STORY OF A RADIO STAR'S ROMANCE

MAY 20,
1933

Liberty

5¢

BOCK
BEER
HARRY
FISK

She Compromise?

..NEVER!

Nor *did she need to*

- Among the three million users of Listerine Tooth Paste are thousands upon thousands of women of this type —well educated, well informed, critical of values, and with ample means to fulfill their wants. Such women would never compromise with quality for the mere sake of economy. Clearly, their rejection of older and costlier favorites for Listerine Tooth Paste was based, not upon the latter's price, but upon the brilliant and satisfying results it gave them.

If you have not tried this remarkable new dentifrice, made by the makers of Listerine, do so now. Buy a tube. Try it for a week or more and then note the improvement in your teeth.

See how clean they are—how clean they feel, both in front and in back.

Note the absence of repellent tartar and the unsightly stains of food and tobacco.

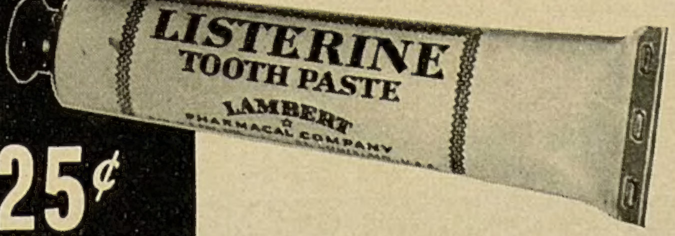
Observe the flash and brilliance that this tooth paste gives to teeth.

They are due to those swift-acting, fine-textured, cleansing and polishing agents that make Listerine Tooth Paste outstanding.

Look for the delightful feeling of freshness and invigoration that follows the use of this paste —the taste you associate with Listerine itself. And of course you know it makes your breath sweeter.

In case you're interested, the price of 25c saves you about $3.00 a year over tooth pastes in the 50c class. Not a staggering sum, but a welcome one in these times. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE 25¢ *.. it makes the breath sweeter*



At last! Bristles *can't* come out!
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSH
with PERMA-GRIP (U. S. PAT. No. 1472165)

Liberty

America's Best Read Weekly

MAY 20, 1933 VOL. 10, NO. 20

> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."*
> *—Abraham Lincoln.*

IN THIS ISSUE

- Beginning Mike .... GRACE PERKINS 4
  The revealing story of a radio star's romance
- The Private Life of Marie Dressler—*Part II* ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS 10
- When a Woman Loves—*A story* KONRAD BERCOVICI 16
- Twenty Questions 21
- The Inside on the Banking Investigations—*Part II* F. H. LA GUARDIA 22
  An outline of the financial evils that have brought ruin to many institutions and a plea for a guaranty of deposits to restore public confidence
- Detectogram Answer 28
- I Sorta Wish You'd Come Back FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN 29
  A short short story
- Leather, Lucky, and Law *Movie reviews* ROB WAGNER 30
- War Brings Tragedy—*A story* GEORGES SURDEZ 32
- I Intend to Do It Again COL. GEORGE R. HUTCHINSON 36
  In which the flyer answers Miss Elinor Smith's criticism of his Greenland hop
- Scarlet Woman—*Part V* OCTAVUS ROY COHEN 38
- Detectogram Mystery XX H. A. RIPLEY 46
- To the Ladies! PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 47
- Born to Raise Hell—*Part VIII* TEX O'REILLY As told to LOWELL THOMAS 48
- Bright Sayings of Children 55
- Vox Pop 56
- Prize Winners Cover Title Contest (April 1) 58
- Cross Word Puzzle 58
- $250 Weekly Cover Title Contest 59

Cover by HARRY T. FISK

GOVERNMENTAL REGULATING MANIA

In former depressions the law of supply and demand operated effectively, but now we want the government to regulate everything.

There are undoubtedly definite causes for this business stagnation which may be pointed out accurately in years to come.

But there is no doubt that the prolongation of this financial crisis is partly due at least to the general interference with the law of supply and demand.

Artificial fixation of prices of any kind will automatically interfere with the natural flow of business. Even the minimum-wage law that we find discussed so much at the present time is a questionable procedure.

For what workers really want is not a financial standard but a guaranty of a standard of living, a standard of happiness.

A standard of wages means nothing if you are liable to be out of a job at any time. Furthermore, the higher wages are boosted the greater the living expenses.

Wages enter into the cost of everything that we buy. Therefore it is really the buying power of the wage which is the real test. Whether you earn ten, thirty, or one hundred dollars a week makes little difference if the cost of everything is in proportion.

The government is now hiring men in the forestry division for one dollar a day, board included. Legislators are considering the advisability of forming camps for boys in various parts of the country. The wage of ten cents a day has been considered as payment for services rendered in these camps.

Too much tampering with the wages of the industrial world, creating artificial standards, may increase the number of people engaged in low-wage governmental work, or else they may have to be placed on a dole.

The government was given a severe lesson in price regulation when an endeavor was made to control the price of wheat and cotton. If we are to regulate the price of any commodity, wages included, by governmental edict, then the prices of everything should be similarly regulated, and to do this justly to all concerned is a Herculean task.

There has been too much regulation of prices in the industrial world, and we have allowed the farmer to shift for himself. We have made no effort to protect him from the scheming buyers of agricultural products.

And we should remember that practically fifty per cent of the buying power of our country comes from the farmers.

If we were to build a house and give little or no attention to the necessity for a strong foundation, the whole building would tumble down.

And that is exactly the situation we are facing at this time. The foundation of prosperity—the buying power of the farmers—has collapsed.

And one of the most dependable remedies for business recovery is a price for agricultural products that will give the farmers a reasonable profit.

Governmental loans and governmental improvements may temporarily alleviate the situation, although taxes with which we are already overburdened will have to bear this additional load; but the buying power of the farmers, which runs into many billions yearly, must be restored before there will be a satisfactory change in business.

Although the law of supply and demand may work slowly, it is always dependable. If a farmer is compelled to raise crops at a loss he changes his crops or automatically reduces his acreage. And the more we interfere with the natural functions of this regulating process the longer it will take us to get out of this financial quagmire.

Editorial and Executive Offices: Macfadden Building, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.
Advertising Office: Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.
Branch Offices—Chicago: 333 North Michigan Avenue. Boston: Little Building. Detroit: Fisher Building.
Published weekly by Liberty Publishing Corporation, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Orr J. Elder, President; Harold A. Wise and Carroll Rheinstrom, Vice Presidents; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Fulton Oursler, Editor; Wm. Maurice Flynn, Managing Editor. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

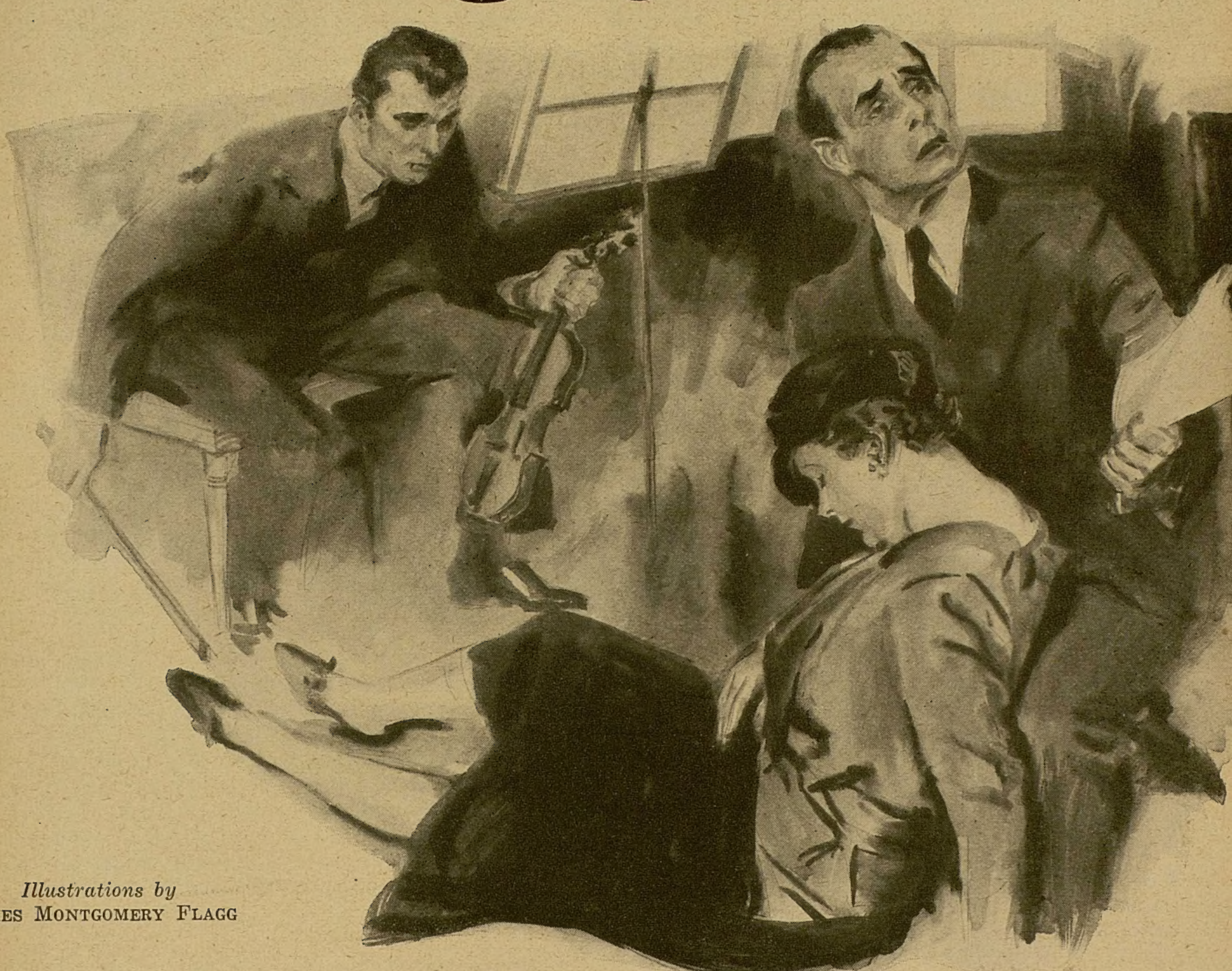
Copyright, 1933, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved.

Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

In the United States and possessions; in Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, $2.00 a year.
In Argentina, Bahamas, Bermuda, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Jamaica, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay, Venezuela, $3.50 a year.
In Continental Europe and British Empire, $5.00 a year. In all other countries, $6.00 a year.
Mail subscriptions to 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Should you change your address, notify us promptly.

Address all communications to Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.

Beginning—Mike



Illustrations by
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

The REVEALING STORY of a RADIO STAR'S ROMANCE

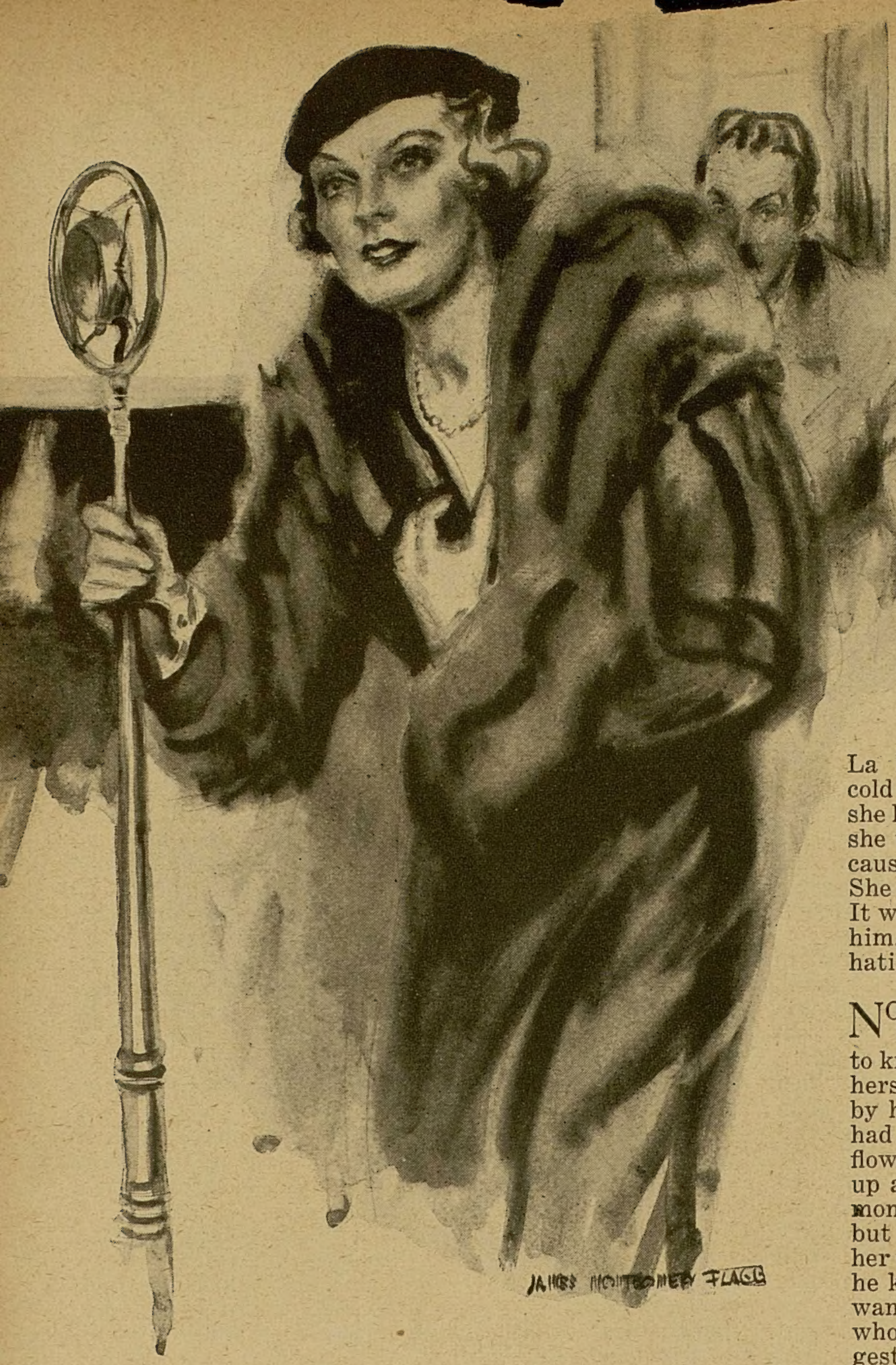
(Reading time: 22 minutes 21 seconds.)

MIMI BENTON wasn't her name. Benton was taken from a two-for-five cigar her father had always smoked, the smell of which still lingered in her nostrils, reminding her of the days when home seemed like the worst place on earth—and of other days when she learned there were places far more heartbreaking. "Mimi," she got out of La Bohème. Mike had once taken her to the Metropolitan and she had cried over the lovely one who had tasted love and died. Long after that matinée, long after Mike had left her, she stopped one snowy New York day before a billboard announcement of La Bohème and she remembered how once she and Mike had held moist, reassuring hands in the darkness as they listened to the arias of love and loss. To hear that music again she had broken her only ten-dollar bill—for the privilege of standing up, huddled against casual—oh, so very casual—strangers, and no warm hand to grasp her own trembling and ringless fingers. There had come into her eyes a damp luminous candlelight that forever after lingered. There had come to her, too, an envy of Mimi who could die when it was too late for others but not for herself.

Mimi Benton left the Metropolitan and walked for long hours aimlessly through the snow. Walked and marveled at the use of her body that for so long had been yanked and shoved and turned and twisted by others. It had been a hard birth and the mere thought of it gave her a falling sensation in the pit of her stomach. The memory of the hide-out; the religious charity hospital; the nuns forever in mourning for the world.

They knew that, three days before she came to them, she had tried suicide and had been prevented by her landlady in what seemed like the last delicious gassy moments. . . . Yes, the nuns could quiet her mind; they could tell her God would forgive her and not punish the child. They did a lot, those quiet unemotional women. But they couldn't—or hadn't—reached her heart nor healed its many wounds.

The baby was beautiful. All babies are beautiful, but



Mimi pushed aside the man who was attempting to raise Miss Spaulding. Clear and sweet her voice rang out.

By

GRACE PERKINS

this little handful of girlhood was extra lovely. The nuns kept mother and child for three months because of the complications and lingering weakness after that grueling birth. And in three months you can get to know a baby. It will smile at you. Gaze up at you. Burrow its tender head in your shoulder and neck. Grasp your finger with a strange hold. . . .

She knew she couldn't take care of the baby. She hadn't been able to take care of herself. She would rather die than send it to her father and stepmother to be brought up with a sense of shame, eyed by her home town. The baby was a girl—Sally, named after herself. A girl hasn't much of a chance. You should give a girl every break. . . .

The adoption papers were hard to read. They told you that never could you find out who took your child. A good home would be found and the nuns would keep track of the child's treatment. But the people who adopted should never know who were the true mother and father, by name or sight; and likewise the mother and father would never know how or where the child lived, or with whom.

Well, the nuns would do their best. More than she could do. Little Sally, with her funny yellow tendrils that promised blonde beauty, would have a home. Milk. Regularity of hours. Doctor's supervision. . . .

Mimi sighed. She said one last good-by to her kid, holding it for fifteen minutes, trying to keep the boiling tears from splashing down on to its baby dreams.

The nuns lent her ten dollars, suggested a boarding house, and kissed her good-by on both cheeks.

It was on the way to the recommended boarding house that she had stopped before the billboard of La Bohème. Afterward, walking through the cold spank of snow, she had broken a resolution she had made four hundred times in three months: she thought again of Mike. Why excuse him because he hadn't known there would be a child? She hadn't known it herself when he left her. It was best to hate him. Good for the soul to hate him. If you can't love, you can concentrate on hating.

NO good weeping over Sally. If she couldn't have Sally to love, to make a home for, to watch, to know, to give all the kindness she had never had herself—well, she could blot out the thought of it by hating Sally's father. Michael Gardiner who had never known want! Who could buy any girl flowers and dinners and gay times; who could pick up a kid of a chorus girl and pass eight sublime months with her; who could tell her he loved her but never speak of marriage; who could torture her with an embarrassed awkward parting—when he knew, and she knew he knew, he didn't really want to break; the good-looking good-for-nothing who could go off to Europe on A deck of the biggest liner because his parents had guessed at the depth of his latest attachment and wanted to guard their name and his career.

All right, Michael. I didn't make a peep. I didn't make a scene. I didn't go to your people; I didn't even threaten to sue, as I had seen other and wiser chorus girls do. I let you go when I couldn't keep your love. I let you go. But some day I'll get you. Some day, you big good-for-nothing rotter, I'll meet you again. And I'll tell you about that kid. . . . I don't know. Maybe I will. Maybe I won't.

Mimi shivered and slowed down, conscious, suddenly, of the cold wetness of her old shapeless shoes. She stepped back from the rushing crowds, and looked about, figuring out Fifth Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street. Her eyes rested on the lighted window of a gown shop and she smiled crookedly. A toy shop. She straightened her shoulders and looked away. Her eyes stopped at a glaring cluster of electric bulbs across the road. A restaurant.

Over she went, slowly, soberly. She ordered soup and steak and hashed brown potatoes and coffee. She must keep and nourish her strength. She had things to do—many things—but she couldn't quite think what the big point was at the moment. She felt jumpy. No, she felt tired. No, she never wanted to see a bed again for a long time. She wanted a hot tub with lots of bath salts and big towels. No, she wanted a good stiff drink and music and lots of excitement. With a sharp flash of self-consciousness she realized that she had been staring at a man who faced her. At the table next to hers he was pouring catsup on meat cakes and smiling.

She dropped her eyes and studied the tablecloth, but it trickled through her tired mind that he was exceptionally well dressed, clean, about thirty-five, grave and businesslike, yet questioning and half wistful.

Grace Perkins is a Boston girl, reared in Westchester County, New York. She began her public career playing with Frank Bacon in Lightnin', with Florence Reed in Lullaby, and in other Broadway plays. She is the author of many successful novels, including Ex-Mistress, Night Nurse, Personal Maid, No More Orchids, and motion-picture plays. She is the mother of a five-year-old daughter named April and a year-old son, Fulton.

Her food arrived and she ate ravenously. She was aware that the man had ordered a second dessert and was toying with it, dividing his pretense between the fudge cake and a newspaper, but concentrating on her. When he looked at her she smiled. A wide second-from-the-right-front-line smile.

Together they left the restaurant. They walked for a half block and she shivered. He called a taxi and they climbed in.

" What's your name? " he asked half apologetic, half bold.

" Mimi," she said tonelessly.

" Pretty. Mimi what? "

She never saw the boarding house the nuns had suggested. She went to a hotel with Howard Royce. All along she knew her judgment had been sound in picking him. Howard was as lonely as she, or thought he was. Howard was vice president of a bank in Omaha. Howard hated Omaha and was bored with marriage there and his life in general. Mimi decided to send him back to Omaha hating New York and thinking his home town and his nice marriage the blessings of his life.

Mimi played him for a sucker. She was going to play every man for a sucker from now on, just to show mankind where it got off. So Mimi, in the hotel, became violently ill. It wasn't difficult. Howard was mortally frightened. She played on his sympathies until he was decent enough to send for a doctor, leave her a hundred-dollar bill, and bid her a hasty and terrified by-by. When the doctor arrived there was no sick woman in Room 316. Mimi and her hundred dollars were comfortably ensconced in a hotel two blocks down.

From then on Mimi was a man-catcher. They flocked to her like flies on a sugar bun. She led them on, she got what she wanted, but she never gave them what they wanted. Nobody believed that; the men were the last to give themselves away; but Mimi didn't care what people believed. Nothing could matter less.

With her first little killing of a hundred bucks Mimi bought some clothes, served time in a beauty shop, and by the end of the week had a job. In a show. Chorus. Never mind how she got it. Mimi played the game as she had seen it played—only better. She had plenty of friends. Plenty of dates. Plenty of good stiff drinks and music and lots of excitement.

HER second show was history for Mimi. A little runt of an old-timer had a singing spot in the show because she was the producer's backer's sister. She was pretty much of a mess, yet everyone was aghast when on the opening night she rushed down the stairs from her dressing room, tripped, and broke one of her perfectly sexless legs.

Mimi said she knew the song and offered to fill in. She was pretty tight or she wouldn't have dared, for Mimi knew less about singing than she knew about the stratosphere. The producer was pretty desperate or he wouldn't have dared to let her try.

Mimi took another good stiff drink, went on the stage and gave the song hell. Mimi took nineteen bows and read about herself the next day in the papers.

That's how it began. It would have ended as quickly as such sudden and freakish success begins, only Mimi worked like seven devils. Way in the back of her hard-boiled little head were two purposes in life, now that she actually was where she had longed to be when she was nobody. They might be cockeyed purposes to anyone else, but they were sacred to Mimi. She wanted to make money. Tons of it. Enough not only to be the best dressed courtesan on Broadway, but enough to make good lumpy deposits in a bank that would some day go to little Sally through the nuns, who would give it to the foster parents for her child.

Her second purpose was to get Mike.

From the very start she followed Mike's affairs. Back from Europe, he was taken into the Holy Trinity. The Holy Trinity (one of whose aged and impressive members was Mike's uncle) was the nickname for the law firm of O'Brien, O'Day, and O'Hara, the power, wealth, and infallibility of which held even the diplomats of Washington spellbound.

Mimi had always known his parents had prepared Mike for that firm as devoutly as a novice is prepared for the veil. But Mimi hadn't expected Mike really to reform—to be lined into step. Yet he had, right before her fevered peeping-Tom eyes. After a brief few months of playing around, Mike had suddenly sobered. Mike made himself scarce and within a year was almost legendary. Mike the play boy was no more. Mike the grave, retiring lawyer was a new and even more admirable figure.

IT was strange that it happened on the baby's third birthday, wasn't it? But on that day Mike achieved a success quite comparable in his field to that of Mimi Benton, the best bad girl of Broadway. And his success came in a similar manner to Mimi's; for in the midst of a grafting " faithless financier " case which had the public growling, O'Hara became ill, O'Day was in Europe, and O'Brien had long since ceased to give anything to the firm but his ruddy features, his pyramidic reputation of former days, and his sad inside knowledge of the government's doings. And with O'Hara suddenly ill, Mike, rather than let his firm fall under the shadow of having been bought off, obtained permission to carry on, and for three sweating days battled the faithless financier into a cell with thirteen bars.

Mike was made. The insiders began to mumble prophecies: If Mike didn't lose his head now—if Mike were properly managed—if Mike were wise enough to smell which way the smoke was blowing . . .

Mimi went on a swell drunk. Mimi, with her finger tips as cold as death though her throat was fired with whisky, stood on the floor of the night club that paid her a thousand a week and sang so that the audience forgot to order. Bad business, said the manager, and Mimi told him where he might go. But he didn't take the hint. He bundled the rotten-tempered star into a car and drove her home, where she promptly threw him out of her apartment with a violence that caused commotion in the building. Not that Mimi cared. What if he fired her from the club? Others stood waiting to grab her. What if he stopped paying her rent? Three other men were paying it too!

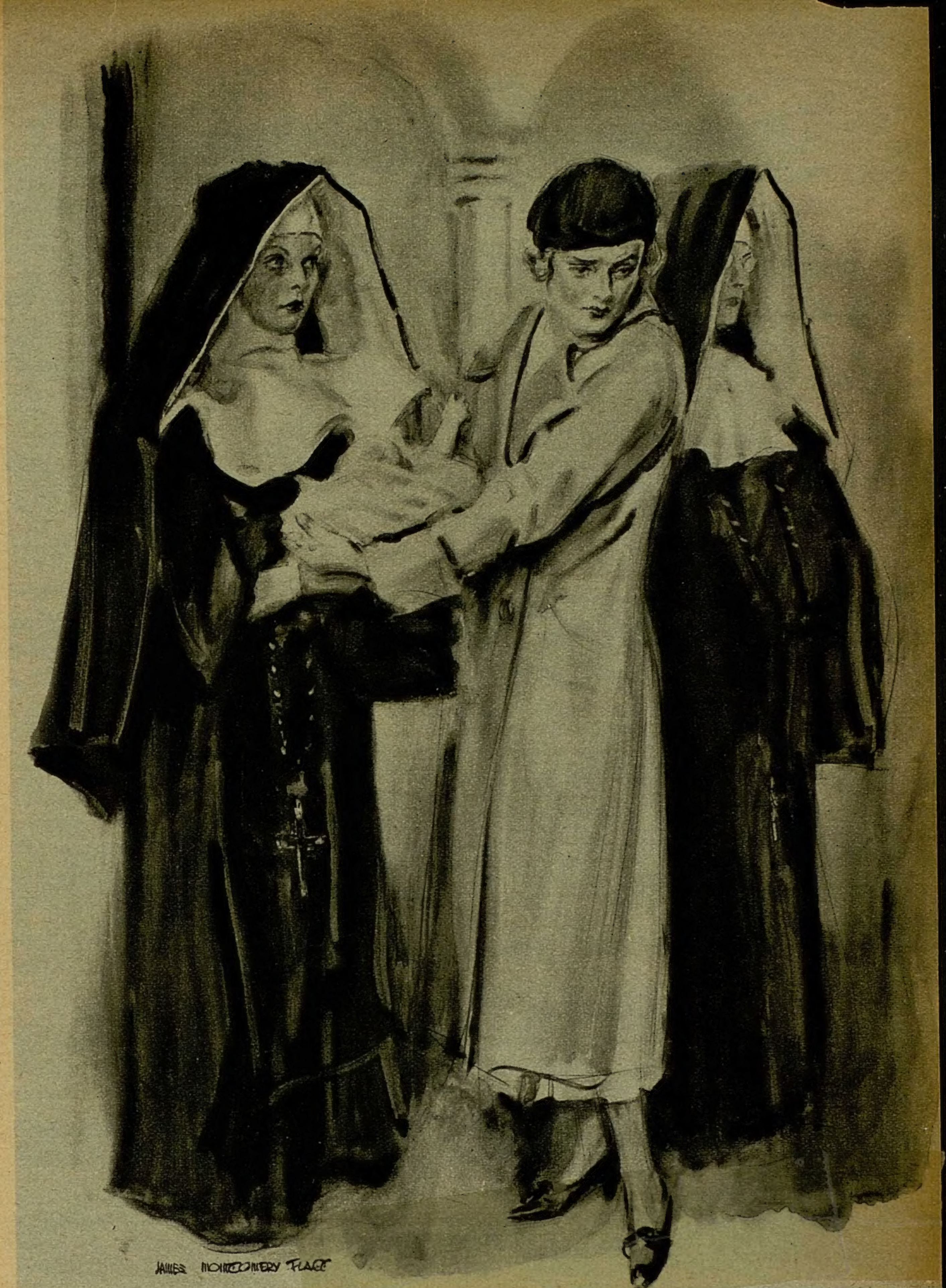
Alone, Mimi paced up and down her show place ignoring the phone bells. Up and down, calling herself a fool, drinking the tears that trickled down her cheeks. Why had she let Mike make a spectacular success? She could have stopped him. She could still sue! Twice on the threshold of the court room she had been on the verge of it, knowing that the sight of her taunting lips and contemptuous eyes would throw Mike off the track.

How could Mimi know or believe that she had really *wanted* him to succeed, that her torturous tension during those three days was fear that he might fail? Mimi at the moment might have left a scar on anyone who would dare forward such an explanation. She hated Mike. She wanted to ruin him.

Toward dawn she had figured it out. Toward dawn she told herself she had been smart. She had deliberately let Mike score his success so that some day his fall would be greater, his wreckage more complete. Of course! She'd let him go on. Just see how far he'd go. He, and his meteoric career ahead—the higher he went the harder he'd fall. One fattened the goose for the killing.

Thus, thoroughly hating Mike again, and sure once more of her revenge when the time came, Mimi tried to overlook Sally's third birthday. Where was she? Three candles. Did she have a party, and was she dressed in white? Was her hair curly and were her eyes still blue? Whom did she call mamma and daddy? Did she live in the country or the city? And was she well off, or had the depression hit her synthetic family? Long ago Mimi had given up going to the nuns for answers to her feverish inquiries. The nuns would tell her nothing except that all was well and God was watching over His child. The nuns gazed at her with reproachful and saddened eyes—this hardened woman of the world with a shocking reputation.

And Mimi in the dull sunlight of morning fell asleep over her mixed-up, unhappy thoughts, trying to tell herself how she would rub Mike's nose in disgrace, but dreaming really of three candles —on a big cake—and packages done up with Love to Sally . . . Sally . . .



MIMI SAID GOOD-BY TO HER KID, HOLDING HER FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES.

FROM then on Mimi bided her time. And chiseled chip by chip her own reputation. The more horrific the name of Mimi Benton the more disgrace it would eventually bring on Mike's head. Often she wondered how she got away with it—how they stood for her and why they didn't throw her out on her ear. They said she had heartbreak in her voice. Mimi laughed. Heartbreak in her voice that brought her thousands — when once she had scrubbed a floor for fifty cents.

Mimi Benton. Who went to Europe with one man and came back with another. You remember Mimi Benton. You heard about her until her name was in your dictionary—"Don't pull a Mimi Benton," you'd say. You might have been anxious to meet her, but you wouldn't let on. You might even meet her and boast about it, laughing it off and adding to her legend. But you wouldn't have her in your home! Your wife might be tall-minded and laugh about her too, but you couldn't fool your wife. She knew what Mimi was. Everybody knew what Mimi was. She'd pour herself down a sink some day. She'd end up in the gutter, that's what. . . .

Yet, Mimi did come right into your homes! Yes, sir, and talked to your children time and time again! Only you never dreamed!

This is how that happened. One day, only a year or so ago, Mimi went down with one of the Currents to the biggest radio station in New York. Not with any idea of getting a contract to sing over the radio—for what proper and sanctimonious manufacturer of cereals, cigarettes, or cars would dare flaunt the name of Mimi Benton to an audience of sit-at-homers, heartbreak in her voice or no heartbreak in her voice? No, Mimi was there to make a man, not a contract—a certain high official of the broadcasting company whom she now meant to add to her crown. So Mimi went right into his private cage under the unguessing escort of one of her Currents.

But, as it happened, her prey wasn't in his beautiful pine-paneled cage. It was almost five o'clock in the afternoon and his secretary told her that Mr. Cummings was in the receiving room, about to hear the first broadcast of the Aunt Jennie Hour—a new program sponsored at last by a client it had taken almost a year to sell.

Mimi dismissed her escort and wandered about the studio. Nobody stopped her; the name of Mr. Cummings and a curt dare-you look from Mimi and they left her alone. She gravitated to the center of interest—the little glass room where the new children's program was to be launched. In a small deserted office near-by Mimi sat in somebody's leather armchair, lit a cigarette, opened the door, and prepared herself for the show. A pudgy, lemon-faced, flat-shoed young woman bustled into the room, a sheaf of typewritten papers in her colorless shaking fingers.

"Hello!" said Mimi. "What's eating you? You look as if something mattered in life."

"I look as if something mattered in life!" sputtered the pale, raisin-eyed mummy resentfully. "Everything matters! The biggest chance in my life! And I feel dreadful. Oh, I feel so dreadful!"

"Sit down, sister, and take a deep breath," Mimi advised. "Sit down before you keel over. Who are you anyway, and what's got you licked?"

The girl gave herself the comfort of a thin edge of a chair, and her eyes fluttered wildly from Mimi's genuine smile of sympathy to the papers in her hands.

"I've forgotten it all," she gasped. "The words run together. I can't even see them. And I haven't my glasses. I'll never be able to do it. It's my one big chance. I've been trying for three years to break in, and now—I've got nervous stomach—and my eyes—and my throat. He sent me in here to calm down. He actually —I mean he actually pushed me!"

"He had good cause to, whoever he is," Mimi agreed grimly. "You mean to tell me you're going on the air as nervous as that? What are you going to do?"

For answer the girl held out the typewritten sheets, and the stiff papers crackled in her palsied hand.

Mimi shuffled them until she found page one, put them in order, and stared down at the Aunt Jennie program.

"Why, this is a cinch!" Mimi shrugged. "What's so hard about that? It isn't half bad. I know those songs —I used to sing 'em when I was a kid."

The girl managed a watery smile.

"I wrote it," she boasted weakly. "I—I'm an educational expert. I—I majored in child psychology; I recently made experimental—"

Mimi stood up.

"You're no educational expert," she snapped. "Not now you aren't. You're a trouper. Just like me. A performer. An entertainer. You've got to go on the air and—"

"Miss Spaulding! Miss Spaulding! *Time!*"

The educational expert shifted her wild eyes to the man who hoarsely called her from the doorway, nodded automatically, and turned to follow him. Mimi caught her by the arm and thrust the almost forgotten pages into the thick cold hands.

"Go on out and give 'em hell!" growled Mimi fiercely, and fairly pushed the young woman out of the office and into the glass room. Miss Spaulding, her papers rattling, her face growing more bloodless by the moment, followed the man who had summoned her, and Mimi, disgusted and irritated, trailed along slowly.

A small group was lined against the glass partition outside. Whispers and gestures of helplessness simmered through under the voice that was announcing the first program of Aunt Jennie.

MIMI at the doorway saw the announcer square the squashy figure of Miss Spaulding before the mike. Saw his lips move in a desperate appeal. Saw Miss Spaulding's frightened eyes, and heard her voice:

"Good evening, children. This is your Aunt—your Aunt Jennie, and I—I've come to—"

Without a waver or a shudder Aunt Jennie spilled silently and swiftly to the floor in a dead faint.

A panic swept through the studio. A well bred undertone, pardonable panic, but a panic just the same. The failure in the middle of the broadcast of the first program for one of the biggest and sniftiest clients in the advertising world was enough to shatter the nerves of the entire broadcasting company. For weeks the company had been freely howling this rare and worthy treat for the children who ate its goodies, and now—!

"No! No!" Mimi protested fiercely under her breath. "You can't. You can't disappoint children! To hell with the company—there are kids there waiting to hear something!"

Nobody was noticing Mimi. Nobody saw her open the sacred glass door and enter the broadcasting chamber. Nobody seemed to realize that she vigorously pushed aside the man who was attempting to raise Miss Spaulding's hundred and ninety pounds and collected her scattered papers.

Clear and sweet Mimi's voice rang out in the room in less than eighteen seconds after the last syllable uttered by the educational expert.

"Here I am, darlings!" she called triumphantly into the mike. "Your Aunt Jennie. Your best friend! You know what interrupted me just now? Why, a big dragon. Yes, sir, a big dragon just came and grabbed me by the shoulder. He said to me, he said, 'Listen, Aunt Jennie. You can't talk to all the boys and girls, because maybe some of them have been bad. And the bad ones belong to me, because I'm the Big Dragon of Bad Habits, and the bad boys and girls belong to me.' So I said to him, 'Is that so?' I said. 'Well, you old green-tailed grouch, you, who said there were bad boys and bad girls? Maybe they're naughty once in a while, but that doesn't make you win. Because I'm their Aunt Jennie, and I'm going to show them how silly it is to be naughty. I've been naughty myself and I know it doesn't get you anything—not anything at all. Because when I was a little girl I was pretty bad myself. Yes, I was. I often had dirty finger nails—un-hun; and I often—'"

THE studio gasped. You might even have heard the gasp in your home if you'd been listening. Everyone looked at everyone else, but nobody had the wit or the nerve to stop Mimi Benton in the middle of the program. But the youngsters spotted throughout the city—in tenements, in double-family houses, in swell apartments—heard no gasp. They heard only a friendly husky voice telling them about a Dragon of Bad Habits, promising them balloons if they wrote in to Aunt Jennie, asking them to write and tell her their troubles, because that's what an aunt is for, and an aunt could fix things so that wishes came true. And they listened to a lilting voice with a heartbreak in it singing to them songs they knew and songs they wanted to know: Sleepy Town Express, The King of Spain's Daughter; telling them of when she was a child and there was no radio, and of her pet doll called Sally. Every child should have a doll named Sally. And then the voice began to sing a song it had often sung to itself alone in its apartment:

"Won't you come back to the alley, Sally?"

The fifteen minutes' broadcast was over and Mimi's voice lingered in the painfully silent glass room. She turned and walked directly into the line of faces strung out against the glass wall; faces petrified with fear, admiration, bewilderment; walked directly to Andrew Cummings, the big official she had come to make and who stood stern and speechless at the doorway. As the Astor Hotel orchestra struck up the thread of the next broadcast, Mimi walked in silence with Andrew Cummings to his office.

Inside, the man who knew Mimi wanted to make him faced the Broadway siren with an outburst of rage. He yowled through one after another of the seven telephones on his desk with instructions and ultimatums. If it ever got into the papers! If the client ever knew it was the notorious Mimi Benton who had talked to the bedtime kids of the nation!

Later he shoved the phones aside in one angry sweep, and regarded the beauty who was struggling to gulp down an onrush of tears.

"You've got me in the damnedest jam! If we can't step on the fact that Mimi Benton broadcast our bedtime hour we'll be hooted into kingdom come. Tomorrow night we'll put on another voice and every kid in the country will write in. They're bound to know the difference. You came over like a million dollars. And when I think of the milk-toast program Miss Spaulding will attempt tomorrow, I could— Mimi, how did you do it?"

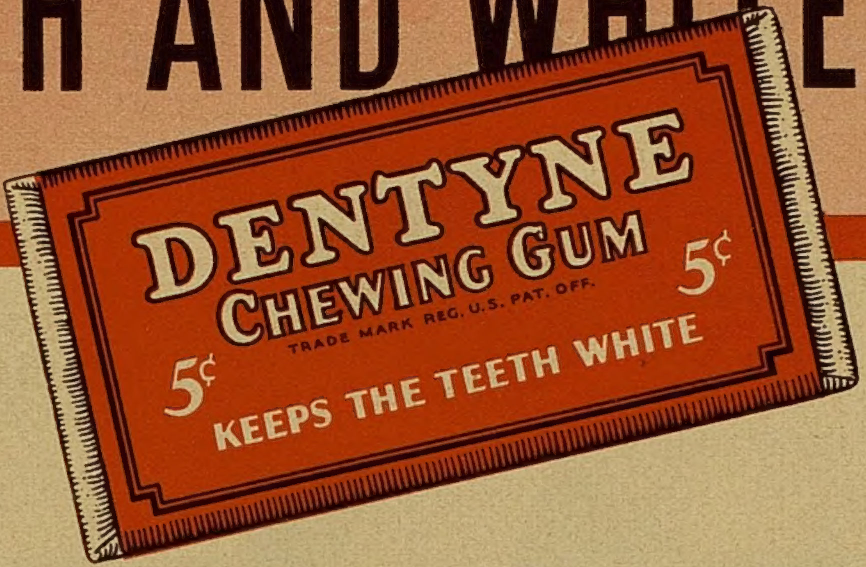
"I—I was talking to my own kid," Mimi said simply. She rose and walked to the window, her body tense.

"I wonder if she was listening in?" she asked herself and him. "I wonder—if I thought— Her name is Sally. . . . I wasn't Mimi Benton then. I was nobody. Her father was somebody though. Yes. He's still somebody. He doesn't even know. I gave her up when she was three months. Adoption. I don't even know what she looks like. Sometimes I try to imagine her face—"

The phone rang shrilly.

The story of Mimi's thirst for love, revenge, and riches; the outcome of her impromptu appearance on the radio as Aunt Jennie, will be concluded next week.

WHAT ARE THE FACTS ABOUT CHEWING DENTYNE FOR MOUTH HEALTH AND WHITE TEETH



READ THIS REPORT

Chewing certain tough substances every day is absolutely essential to the proper development of the teeth, gums, jaws and mouth structure:

1 To supply the masticatory exercise important to develop the mouth structure properly. This is now lacking due to the elimination of coarse, tough foods from our diet.

2 To exercise the jaws and improve the condition of the tooth sockets and teeth.

3 To increase the flow of saliva which helps keep the mouth and teeth clean.

4 To help keep the throat and mouth and gums in a healthy condition by exercise which insures a proper supply of blood to all tissues.

Dentyne has exactly the right tough consistency to give you these results. Thus the regular use of Dentyne will keep the mouth healthy and the teeth white.

Why do teeth decay in spite of constant care?

The American people spend millions of dollars to keep their teeth sound. But it is of little use when the natural protective mechanism of the mouth does not work.

Why did primitive man have no tooth troubles?

Primitive man chewed hard roots, wild grains, tough meats, and that chewing kept his mouth healthy, his teeth white.

How does chewing improve the health of mouth and throat?

Read the report on this page. It shows you what doctors think of chewing as a most important daily exercise. It tells you how it increases the flow of fluids which protect the mouth, throat and teeth, how it develops the mouth structure and keeps the mouth healthy and the teeth clean.

Why isn't ordinary chewing enough?

The foods we eat today do not require any real chewing. We must chew some tough substance every day—make it a regular habit.

Why is Dentyne exactly right to do this?

Dentyne was made for this purpose. It is not an ordinary chewing gum but is of a special consistency—exactly right for mouth exercise. And it contains ingredients which keep the teeth white. Also, Dentyne is delicious. You will enjoy this daily health habit and rejoice to see your teeth grow whiter.

CHEW DELICIOUS DENTYNE . . KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY . . KEEPS TEETH WHITE

● *Mrs. B. has spent hundreds on her teeth and has six fillings and a bridge. All because, like other women today—she does not know the importance of chewing.*

● *This Eskimo girl (untouched by civilization) has never spent a cent on her teeth but each one is perfect. She has never learned civilization's bad eating habits. She chews tough foods.*

The PRIVATE LIFE OF Marie Dressler

A Trouper at Fourteen—Stage Fright—The Future Comédienne Finds Herself—Broadway and Marriage—"Lady Slavey"

by

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

(Reading time: 23 minutes 50 seconds.)

ON the stage at thirteen. A Broadway favorite when she was twenty. Coney Island peanut vendor at thirty. The greatest of stage comédiennes before forty. At fifty, swept into the discard. And at sixty-one "the greatest box-office attraction in the motion-picture industry." Thus Miss St. Johns, beginning Marie Dressler's life story in Liberty last week, outlined her extraordinary career. Her real name is Leila Koerber, and she was born November 9, 1871, in Cobourg, Ontario. Her father, with whom she was always at odds, was a German music teacher, talented but temperamental, forever getting in hot water and having to move on to the next small town. Her mother, whom she worshiped, was English and Irish, "a tiny thing" too frail for the hardships that such a life exacted of her. She was clever at getting up church theatricals, and in these the juvenile Leila got her first stage experience. The child's very first appearance was made at Lindsay, Ontario, when she was five. She posed in a tableau as Cupid with bow and arrow — and, to the joy of the audience, fell off her pedestal. Her own comment is that she's been getting laughs with falls ever since.

When Leila was thirteen, the sight of her mother slaving to support the family was more than she could bear. She tried working in a store and then, by letter, landed an engagement with the Nevada Opera company. Her father forbade her to use his name, so she changed it to Marie Dressler and started out to conquer the world.

She had always thought of herself as an ugly duckling.

PART TWO—THE RISING STAR

NEARLY fifty years after the girl Marie Dressler climbed aboard a dusty day coach and set her face toward a perilous future, a woman sat quietly in the front box of a New York theater. She sat far back, as though she wished to remain hidden from the crowd.

Upon the stage the Abbey Theater Players, a group of Irish actors who had taken New York by storm and won from critics and intelligentsia the highest praise ever accorded any theatrical company, were performing before a cultured audience.

As the final curtain descended, the door of the woman's box opened. A huge New York fireman, cap atilt, stood smiling.

"Will you be coming backstage for a minute, Marie?" he said. "The company knows you're here and they're crazy to have a word with you. They're too shy for asking themselves, so I said I'd bring you."

(She is Marie to every cop and fireman in the country. They appear to regard her as their special property or patron saint.)

With her hand upon the strong arm of the fireman, Marie Dressler made her way backstage. The Abbey Players, great artists every one, were drawn up in a line. As Miss Dressler walked toward them, there was a breathless pause, a salute, and then their leading player cried, "We can't believe it. We can't believe we are really *seeing* you. This is the happiest moment our company has ever had!"

During Marie Dressler's last trip to New York, a show called

Wallace Beery, Bernarr Macfadden, and Marie Dressler at the time when Min and Bill was being rehearsed.

Music in the Air opened at the Alvin Theater. It was forecast as one of the season's sure hits, and critics, authors, social leaders, stage stars, and radio celebrities were clamoring for tickets.

But Jerome Kern, dean of light-opera composers, with such hits as Show Boat and The Cat and the Fiddle to his credit, wasn't satisfied.

He told his manager: " Marie Dressler's in town. She gave me my first chance. She started singing my songs when nobody else believed in me. I want her at this opening. This show is the best thing I've ever done and I want her to see it."

And Marie, who was supposed on doctor's orders to be resting, couldn't say no to a friend. She never can!

When she walked down the aisle that night upon the arm of her old friend Jimmy Forbes, one of the most brilliant audiences ever gathered in a theater rose *en masse* to greet her.

That has never, so far as I can find out, happened before at any New York opening. And that was only the beginning. Between acts she held court. Jane Cowl, Irving Berlin, Edna Ferber, Jack Pearl, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt —everyone crowded about her while Marie sat between tears and laughter. She was, in truth, the first lady of the theater that night.

Journey's end—a magnificent triumph for the plain, awkward daughter of Alexander and Anne Koerber.

Certainly no one in the Nevada Opera Company, her first stage venture, expected any such future for her.

In fact, when his new recruit, hired by letter, arrived upon the scene, Nevada himself was stunned by her youth, her size, and her obvious inexperience. After their first conversation he was quite ready to call the whole thing off and send Miss Marie Dressler, aged fourteen, back where she came from.

And if he had?

In a way, Marie Dressler never belonged upon the stage at all. She had no yearning for the footlights, none of the peacock traits that go with the actress temperament. She was a sturdy, buxom girl, selecting the only way open to make money for her mother.

" I ought to have had a dozen kids and made their clothes and done their washing and helped them to get on in the world," she said to me once. " It was only an accident that I got on the stage. All my life I've missed something—something that nature intended for me. Every day I miss the sons and daughters I ought to have had. But "—and her smile was wistful—" I suppose God balances everything. There are plenty of folks in the world who need mothering. The motherless and the childless find each other."

For a time, when she first joined the Nevada Opera Company, her fate trembled in the balance. Eventually Nevada shoved the part of Cigarette, in Under Two Flags, into her hand and told her to get busy.

It was the first triumph of the Dressler personality.

But the balance still trembled. Two things, two seemingly insurmountable things within the girl's own soul, all but sent her to oblivion. Two things which were to dog her entire stage and screen career: Her bad memory and her terrible stage fright.

After Nevada had gone, upstairs in a dingy hotel bedroom with its horrible wall paper and its cracked water pitcher, the newly fledged actress sat aghast before the long and difficult part he had given her.

She couldn't, *couldn't* memorize all those words.

PROBABLY in the whole world there is no one with such a bad memory as Marie Dressler.

She remembers everything that happened, yes. But where or when are quite beyond her. She will scramble dates to the point where the San Francisco earthquake took place just after the World War.

" What difference does it make? " says Dressler, when anybody asks her about the date of some happening in her life. " Who cares? "

And to me she explained it further: " The thing is to regard life as a whole. Take it in a big sweep, take in the full scope of it. Remember the effect things had, what you learned from them, how you felt about them. But don't be fussy about details.

" More than that, I've forgotten a lot of things on purpose. You wouldn't go around burdening your friends with all the unpleasant things that ever happened to you. Well, why should you do it to yourself? "

Many a bewildered author has sat out front on an opening night and listened to Dressler say lines he never, never heard before. Fortunately, they were usually just as good or better than the original ones.

When she and Lillian Russell played together, they used to create whole new scenes nightly. Marie would " go up " in her lines. And then the great beauty, who thought Marie the funniest person in the world, would get to laughing and forget her own. But the audi-

Marie Dressler with Joe Weber, Anna Held, and other old-time stage favorites in Higgledy-Piggledy, a show that Marie "stole."

ence always seemed perfectly satisfied.

Learning her lines, as every Hollywood director knows, is a torture to Marie Dressler. After three or four bad starts she will get in a towering rage with herself, go off to her dressing room, and come back, after fifteen minutes of agonizing concentration, letter-perfect.

Through sheer grit and self-discipline, she forced herself to meet and master this difficulty when she studied her first rôle in that hotel bedroom. At first she felt utterly hopeless and defeated. She walked the little room until the floor shook; she wept, swore, and kicked the furniture until the man in the adjoining room hammered on the wall.

She packed her suitcase and determined to go home.

Then came the thought of her mother. Her mother's need. All the dreams she had treasured of doing things for her mother, buying her fur coats and pretty dresses, seeing to it that mother never had to work again.

Was she to sacrifice all this to her own weakness?

White with rage, her chin thrust out inches, Marie Dressler sat down on the edge of that funny brass bed and took the part in two clenched hands.

Next morning she was ready for rehearsal.

But the worst hurdle was still ahead.

THE opening night, in a small Michigan town, she was overcome by stage fright so violent that for a time it seemed that the show could not go on.

During the forty years that she was in the theater Marie Dressler suffered from stage fright that was pitiful.

A very different opening night, years later, saw the same thing repeated. The great reunion of Weber and Fields at the famous Casino. Seats had been auctioned as high as sixty dollars apiece. William Randolph Hearst had paid nine hundred and forty dollars for a box. Diamond Jim Brady was there with his guests. Broadway held its breath before the list of stars and the glitter of a production such as had never been seen before.

And in the wings Marie Dressler, the favorite of them all, held on to the scenery to keep herself upright, while a sweat of agony ruined her make-up.

Joe Weber tried to reassure her. "I can't do it, Joe," she said through chattering teeth. "I can't go on! My legs won't move."

But she did go on, and once she felt the impact of that audience she was the hit of the show.

LAST year, when she appeared upon Rudy Vallée's radio hour in a beautiful speech which no one who heard it will ever forget, she collapsed completely when she came off. Jack Pearl, the most popular comedian on the air today, was waiting outside for her. He was her partner in the last stage show Marie ever did.

"Honestly," the Baron Münchhausen told me, "she just fell into my arms, trembling like a leaf. In every performance we played together twelve years ago she was like that. Every night she'd have stage fright so bad I thought she'd never go on.

"Maybe you don't know what stage fright is. There's nothing like it. She'd stand there, shaking, and say, 'I can't face them, Jack! I can't remember a single word. I'm sick at my stomach. I'm no good, anyhow. I tell you, I can't go out there and face them!'

"Never saw anybody get in such a state. And this is Jack Pearl speaking, not the Baron. I was dere, Sharlie."

He smiled, an engaging dark-eyed smile, before he said, "But I loved her like I love nobody but my own mother."

That initial stage fright caught the youthful Marie unprepared. It was sheer nightmare. She wanted only to turn and run.

But she learned right there the lesson which she has never forgotten—which last year sent her on to the set when only supreme courage upheld her: "The show must go on."

With trembling knees she somehow got on to the stage and stood petrified. And to this day she doesn't remember one thing that happened after that. But—the show went on.

Just when Marie Dressler discovered that she was a clown it is difficult to say.

For, in spite of her ability as an emotional actress, to be demonstrated in her picture career, it was not as an actress that she made her mark in the theater. It was as a supreme clown.

Joe Weber, of the immortal Weber and Fields, and I sat in his little office overlooking that Broadway where once he reigned as premier comedian. It was the week that he opened at Radio City Music Hall, and he was a little tired, but not too tired to talk of his beloved Marie.

"I visited her out in Hollywood last year," he said. "Mrs. Weber and I visited her. We had a wonderful time. That picture up there's a banquet she gave us at the studio. She's very fond of Mrs. Weber.

"ONE of the greatest things about Marie"—he tapped with a slender old hand upon his desk—"was that she loved being a clown; appreciated what a great thing it was and was content for it to be so. She loved to make 'em laugh. She loved it! She worked for laughs as nobody else ever did. Sometimes she'd get an idea she wanted to be a tragic actress. But at heart Marie wanted above everything else to make people laugh. That is why she was the greatest comédienne the theater ever saw.

"Is there anyone," he asked, with a gentle smile, "anyone today in the theater to compare with her? I think not."

The woman who made an almost incredible number of speeches during the Liberty Loan drive, who led the Actors Equity battle, who was the intimate friend of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish (the greatest social leader America ever had), who has dined with four Presidents, who helped Anne Morgan found the American Woman's Association, who thrilled every critic in America with her Marthy in Anna Christie and won the Academy medal for that heartbreaking portrayal in Min and Bill—that woman was for years the greatest of clowns and wanted to be nothing else. Probably she came face to face with her destiny the first time she saw that Gilbert and Sullivan masterpiece, The Mikado.

THERE has never been written a greater comedy part than the old harridan, Katisha, of The Mikado. It is a gem among character rôles. Properly played, it will "steal the show" every time. As she watched that part with its wit and picturesque humor, its magnificent songs, Marie felt that it must be hers.

With her own native shrewdness she set to work to prepare herself for it. She got the book of The Mikado, and began to study the part of Katisha. Prayerfully and carefully she studied it and, alone in hotel bedrooms, she rehearsed it.

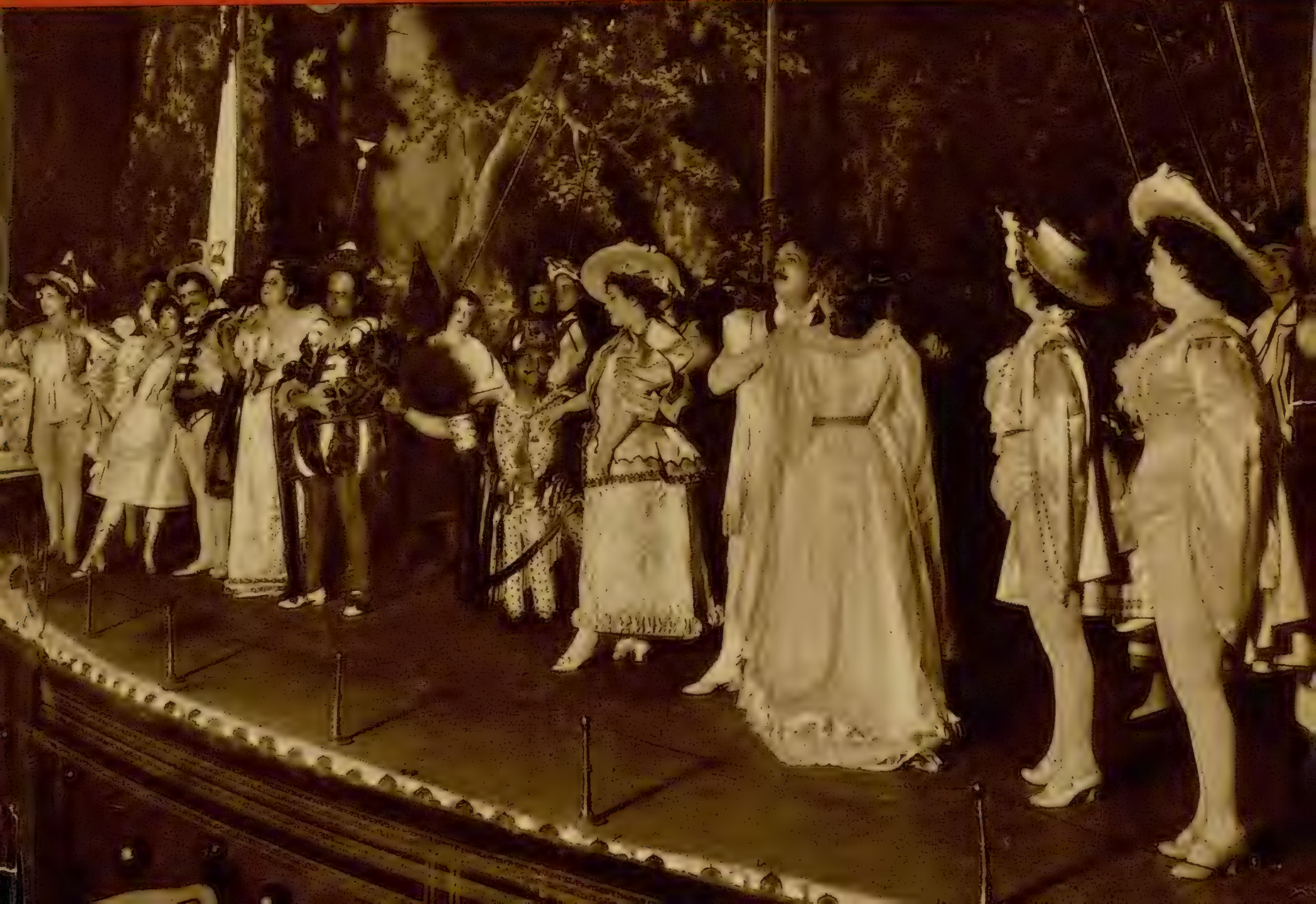
One time a stage hand, arriving early to prepare the stage of a town opera house for a rehearsal, was amazed to hear a powerful voice shouting, "I have a left shoulder blade that is a miracle of loveliness. People come miles to see it!"

The stage hand sneaked around a flat and saw a tall, Amazonian young woman declaiming madly to an empty house. The sight of him did not in the least disconcert her. She turned and addressed him, with gestures:

"Observe this ear."

"Huh?" said the bewildered stage hand, glancing behind him to be sure that retreat was open.

The young woman advanced upon him. "Observe this ear!" And then,



Can you find Marie in this cast of the Gay Nineties? The show was Giroflé and Girofla, starring Lillian Russell (center).

giving him a poke in the ribs, she ordered, "Say 'Large.'"

"Large," said the stage hand obediently.

"Large?" roared the young woman. "Enormous! But think of its delicate internal mechanism."

She went into roars of laughter. Before he knew it the stage hand was roaring with her. When the rest of the company arrived, they found Marie Dressler and a hysterical stage hand pounding each other on the back and shouting, "Large? Enormous!"

I wonder if, when the sobered stage hand thought about it afterward, he realized that he had assisted at the first great forward step of a genius—Marie Dressler secretly rehearsing for her as yet unassigned rôle of Katisha in The Mikado.

That famous Dressler chin! It poked out to more purpose than ever in wartime, when Marie was speaking for the Liberty Loans.

Fate, saluting a gallant adversary, finally gave in and presented her with an unexpected chance to play it. Agnes Halleck, who had always played the rôle, sprained her ankle.

"I have always felt a little guilty about that ankle," said Marie Dressler. "I used to pray every night that something would happen to her. And when they called the understudy, I actually tried hypnotizing her so that she wouldn't know her lines!"

The understudy didn't. Chaos resulted. The stage manager went mad. The company ran around in circles.

From the back of the stage came a tornado. The assembled actors scattered like dry leaves. The stage manager found himself in a powerful grip, facing a young woman who had also, it appeared, gone mad.

"I can play it—I can sing it! I know it! Please let me play it—please! The clothes fit me and everything."

Opportunity knocked and Marie was ready. That night she played Katisha in The Mikado. I wish to heaven she could remember where, but she can't, and, as she says, it really doesn't matter.

What does matter is that she justified her own judgment. The audience literally fell into the aisles. They howled for her. She "panicked 'em," and from then on the choice comedy rôles were hers. And in them she achieved the practice which gave her comedy technique for the big time when it arrived.

DURING the five or six years that she worked on the road, before she got into New York, playing everything from the smallest tank towns to Chicago, Marie worked hard and played hard.

In one of those small touring companies with her was a beautiful blonde named May Montford. She is now Mrs. John Golden, wife of the great producer and one of the most beloved women in the life of the New York theater.

"There never was anyone like Marie," says Mrs. Golden. "Still isn't, for that matter.

"In those early days, if she wasn't in trouble she was laughing herself to death. She adored practical jokes and she didn't care on whom she played them. We all adored her, but we never knew what was coming next. One April Fool's Day she put Epsom salt in the sugar bowl, and we nearly didn't give a performance *that* night.

"Her clothes, which she made herself, were strung all over the state—and never, in all the time I knew her, did she succeed in getting her suitcase properly closed. It was always popping open. When I saw that scene from Emma where the suitcase opened all over the station, I wondered if she hadn't suggested it from memory.

"She could no more help singing than a bird, and when we got into some little hotel at midnight she would charge down the hall singing at the top of her lungs. Doors would open and irate faces would appear, but the moment they saw Marie they began to laugh.

"We were all broke, of course, but Marie was always brokest. We only got eight dollars a week, and Marie sent half of that home to her mother and would lend the rest to anybody who needed it. And Marie had an enormous appetite. She wouldn't flirt with managers and she never noticed the stage-door johnnies, as we called them then. But the eyes she would make at men behind lunch counters would put Joan Crawford to shame. And she always got twice as big an order as the rest of us.

"One day one of the other girls protested about this, and the man said apologetically, 'Well, she looks like she could eat twice as much!'"

ONE night the manager of a hotel where they stopped decided that young actresses were fair game and made an uninvited visit to Marie's bedroom. Not only did he come sailing out on his ear, propelled by all Marie's hundred and sixty pounds, but when she left the next morning she would not pay her bill. On the train she was arrested, and to prevent her throwing the sheriff off the train the harassed manager made good.

During that same tour Marie had her first romance. It was, as first romances often are, an unhappy one. The man was connected with the theatrical profession, and he wanted Marie to leave the company and go to New York with him. Marie, with tears, refused.

There was about her then, as there is now, a certain dignity and an unmistakable fineness and purity that showed through all her rowdy fun. It protected her then. She was only a girl in her teens, eager for life, eager for fun, with a superabundant vitality; but if she got into any place or situation that wasn't quite right, some concerned clerk, manager, or restaurant proprietor always rescued her.

From the Nevada Opera Company Marie went to the Robert Grau Players, and thence, after a brief visit to her family, she became a member of the George Baker Opera Company, with which she remained for three years.

"The three hardest years of my life," Marie once told a girl. "But they were the rock upon which my future was built."

The girl was beautiful Sally Eilers and she had a small part in one of Marie's first big successes, Let Us Be Gay, starring Norma Shearer. It was Sally's first talkie and she was having trouble with her lines. Marie, grumbling to herself for never being able to mind her own business, came to the rescue, took her off to a deserted corner of the set, and in a couple of days taught her the rudiments of speaking lines.

"You girls would be better off if you'd had three years like I did," Marie said to her impressively. "Those companies were the dramatic colleges. There we learned our trade. Why, in those three years I learned forty operas. While we played one we were rehearsing another and studying a third.

"One night I'd be Barbara in The Black Hussars—what a part *that* was!—and the next I'd be in the chorus.

We didn't squawk about our parts, either, and whether it was an audience of three hundred in a tank town or three thousand in Chicago, we did our best. More than that, we made all our own costumes."

"I can do that, too, Miss Dressler," said Sally.

Marie's great laugh rang out. She kissed the girl, gave her a swift spank, and sent her away—to stardom. For it was Marie's coaching that made Sally a hit in that part, and thus won her a chance to do Bad Girl.

In 1893, when Marie Dressler had been on the stage for eight years, George Lederer was New York's greatest producer. The old-timers call him "the man who made Broadway." He was the Ziegfeld of the Gay Nineties.

In his shows were Edna May, who scored a sensation in The Belle of New York, Pauline Chase, later England's favorite Peter Pan, the glorious Lotta Faust, Della Fox, and above all Lillian Russell.

In Washington, in the summer of 1893, George Lederer saw a musical play called The Robber of the Rhine. Its author was Maurice Barrymore, father of Lionel, Ethel, and John. Maurice was a great actor but, it would appear, an indifferent playwright. After the first act Lederer met the producer in the lobby.

"How'd you like the show?" he began.

Little George cocked a wise eye. "Who's the big girl on the end of the opening chorus?" was all he said.

Now well past seventy, George Lederer is a brilliant talker and a walking history of early American theater.

"When I first saw Marie," he said, "she looked just like a great big doll that you'd see in a store window around Christmas."

He paused to light a big cigar, and when he spoke again it was gravely and impressively.

"I have been in show business a good many years," he said. "In all that time Marie Dressler is the only artist I ever knew whom you couldn't replace. Once Marie had played a part, that was the end of it. You folded it up and threw it away. I tried lots of good troupers to follow her—Trixie Friganza, Amelia Somerville. But it was no use. There is only one Marie Dressler."

Jack Pearl said something like that, too. This radio star has a deep love of the theater. "As far as I am concerned," he said, "and I mean it with all reverence, there is one God, one Lincoln, one Jolson, and one Marie Dressler."

AFTER seeing her that time in Washington, Lederer hired her, and when he produced the new Lillian Russell show, Princess Nicotine, on Broadway that fall, Marie Dressler had an important part and her salary was fifty dollars a week.

A new chapter opened for her. Many things which had a great effect upon her life happened during the six years she was with Lederer.

First of all, she was brought into close touch with Lillian Russell. And the girl—Marie was just past twenty—knew her first real worship. The American Beauty was the first intimate friend she ever had. Beside Marie's bed to this day stands an exquisite photograph of Lillian Russell.

"Greatest comédienne the theater ever saw," Joe Weber calls her. How intensely serious she can be, this photograph shows.

"She was as beautiful inside as she was out," Marie said. "Her nature was like sunshine. When she came on to the stage for rehearsals and tossed into my lap the great bunch of violets which she always wore, I was in heaven.

"From her I first learned what graciousness meant, what courtesy meant, how kindliness could glorify everyday existence. From her I learned to keep my troubles and my corns and my toothaches to myself and just pass on the pleasant things. She was a great lady and she made me long to know people who were cultured and fine and gentle.

"The nearest I ever came to murder was while she was married to that wop Signor Perugini. On the stage one night he said something to her that made me see red, and I was going to throw him into the bass drum. But Lillian wouldn't let me. I did chase him out of the theater with a stage brace, though."

The stage brace seems to have been a favorite weapon of Marie's. Later on she chased Jake Shubert out of his own theater with one.

It was during the Lederer engagement that she first met a pretty dark girl named Nella Webb, who was to be from that day to this her closest friend, and who, through her knowledge of astrology, was to have the greatest effect upon Marie Dressler's career of anyone she ever knew.

AND somewhere in those six years she was married. His name was Hopper and he was a tall, handsome young man much sought after by women.

He had been cashier of the Atlantic Gardens in the Bowery, and when Lederer combined with Canary, their owner, he was made assistant treasurer of the new concern, Canary and Lederer.

"I sent him on the road with a show she was in," George Lederer told me, "and they got married. He's been dead a long time now. He was one of the handsomest men I ever saw. He and Marie were always roughhousing and having fun and laughing together. We used to see them at Martin's—which was the smart place to go in those days—and they were always cutting up like two kids.

"But I guess that was all there was to him, because it didn't last long. He wasn't up to Marie's caliber. But every woman's got to marry a big handsome man at least once, I guess."

After trying out a dozen actresses of bigger name and box-office draw, Lederer finally put Marie into the rôle of Flo of the Halls in a show, brought over from England, called Lady Slavey.

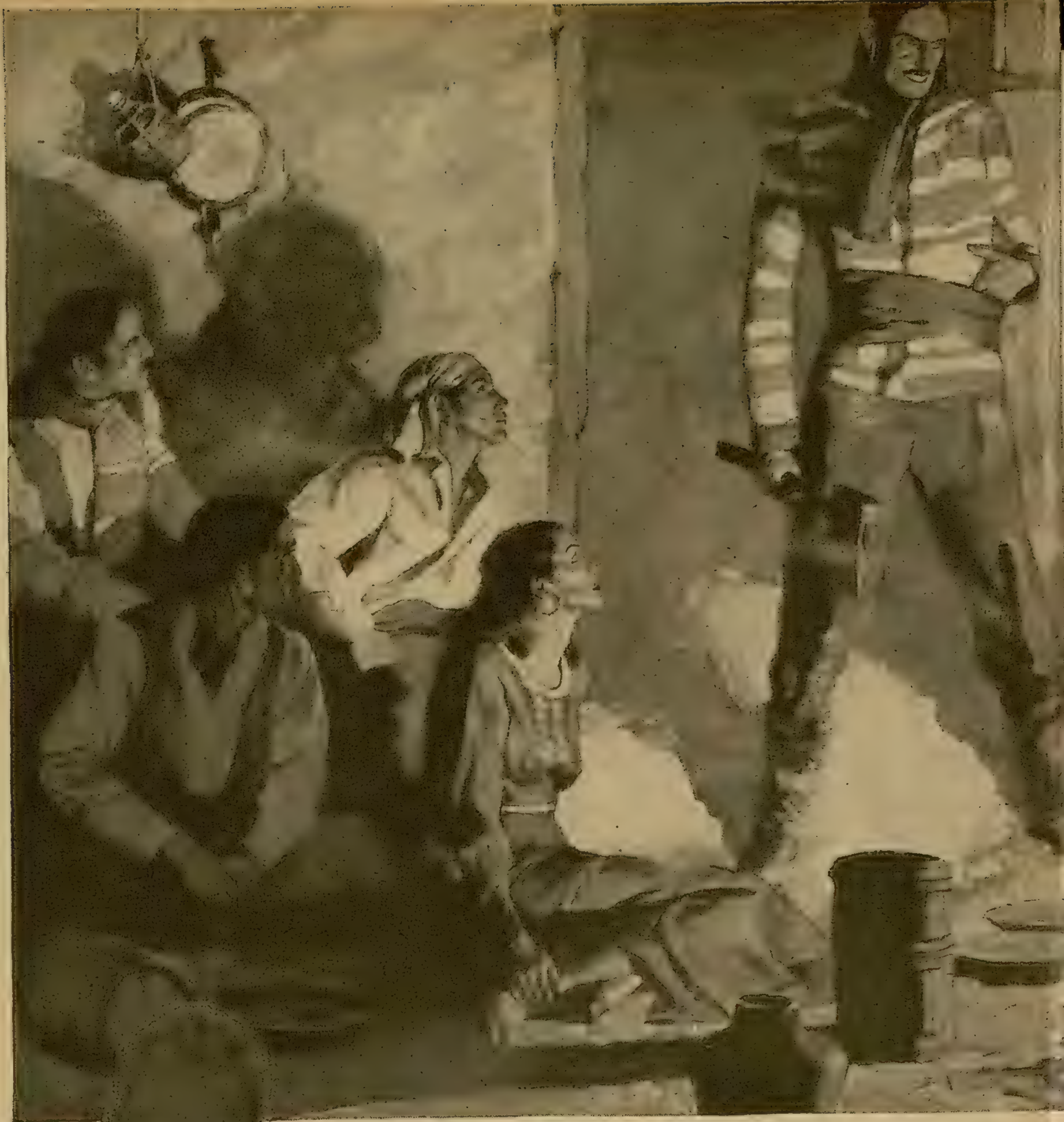
"I didn't want her for it a bit," he said; "I wanted a big star name. But once she had rehearsed it for me, there was nothing to it but Dressler."

Lady Slavey ran almost two years in New York—at that time a record—and two more years on the road. Marie was able to accomplish her great dream. She brought her father and mother to New York and established them in a home on Long Island. She bought her mother a fur coat.

It had taken her more than ten years to do it. But she had made good and life was very beautiful.

Thus, one day Marie Dressler's name was in electric lights. She was the star of the most successful New York and road show of the generation. And the next she was running a peanut stand in Coney Island!

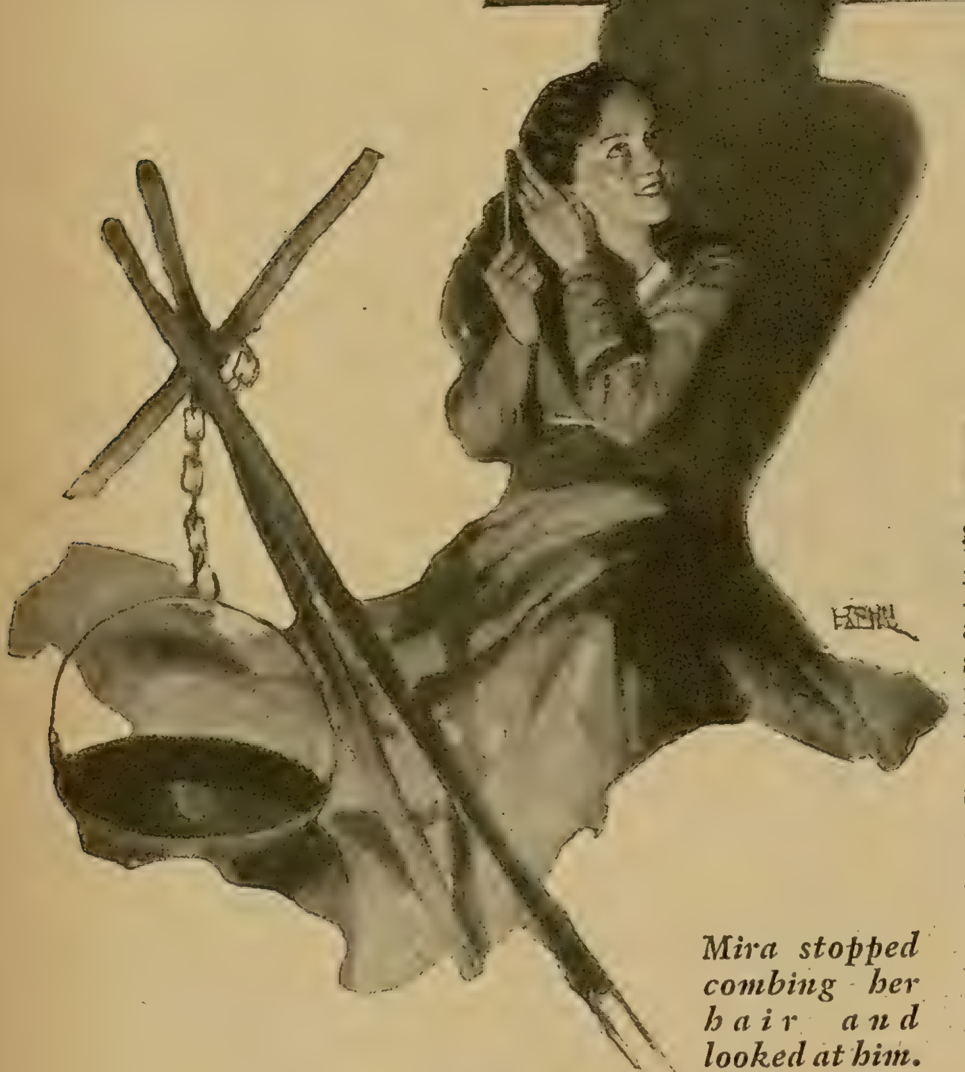
These ups and downs of the indomitable Marie's earlier period of stardom, with her one great love and its tragedy, and with the dismal end that age seemed to make of her career, will appear in next week's installment of Miss St. Johns' story of her life.



An ax thumped against our door and pushed it open. A tall gaunt gypsy entered. His bleeding hand was curved around the handle of a bloodstained ax.

The Story of a Girl and the Man of Her Dreams

Illustrations by
JOHN FALTER



Mira stopped combing her hair and looked at him.

When a

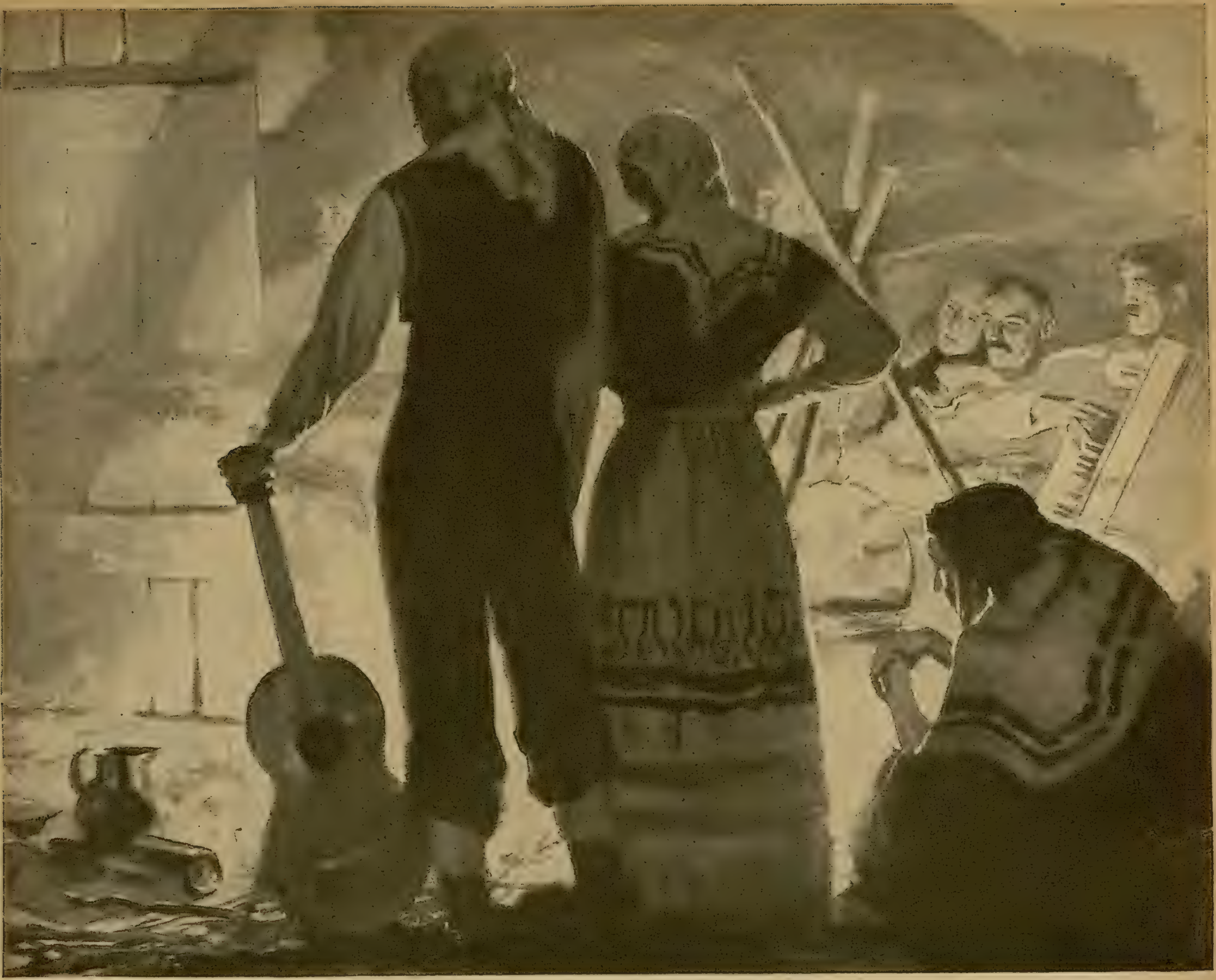
(Reading time: 19 minutes 54 seconds.)

I HAD come a long way on horseback from my home on the shores of the Danube, through the marshes of the Dobruja, to stay a week with Murdo and his gypsies in their cave in the mountain side facing the sea. I was eager to see the great chief again, and to go wolf hunting in the mountain forest with his two sons, Mandea and Froda, with whom I had hunted for four seasons in succession. A hundred other caravan gypsies were already at their winter quarters, but Murdo and his people had not yet arrived.

The day after I rode into the camp, while there was still a month of days before Christmas, a blizzard stormed in on us on the sharp wings of a high wind.

And so the gypsies took off the canvas from the wagons and sunk the wheels in the ground to the axles, drove the horses into the caves and stalled them near heaps of oak leaves. Then we barred the entrances with stout doors made of split oak limbs and crawled within.

I made my bed, fox pelts on a heap of dry leaves,



Woman Loves

By KONRAD BERCOVICI

in a corner of Rotu's cave: a large vaultlike dugout where a hundred people could sit around the fire burning under the kettle.

Rotu's people were a gay people. He and his wife, the Daia Raba, never stopped singing and laughing. And Rotu's straight, stalwart sons with their wives and children fiddled and fluted and strummed their guitars and clashed their tambourines all the time.

Mira, "*kitchi* Mira" (little Mira), as they called her, sang with them. She was beautiful to look at, Mira. She was small and dainty. Her large eyes were the color of ripe plums. Her face, as if chiseled out by a divine hand from a piece of copper-hued ivory, appeared even smaller than it was under the fuzzy mane of her ebony-black hair.

Daia Raba's kettle was always boiling. Every time the heavy door of our cave was pushed open by a guest from an adjoining cave, her lavish hands threw into the steaming kettle more dried fish and more peppered and salted strips of mutton meat.

"Eat. Eat. Eat all you can eat. When the blizzards are gone Rotu will ride to the village to buy more mutton from the peasants. Eat. Eat."

And we knew neither night nor day. Somebody was always eating, somebody was always singing, and somebody was always sleeping somewhere. Young couples sprawled in the darker corners of the cave, lip pressed to lip. Old people wrapped in their furs told stories to half-naked children. The older women talked of the weddings that were to be celebrated the following spring and of the approaching christenings. Outside the blizzard continued incessantly.

And on the third week Daia Raba began to throw smaller pieces of stripped meat into the kettle and smaller pieces of fish into the stew. We ate only when we were hungry and not for the pleasure of the savor of the food. The demijohn was no longer passed around freely after every tale. And day after day there was less singing, less laughter, less love-making, and less talk of marriage between *chais* and *chaves*.

When the last piece of fish had been thrown into the kettle all singing and laughing ceased. The blizzard howled. When one blizzard had blown itself out another one began. Actually the village was only a few miles from the cave, but it was a thousand miles from us because of the blizzard and the wolves.

Mira alone never stopped singing. She was always humming to herself and combing her hair, bringing it first down over her face, then throwing it back.

When I had been with Rotu and his people four weeks I asked Jorga, Mira's brother:

"Who will be Mira's future husband? Is she in love?"

Jorga smiled.

"With herself. If it is of her that you are thinking, return to your home now. And, if the wolves haven't gotten you on the way, you will forget her."

I was eighteen. Mira was very beautiful. When I looked again at her I knew that her gypsy ears had heard what Jorga had said. Still combing her hair, she moved closer to where I sat and said:

"My lover is tall—taller than any man here. And he's strong—stronger than any man here. And he can tame the wildest stallions. When he plays the fiddle all the other fiddles sound like the chirping of crickets when a nightingale sings. I am waiting for my lover."

"That he come soon. Who is he?"

"I haven't seen him yet. But when he comes I shall know."

I was not the tallest of the men. And not the strongest. And I could not tame the wildest stallion. To show her that I was resigned to my fate I called her *mira miripen* (dear sister).

Jorga smiled.

"Is it because you are afraid of the blizzard and the wolves? Have the blizzard and the wolves given Mira another brother?"

I jumped up, ready to fight. All the gypsies were on their feet and surrounding us. Jorga pressed me back on my couch of leaves, kissed me on both cheeks, and called me *prala* (brother). Our quarrel was over. I was Jorga's brother, Rotu's son.

ON Christmas Day all the gypsies trooped into Rotu's cave. Our kettle was still boiling, but there was no food in it. There was no food in the other caves. The store of wood stacked inside and outside the caves was running low. And so, without saying a word, the people from the adjoining caves brought their bedding in to us. After a while some mares' milk, stolen from under the hungry mouths of newborn colts, was brought in and was given to the youngest of the children. Daia Raba filled the kettle with oak leaves. We were all silent now.

Only Mira was humming softly to herself and combing her hair. She was expecting her lover.

That night, when the howl of the wolf rose above the howl of the wind, Rotu spoke of Murdo, the *barossan*, the chief of chiefs. Where was he?

Suddenly the screeching snarls of a pack of wolves were pierced by the cry of a man. Then the voice of the man came nearer even as the howling of the wolves receded.

An ax thumped against our door and pushed it open. A tall gaunt gypsy entered. Long black hair was hanging over his shoulders. A coat made of pelts of wolves and foxes and lambs, of brown strips, red strips, and white strips, was held together by a wide blue sash over his hips. His bleeding hand was curved around the handle of a bloodstained ax. Laughing a full-throated laugh, the man came closer to the fire.

"*Sarassan*," he greeted.

And when the gypsies, rising to their feet, had answered his greeting, he threw the ax aside and his eyes roved from one man to another before they settled upon the simmering kettle. He sniffed the air.

"And so there won't be food for one man more. Having nothing to share, you won't feel it's missing; even as if you had too much," he said banteringly, slapping the shoulder of the nearest man.

Then he sat down and looked at his wounded hand by the light of the fire.

"I have been feeding wolves to wolves on the road from Cserna here," he explained.

A woman feeding a child a bowl of mares' milk took it from the infant's lips and brought it to the stranger. He hesitated for a second, then he lifted the bowl to his lips and drank slowly, drop by drop.

And then the gypsies knew that he was wise in the ways of the road and in the ways of life; a less wise man, as hungry as that gypsy, would have emptied the bowl in one swallow.

Mira had thrown her hair forward and was looking at the man from under the black curtain, humming softly to herself the while.

When the stranger had handed the empty bowl back to the woman, Rotu asked:

"*Kotar aves?*" (Where do you come from?)

"*Tre dromo.*" (From everywhere.) "And my name is Rico."

It was the traditional answer of a gypsy who didn't want to speak of his tribe. After a moment's hesitation Rotu said:

"*Mishto.*" (It is good.)

Then we shook hands all around.

WHEN his eyes had accustomed themselves to the darkness the newcomer pulled at his little mustache that seemed to cut his long upper lip in two, and said, looking at me:

"And this stranger, here, came to stay with you for a few days and then could not return home because of the blizzard. There is a weeping mother somewhere; a mother living in a house." Looking at Mira, he added, "And there is a white-faced, soft-voiced *gorgio* girl somewhere, and she, too, is waiting for him."

Mira hummed a little louder. He turned, looked at her again, stretched his booted feet to the slow fire, and let his head sink to his chest. He fell asleep squeezing the handle of the ax so hard the veins of his temples and of his hands swelled and quivered like green serpents.

Mira stopped combing her hair and stopped humming. She looked at him. Her eyes measured him from head to foot. And then, as if she too had been traveling a long distance and had reached her destination, she lay down to rest.

An hour later Rico jumped to his feet, fully awake, and speaking loudly he said:

"There'll be meat tomorrow. Flocks of crows and ravens will be hovering at daybreak over the carcasses of the wolves I have killed. That somebody hand me a fiddle now."

When Jorga had handed him his fiddle, the stranger held it between his knees to tune the strings. But his hands were swollen. He handed the fiddle back and sat down.

"I'll hang a *salba* of a thousand ducats on that girl's neck," he said at the top of his voice while pointing to the sleeping Mira. "And a tent of silver I will hammer out for her. I have come a long way to find a *chai* to my taste. But I have found her."

The gypsies raised their eyes and looked at the man. Speaking to Rotu, Rico asked:

"You are her father?"

They all looked at the sleeping Mira and wondered why she hadn't awakened at the sound of his voice and at his promise. A thousand ducats of gold for a *salba!*

Rico looked at them scornfully.

"There is not one wise man among you. For a wise man would have driven me out of the cave into the blizzard, to the wolves, after what I said. A necklace of a thousand ducats would draw that beautiful girl's head down even as the head of an ox in a yoke. Walls of silver are walls nevertheless, and a jail. You are like *gorgios*, like men of cities, like peasants. Wolves eat men and never become men, but when gypsy stays too close to *gorgios* he becomes like them."

Turning to me, he said:

"A tale, stranger; tell me a tale out of the books you have read. A tale of the wide world, stranger; the wide world brought to you on blackened pages into your homes, so you can travel in the heat of the summer without being scorched, and roam over the coldest roads while you are sitting in front of your fireplace. A tale, stranger."

"He is Murdo's friend and our friend," Rotu explained.

"Ha!" Rico laughed. "A friend of gypsies! Gypsies need no friends. They have enough enemies as it is. Every *gorgio* friend is father and son to a thousand *gorgio* enemies. A tale —a tale now!"

I drew closer to the fire, and because Rico, tall and gaunt, reminded me of Don Quixote I told the story of that errant cavalier. When I had finished the first part of the tale Rico thundered at me:

"It is a tale for peasants, a tale of wings that fly without lifting themselves, wings that move on an axle to turn stone wheels that stay in one place, to grind corn and wheat into flour, flour to hold people in one place. A tale about a man who was only half a man. I want to hear wiser tales!"

AND then, as if he knew what had happened to Murdo and his people, he said:

"I was told that old and gray-haired Murdo knows the ways of men and the ways of women. Now I know that he knows not the ways of the wind. A man should know the ways of the winds even as he knows the flight of birds and at what time of the year they fly east and when west. Listening to the whimper of a child, a chief should know what its voice will be like when it grows to be a man. Murdo is now looking at the sky and trying to discover when the blizzard will cease—he who hadn't known when the blizzard would begin. We will have meat in the morning. There'll be crows at daybreak and they don't fly of themselves into the pot."

Rico leaned back and closed his eyes, and then all of us, more exhausted by listening to that man's voice and following his mind than by hunger and cold, fell asleep.

I had barely closed my eyes when I dreamed of black croaking crows flapping wildly in the snow. Then the color of the wings changed and pigeons, cooing pigeons, circled in the air. I was hungry for meat.

At daybreak Rico was on his feet and rousing the men.

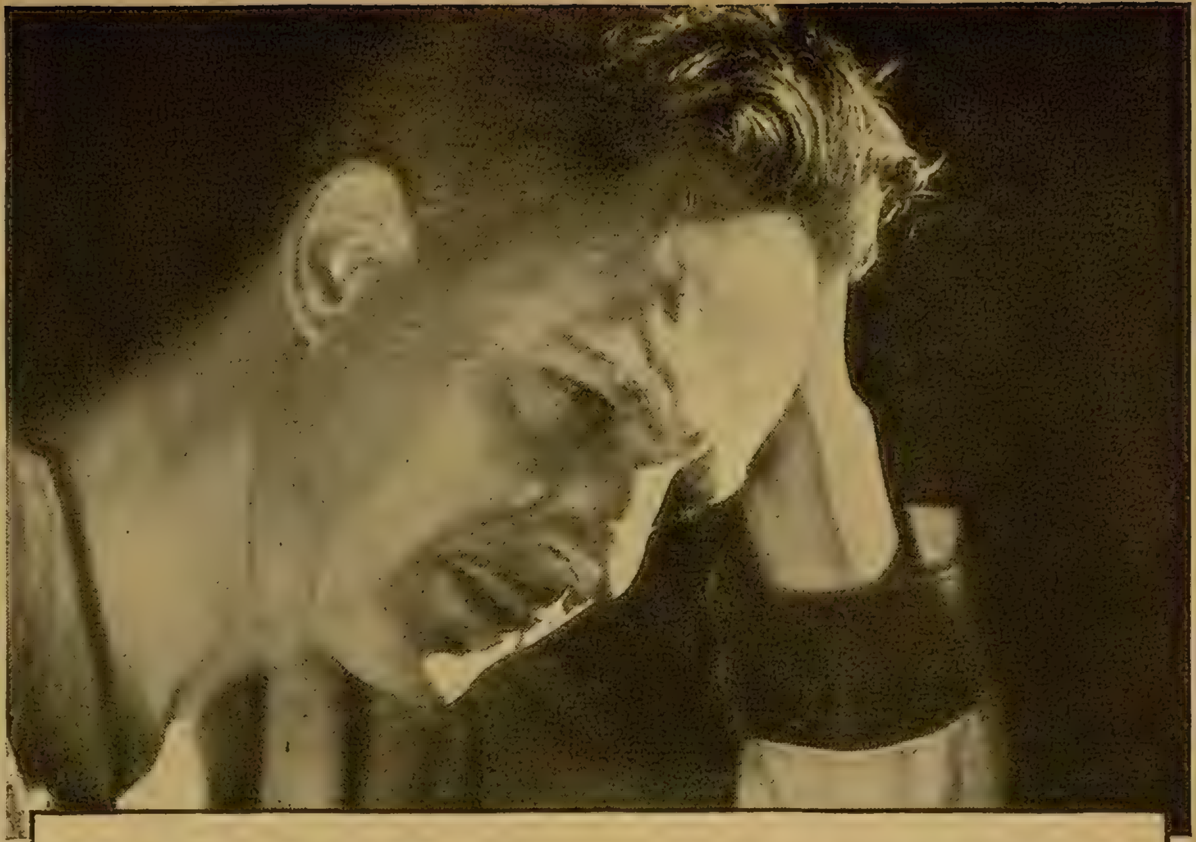
"That we be there before the crows."

His eyes lit upon fish nets hanging on the walls of the cave and he pulled them off, saying:

"With fish nets and crows not far from here, we won't be hungry long."

The women woke. Mira opened her eyes, smiling, rested by the long sleep.

"Turn over the pot, empty it of the mush of leaves, and scrub it clean inside," Rico told her. "Fill it with



Sleepless at Night
"On Edge" All Day

The Price of the Depression So Many Are Paying—Needlessly!

Let Us Send You a 3-Day Test of This Drugless Way to Sound, Natural, Restful Sleep

Never was there a time when you, and all other men, need sleep, as you do today . . . the right kind of sleep!

Sleep that comes *quickly* . . . sound sleep, unbroken sleep, natural sleep! Sleep that leaves you feeling clear-headed and rested when you awaken in the morning.

For sleepless nights are one of the gravest consequences of present day conditions. You toss and turn; all your worries grow larger; "molehills turn to mountains." And the next day, when you should be your very best, you are ill-prepared to meet the problems that confront you.

That is why men, not alone in America but over the entire world, are turning to Ovaltine . . . the drugless way to sound, restful sleep. (During the Great War, it was used by the Allied Armies to rebuild nervous, shell-shocked soldiers.)

Ovaltine is a simple food-drink that you take warm at bedtime. What it does—first —is to bring sound sleep quickly, just as soon as you go to bed. Then it helps to soothe your frayed nerves and rebuild your body while you sleep.

What The Method Is

Ovaltine was originated in Switzerland and is a balanced combination of vital food elements—in easily digested form to rebuild nerve, brain and body cells.

Notable among its constituents is food calcium. And it is increasingly realized that a proper calcium metabolism is necessary to avoid nerve irritation.

Phosphorus, too, is an essential part of brain, nerve and body cells. Ovaltine supplies this in abundance, much of it in its easily assimilated food form (lecithin).

A cup of warm Ovaltine mixed with milk at bedtime promotes relaxation and combats digestive unrest. And acts remarkably to overcome sleeplessness due to irritated nerves; restoring nerve poise in a purely *natural* way.

Start Tonight

So if you have trouble sleeping at night— if you're nervous or rundown—*try* Ovaltine. See how much more quickly you fall asleep at night—how much more nerve poise you possess—how much better you look and feel and act.

Start tonight. 'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine now. Or mail the special coupon below for a generous trial supply.

NOTE: ***Ovaltine is highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children —and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.***

MAIL FOR 3-DAYS' SUPPLY

THE WANDER CO., Dept. Li 5
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day supply of Ovaltine.

Name..
(Please print name and address clearly)
Address..
City.......................... State..........................
(Only one package to a person)

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license in the U. S. A. according to the original Swiss formula 960R

fresh snow and keep the fire burning until we come back."

And as Mira looked up at him smilingly and did not move, he yanked her to her feet and said:

"I wouldn't bend this beautiful neck under a yoke of gold. I will give you a *salba* of ten ducats, ten small ducats, all of them together weighing as much as one, so you won't feel their weight. And the glimmer of the gold will mirror itself in the brown of your eyes. And our tent won't be of silver. It will be a tent made of the wings of birds sewn one to another. But now clean the kettle."

An hour later Rico and the gypsies returned to the cave with a net full of crows. Though Rotu's people had never eaten crows' flesh, the women sat down to pluck the birds clean. And when the birds were all cleaned they looked no different from squabs. They were no sooner thrown into the boiling water than Turta, a young woman who had given birth to her first baby the day before, cried out:

"Where is Stan, my Stan?"

He hadn't come back from the crow hunt. The jollity and the gayety stopped. We knew at once why he hadn't returned; that he never would return. And then the older women stuffed Turta's mouth with dry oak leaves and tied a piece of cloth over her lips. For no one could be certain that Stan was dead. Should he, by chance, return after his wife had mourned him, he could never again be father to her children.

Though the savor of the meat filled the cave, no one ate. Not one word was passed the whole day. Mountains of snow had been blown up against our door. We were entombed in that cave. That night the gypsies, maddened by hunger and the odor of meat, crept up one by one to the fire. In the morning the kettle was empty.

Mira sat down between me and Rico. "Neither of you have eaten of it, one because of his weakness and the other because of his strength. I will scrub the kettle clean again and boil some fresh leaves."

Rico shook off his sadness.

"Hey, *prala*," he called to the people. "Have I said ten ducats, small ducats, the ten of them together not heavier than one, for a *salba* around this girl's neck? Now I say five. In another day I may say two. And the day after I may say only one. There is already enough gold in her eyes."

THE women had surrounded Turta after freeing her lips, and were talking to her softly, crooning to her like to a child. They didn't talk to her about the man who hadn't come back. They didn't speak of him. And Turta didn't dare speak of him. For if, by any chance, he were still alive and she spoke of him as if he were among the dead, her words would kill him.

Another day passed and another day. Turta began to scream and to cry and bemoan her husband. The gypsies joined her. The women separated themselves from the men. Turta, holding her infant in her lap, was telling the child that it was an orphan. Then she and the other women recited the dead man's virtues—that he was the handsomest man and the kindest, that he was the best lover and the most devoted father, that he had never raised his voice when speaking to his mother and had been obedient to his chief. The men sat by themselves, and every time the women praised Stan, they answered in chorus: "So it was. What the women say is true."

And when the women had finished reciting, the men started to enumerate the dead man's virtues, and the women cried out in high-pitched voices:

"It is true. What the men say is true."

Suddenly Turta screamed at Rico: "You murdered him! You murdered a man to get a crow!"

NEXT WEEK—

IF CANADA CAN CURB CRIME WHY NOT THE U. S.?

A startling survey of our continent's strangest mystery—lawlessness rising to fantastic heights on one side of an invisible border; safety steadily increasing on the other

By

Ernest Jerome Hopkins

Former Special Investigator for the Wickersham Commission

Also stories and articles by Helen Topping Miller, Dr. Walter Franklin Prince, Grace Perkins, Adela Rogers St. Johns, J. P. McEvoy, Alan Rinehart, and others.

And now all the women shook their fists at Rico and lunged in the direction of the men among whom he was sitting.

Rotu, as his host, stood up in his defense:

"It isn't Rico's fault that Stan hasn't returned. Forty other men went with him and they have all returned."

The pent-up resentment against the stranger who had dominated them now for a week, who had assumed leadership and had scoffed at Murdo's wisdom and had fatigued them with his wild tales, broke out when the women had given it voice. Young gypsies who had never even thought of Mira, never even looked at her, resented that Rico had taken for granted that she was his, that he didn't even have to ask her father or anybody else of the tribe, didn't have to bargain for her, as if she were a thing he could pick up in the snow or in the grass.

And Jorga, Mira's brother, was the first one to give voice to the resentment of the men by saying:

"I haven't killed Stan."

"And neither have I. And neither have I," the men said, one after another, clearing themselves, until all the forty men who had gone out on the crow hunt with Rico had cleared themselves.

ALL but Rico. The stranger sitting there was now hated by all—women, men, children. Turta strained herself toward him, her fingers bent like claws ready to scratch his eyes out. Rico never rose from his place. There was no bravado in his demeanor and no indifference. He merely sat there, immobile, waiting for the storm to blow over. After they had been screaming and yelling at him for an hour and the voices had somewhat subsided, he opened his mouth to say something in defense of himself, but immediately all of the gypsies began to scream again. Rico turned to me and said:

"You cannot sail a toy ship on an angry ocean."

Mira sat all by herself in the deepest corner of the cave and was looking at Rico. As long as the women had wailed and moaned over the death of Stan she had wailed with them. But as soon as they had begun to accuse Rico she had separated herself from the group and gone to the farthest end of the room. She didn't open her mouth once in his defense, nor did she turn her eyes away from Rico. Only once did her lips quiver; when the first cry of "Murder!" had been raised. How would he ever wash himself clean of it? For whosoever is found guilty of killing one of his own blood can never wash himself clean.

At first she expected him to rise and defend himself in that grand, eloquent manner of his. But she seemed more pleased that he only remained sitting where he was. When she recognized in the voices of the young men, in their voices and in their words, jealousy because of her, her face became more animated. If it ever came to a wedding there'd be fights and quarrels. She wasn't to be given away to a stranger without anyone in her own tribe resenting it. Nicolai, Petru, Taki, Dumitru, and Andu would come to her wedding with knives in their hands. That Andu! He had never even looked at her, and now he was shaking his fist in Rico's face and screaming:

"So you thought that we'd let you have the most beautiful girl of our tribe! You came here, to our fire, with a bleeding ax and a bleeding hand and you said that it was the blood of wolves. How do I know that it was the blood of wolves? How does anybody know that it was the blood of wolves? And it wasn't wolves that you took us out to hunt, but crows! Crows!"

At that moment Mira sprang up. Elbowing her way through the women and the men who were now crying in chorus: "Yes, you said it was the blood of wolves!" she stopped in front of Rico and looked at him.

He hadn't said a word. When he rose to his feet he appeared much taller than when he had first come to our cave. The next moment Mira had handed him his ax. He smiled and tightened the sash about his pelt coat.

The older men looked at Andu as if he had said too much.

Rico opened the heavy oak-beam door that swung inward.

The opening was covered by a wall of snow. Hands stretched out as if to hold him back. The gaunt gypsy plunged into the snow. Mira pushed the door shut after him.

The cave now appeared like a tomb, more of a tomb than it had been ere Rico had left us.

The wailing of the women ceased. Someone threw the last piece of wood on the fire.

And again Mira sat separated from the others. And again she was humming ever so softly to herself. I strained my ears to hear. After a few moments she began to comb her hair back and forth.

The walls of snow about us were now so thick we couldn't hear the howling of the blizzard or the howling of the wolves.

An hour passed and then another hour and then another hour.

When that last piece of wood had burned itself out and the embers had crumbled in the ashes, the heads of the men reclined on their chests.

Toward midnight Andu rose from his couch and went to sit near Mira. Without stopping combing her hair or humming her song, the gypsy girl went to sit in another corner. Andu remained where she had left him.

After a while Nicolai walked boldly over to where Mira sat. Without seeming to notice his approach, she moved to another part of the cave. Nicolai remained where she had left him. Within a few hours every unmarried gypsy youth tried to sit near her and every one was refused.

When the last one had been refused Mira covered her hair with her shawl and came to sit between me and her brother Jorga. We were both her brothers.

I fell asleep.

A loud thumping at the door roused me. Rico, framed by a wall of snow, a bleeding ax in his hand, with a wolf the size of a cow's yearling hanging dead from his shoulder, was standing in the white opening. Throwing the beast from his shoulder, without taking another step into the cave—the cave in which he had been called murderer twice—he said:

"That you eat meat."

Then he turned his back to them. It seemed to me that he hesitated ever so little before disappearing in the hollow of the snow by which he had come.

And in that fraction of a second Mira had wrapped herself in her pelt coat and had joined Rico, the man she had been waiting for, before the door had been shut by her father.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—What does the term *ex parte* mean?
2—From what is the name Acadia derived?
3—Who was Apollyon?
4—What does cabala mean?
5—What is chauvinism?
6—Who was the author of Martin Chuzzlewit?
7—Who was the original of Deadwood Dick?
8—Who was given the first formal appointment as poet laureate of England?
9—When was the Pennsylvania Whisky Insurrection?
10—Who was the first Whig President?
11—When was the first Canadian Minister to the United States appointed?
12—Who were the *bashi-bazouks?*
13—Who created the Order of the Bath?
14—What is the area of New England?
15—What is the population of American Samoa?
16—What are savannas?
17—What is tufa?
18—What is an anaconda?
19—Who was Samuel Christian Friedrich Hahnemann?
20—What is kelp, and for what is it used?

(Answers will be found on page 42)

What is xaxa?
(see page 42 for the answer)

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
RELIABILITY
12 TABLETS
5 GRAINS
SQUIBB ASPIRIN
E·R·SQUIBB & SONS, NEW YORK
MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION SINCE
SQUIBB ASPIRIN
• PURE
• EFFECTIVE
• SAFE

QUALITY.. *yet it will usually cost you Less!*

LIKE every product of the House of Squibb, Squibb Aspirin is of the highest quality—its Purity, Effectiveness and Safety maintained by rigid laboratory control.

Yet you can buy Squibb Aspirin at a lower cost, usually, than any other nationally-known brand. The reason? Simply that as more and more thousands of people have learned that Squibb makes aspirin tablets, these increasing thousands have adopted Squibb Aspirin as their choice. And as volume of output grows, the cost of making it declines in proportion. This saving in manufacturing costs, the House of Squibb continues to pass on to you.

All true-service drug stores carry Squibb Aspirin. Buy the handy metal box of twelve tablets for your purse or pocket; the 100-tablet bottle for home use. Why not benefit by these economies yourself? Say "Squibb Aspirin, please!" to your druggist. *Look for the name before you buy.*

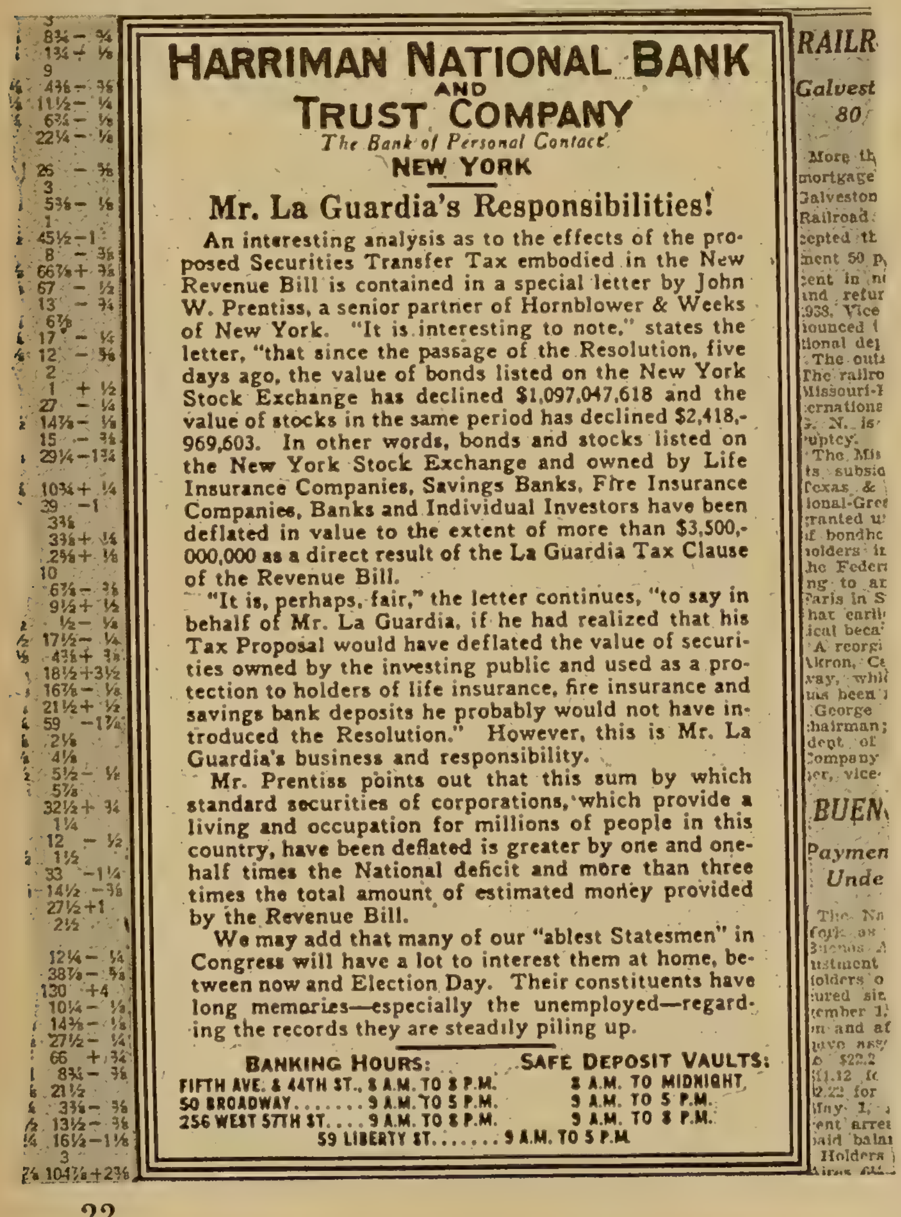
The INSIDE on the BANKING *Investigations*

An Outline of the Financial Evils that Have Brought Ruin to Many Institutions and a Plea for Guaranty of Deposits to Restore Public Confidence

By F. H. LA GUARDIA

(Reading time: 28 minutes 35 seconds.)

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the second of two articles by Mr. La Guardia, long a militant Progressive in Congress and especially identified with banking reform measures. He devoted the first article, in Liberty last week, to an arraignment of unscrupulous big bankers, or "banketeers," for jobbing and dumping worthless securities, speculating with depositors' money, assisting stock gambling, and other practices that were causes of the financial crisis—as subsequent crashes and exposures in banking circles have indicated.



HARRIMAN NATIONAL BANK
AND
TRUST COMPANY
The Bank of Personal Contact
NEW YORK

Mr. La Guardia's Responsibilities!

An interesting analysis as to the effects of the proposed Securities Transfer Tax embodied in the New Revenue Bill is contained in a special letter by John W. Prentiss, a senior partner of Hornblower & Weeks of New York. "It is interesting to note," states the letter, "that since the passage of the Resolution, five days ago, the value of bonds listed on the New York Stock Exchange has declined $1,097,047,618 and the value of stocks in the same period has declined $2,418,969,603. In other words, bonds and stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange and owned by Life Insurance Companies, Savings Banks, Fire Insurance Companies, Banks and Individual Investors have been deflated in value to the extent of more than $3,500,000,000 as a direct result of the La Guardia Tax Clause of the Revenue Bill.

"It is, perhaps, fair," the letter continues, "to say in behalf of Mr. La Guardia, if he had realized that his Tax Proposal would have deflated the value of securities owned by the investing public and used as a protection to holders of life insurance, fire insurance and savings bank deposits he probably would not have introduced the Resolution." However, this is Mr. La Guardia's business and responsibility.

Mr. Prentiss points out that this sum by which standard securities of corporations, which provide a living and occupation for millions of people in this country, have been deflated is greater by one and one-half times the National deficit and more than three times the total amount of estimated money provided by the Revenue Bill.

We may add that many of our "ablest Statesmen" in Congress will have a lot to interest them at home, between now and Election Day. Their constituents have long memories—especially the unemployed—regarding the records they are steadily piling up.

BANKING HOURS: **SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS:**
FIFTH AVE. & 44TH ST., 8 A.M. TO 8 P.M. 8 A.M. TO MIDNIGHT.
50 BROADWAY........ 9 A.M. TO 5 P.M. 9 A.M. TO 5 P.M.
256 WEST 57TH ST.... 9 A.M. TO 8 P.M. 9 A.M. TO 8 P.M.
59 LIBERTY ST....... 9 A.M. TO 5 P.M.

In this advertisement the Harriman National Bank, a year ago, attacked Mr. La Guardia's attempt to curb gambling by putting taxes on stock transfers.

PART TWO—STOCK GAMBLING

BANKERS assisted stock gambling—and it *is* gambling. Marginal accounts are speculations, not investments. But what have the bankers done to educate the public? Absolutely nothing at all! Why? Because they have a very direct interest in marginal accounts. Money must be borrowed, for which the speculator must pay interest—although he has collateral up with his broker.

And this is the strange part that I have never been able to quite understand. The government to date has done nothing, or next to nothing, to aid the farmer or the industrialist to get out of his financial difficulties. The farmer is paying 6, 8, or even 10 per cent interest. And even business loans, with bonuses and commissions, get above 6 or 8 per cent interest. Yet the banks, through the power of the Federal Reserve, will loan money to stockbrokers and commodity brokers for the purpose of gambling (and nothing else) at 1 per cent per year. This was the average rate during the past year.

And when at one time the Federal Reserve saw that this condition was getting beyond control, and lifted the interest rate on call money, Charles E. Mitchell turned loose some $25,000,000, and the Federal Reserve rate came down to its 1 per cent on call money.

Call money is money used for gambling on stock and commodity prices. Prices are fixed each morning in New York City. But this gambling could not go on without the participation, the connivance, and the profit-sharing of the banks. And that is not the function of a *bank!*

Furthermore, the gambling that they are backing is often crooked even for gambling. Let me quote from a letter dated May 5, 1932, which I received. I regret that the writer refused me permission to use his name. I can assure you that he is one of the greatest financiers and industrialists in the United States and that his name is known all over the world. It would undoubtedly be included in any list of the half dozen leading financiers alive today. He is emphatically in a position to *know* whereof he speaks. He wrote me as follows:

May I suggest, in the interests of all those who are

Underwood & Underwood News photo

Depositors gathering at the doors of the Bank of United States when it closed on December 11, 1930.

holders of corporation securities in this country, that a careful analysis . . . (accruing to a committee) be made to determine to what extent the corporation officials are speculating in their own companies' stocks? It might be well to take the most active stocks on the New York Stock Exchange . . . and find to what extent these securities have been bought and sold by officials of their respective companies.

I am confident that such a practice will be discovered to have been most popular during recent years, and that the artificial values of securities in 1929 were, to a large extent, due to such practices.

That the crash in values of October, 1929, brought disaster to many corporation officials is also beyond argument. And that such officials then turned to the short side of the market, in order to recover their losses, is likewise a natural assumption. Values were thereby driven down far beyond their legitimate point of resistance.

It is only fair and proper that the public should have this information in order that stockholders may determine for themselves to what extent the officers chosen by them have respected their trust!

No one of normal moral integrity would countenance an officer of a corporation who would speculate in his own corporation's stock and dictate such purchases and sales by means of data accruing to him by virtue of his position.

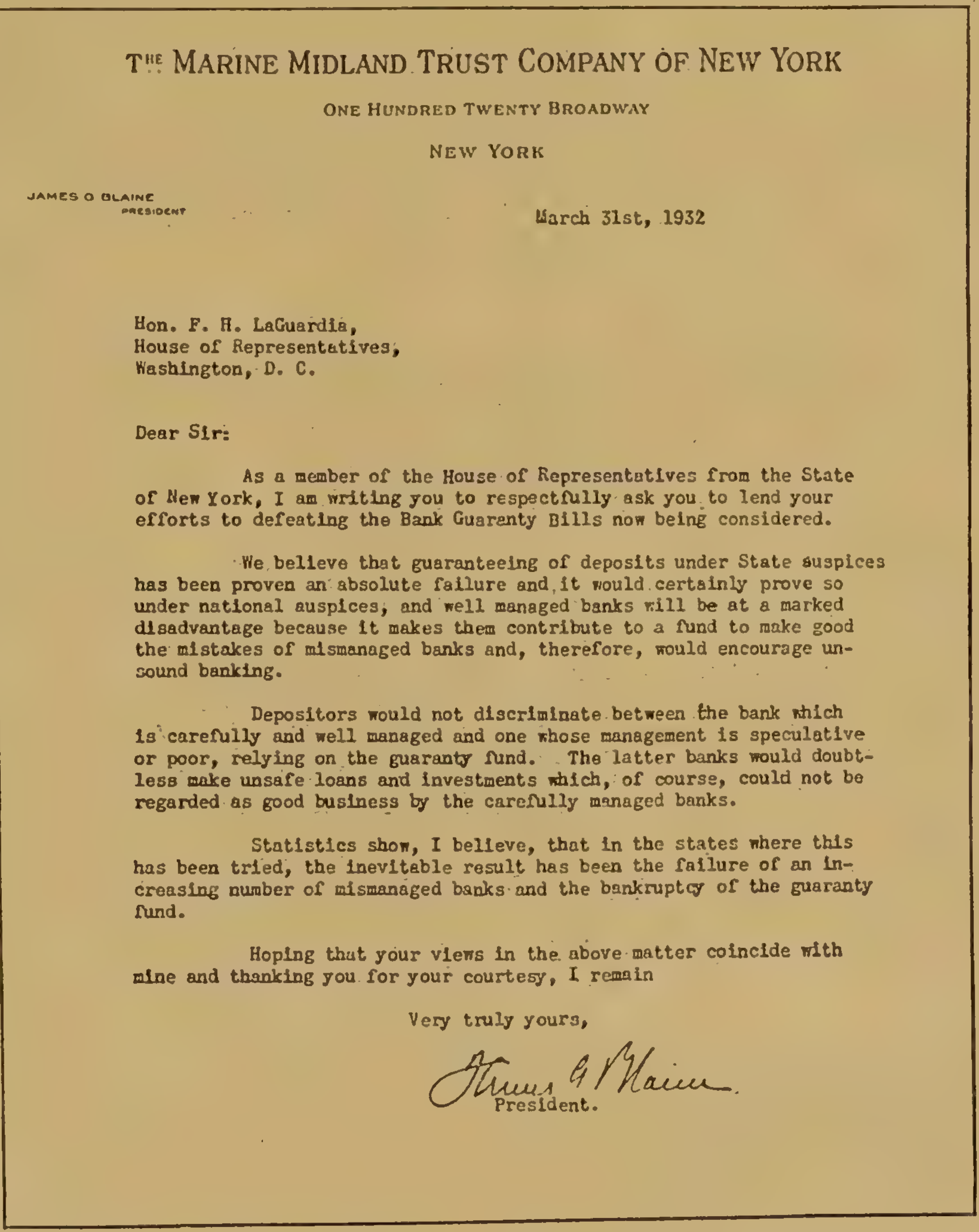
It is the writer's personal opinion that any official of a corporation who attempts to profit individually in such a manner as I have cited above is guilty of fraud. Perhaps not legally, but certainly morally! And the stockholders should be permitted to pass upon this point. If there is anything you can do to bring this about, you will earn the gratitude of thousands of persons in the United States.

[He concludes with directions for tracing such practices among the officials of his own company.]

TO my mind, the moral obligation of the officer of a corporation to sacrifice his own personal interest in the loyal discharge of his duties is not open to question, any more than are the duties of bank officials to safeguard the funds of depositors that have been placed in their trust. To jeopardize the funds of others, either through overlooking one's duty or downright speculation, bears a very close relation to *fraud.*

This gentleman made no bones about intimating that he suspected members of his own board of directors of being guilty of this breach of trust! From leads given to me, the gentleman was entirely correct.

The big bank practically forced the little banks to establish investment departments. In very small banks the president takes over the task. In slightly larger ones the work is detailed to a vice president who is a jovial, hail-fellow-well-met man and a prominent lodge member. Depositors are cold-bloodedly divided into classes according to the amounts of money on deposit. Some are placed in the $1,000 class, others in the $5,000, the $10,000, and so on. They are then invited



THE MARINE MIDLAND TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK

ONE HUNDRED TWENTY BROADWAY

NEW YORK

JAMES G BLAINE
PRESIDENT

March 31st, 1932

Hon. F. H. LaGuardia,
House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

As a member of the House of Representatives from the State of New York, I am writing you to respectfully ask you to lend your efforts to defeating the Bank Guaranty Bills now being considered.

We believe that guaranteeing of deposits under State auspices has been proven an absolute failure and it would certainly prove so under national auspices, and well managed banks will be at a marked disadvantage because it makes them contribute to a fund to make good the mistakes of mismanaged banks and, therefore, would encourage unsound banking.

Depositors would not discriminate between the bank which is carefully and well managed and one whose management is speculative or poor, relying on the guaranty fund. The latter banks would doubtless make unsafe loans and investments which, of course, could not be regarded as good business by the carefully managed banks.

Statistics show, I believe, that in the states where this has been tried, the inevitable result has been the failure of an increasing number of mismanaged banks and the bankruptcy of the guaranty fund.

Hoping that your views in the above matter coincide with mine and thanking you for your courtesy, I remain

Very truly yours,

James G Blaine
President.

A banker's appeal to Mr. La Guardia to oppose a national guaranty of bank deposits.

into the bank for a conference, one at a time, and the securities are dumped in their laps.

Now let's take all of the present reform. For the sake of argument I'll concede the necessity for everything that has been done. I'll admit that everything that was possible to prevent the crash was done. But I can't stop there. There's much more remaining to be done.

So far, however, let us frankly admit that everything done has been for the benefit of the *banker!* The holiday saved his skin. When the banks throughout the country were suddenly closed—with all the inconvenience and confusion and oftentimes loss entailed—it was to aid the banker! To give him a measure of time in which to see if something could not be found in the wreckage to help *him!* But the depositor had to hock his personal effects! When the depositors' business suffered, they had to lay off employees and curtail expenses in every way possible. The loss was theirs, not the bankers'. So that the closing of the banks caused considerable hardship and in many, many cases irreparable loss to depositors.

Bear in mind always that it is the depositors' money in the bank.

The depositor did not engage in a deal with the banker. He did not place his money in a venture or speculation of any kind. He gave it trustingly and in confidence to a bank—for safe-keeping! And he was entitled to receive it back at any minute of the day, undiminished. Anything less than that is manifestly wrong and wicked.

Now the printing presses are ready to start work (and necessary work). It is said that it is not inflation! I'll not argue that point now. Later, perhaps.

It is said that the money is issued to banks on the bankers' deposits with the Treasury Department of government bonds. The banks are thereby furnished with the necessary currency to meet depositors' claims. So far so good. But what happens? The banker has purchased these bonds with the depositors' money! He deposits the bonds with the Treasury Department and receives currency up to 100 per cent of the value of the bonds, and he uses this currency as the government continues to pay the interest on these obligations—which interest goes to the *banker.*

The banker, therefore, gets the interest on bonds purchased with depositors' money! And then, when he loans out the same money to his depositors, he receives additional interest therefor from them! *And yet, if the bank fails, the depositor loses his money!*

Such a system of banking is so utterly unjust, so one-sided and so unnecessary, that it cannot be endured.

Yet the American people are not only the best sports in the world but they are animated by a splendid sense of loyalty to the country and its institutions. Not individual cases—not scores—but thousands and thousands of cases of workingmen and -women have come to me—and the stories are all sadly alike. It is the attitude of confidence and trust—and this confidence and trust betrayed!

And yet it is the most difficult thing to induce one of these people, who have quite needlessly lost their life savings because of misrepresentations, to go before a district attorney and make a complaint of larceny.

AND here, without going into the question of inflation, let me say that it does not require a college professor or an economic expert or a fanciful financier to see readily that if currency continues to be issued against such commercial credit inflation is bound to result. It is inevitable, no matter under what name it may be done. And that because a piece of paper is a piece of paper, by whatever name it may be called or whatever design it may bear. Perhaps inflation is good. It may be necessary.

Be that as it may, commodity prices must go up—which means that the value of these also will be " upped " to the degree of managed currency.

And this brings me to the point that the American people have now learned that statements, assurances, reassurances, and expressions of hope, or any patriotic words of confidence, are not sufficient to secure their savings in the banks. Therefore, out of this financial débris we must create a structure that will be not only sound in its economics but proof against such dishonest and vicious banking practices as undoubtedly precipitated this crisis.

There is only one way in which it can be done. There is only one way in which to reëstablish confidence—and that is to establish a national system of bank-deposit guaranties!

I believe in a national banking system! But what we must have is some kind of national guaranty system of bank deposits. I introduced a bill to that effect years ago.

It provided for a national system of deposit insurance. It would guarantee deposits in all national banks and in member banks of the Federal Reserve System. The banks pay the cost. The government administers the funds. Under this bill a guaranty fund is created in each Federal Reserve district by contributions from national and Federal Reserve banks. Deposits are guaranteed against any losses by bank failures or otherwise. Supervision of the fund, according to the La Guardia plan, is vested in the Federal Reserve Board. Banks are assessed in installments of one quarter of 1 per cent of the average daily deposits for a period of two years. From that point on the semiannual assessment is one twentieth of 1 per cent. Depositors have absolute and first preference and are guaranteed their deposits in full.

THIS system would protect depositors and really restore confidence. It would immediately release about a billion seven hundred and fifty millions, withdrawn from the banks in the past years and now in safe-deposit vaults, in stockings or sugar bowls; and a billion dollars from other countries. In the light of what has happened, the panic of depositors is not difficult to understand. Such a system would have a tendency to permanently drive out of business the dishonest banker, the crafty director, as well as the incompetents.

It would put an end to the cutthroat competition between banks, which in some instances has been so vicious as to create ruin—resulting always, of course, in losses to the innocent *depositor.*

The experience of the past few years has taught a lesson which makes the guaranty of deposits absolutely necessary. *The bankers of this country are more to blame than are any other group for the present depression.*

If the banker knows so much about business, business today should not be in the terrible plight that it is! If he knows so much about investments, the investors of the country—yes, and the banks themselves—should not have lost millions and be in the fix in which they find themselves at this time!

Bankers have had their own way so long, and have written banking laws for so long, that they have come to believe that the law is made by and for the benefit of the bankers alone. It is time that protective measures for the benefit of depositors were written into the law. The guaranty of bank deposits is a depositors' law, not a bankers' law.

At best, depositors receive small return for their money. If depositors want to speculate, they can do it for themselves. If they want to lose their money, they can do it for themselves. The privilege of making money from the use of other people's funds carries with it the obligation to safeguard that money! And the only way in which this can be done is by a national system of bank-deposit insurance. The banker who refuses to guarantee his depositors' money is not worthy of the protection of the law, and his unworthiness should be advertised to the whole world.

It must be remembered that it was the united effort of the bankers of this country which defeated just such a law in 1908 and again in 1913. That was twenty-five years ago. For a quarter of a century American depositors have remained unprotected, and have lost during that time over five billions of dollars in nearly eight thousand bank failures! A sad commentary, a disgraceful chapter in the history of the American banker. A deposit guaranty *was* written into the first Federal Reserve Act. Through the bitter opposition of the American Bankers Association and of individual bankers, it was taken out, *after solemn and sacred promises of cleaning their own house!* We have learned that bankers do not stay within bounds, are not satisfied to do a conservative banking business, but plunge into underwritings, into speculative selling, and into plugging securities — to their own loss, to the loss of depositors, and to the loss of the smaller banks. The opposition today against the pending Steagall Bill, and against any system of banking deposits, is the same as it was a quarter of a century ago.

At a convention of the American Bankers Association held in Denver, in 1908, the following resolution was adopted:

"RESOLVED, That the American Bankers Association is unalterably opposed to any arbitrary plan looking to the mutual guaranty of deposits either by state or nation for the following reasons:

"It is a function outside of state or national government."

Is that so? But according to these same bankers it is a proper function of government to come to the rescue of banks during the present crisis. Why should not the government come to the assistance of the depositors?

"It is impracticable and misleading."

It is impracticable and misleading to take the depositor's money with the assurance that it will be protected and then, some day, mail him a slip from the banking inspectors that the bank is closed and his deposit lost.

"It is subversive to sound economics," continues the resolution.

How ridiculous! It is subversive to sound economics for the depositors to lose billions of dollars in bank failures. And then the resolution says, "It will lower the standard of our present banking system." No, that is impossible.

THE resolution continues with the statement which indeed would be comical if not so tragic: "It discredits honesty, ability, and conservatism." What banker in 1933 will dare to repeat that statement?

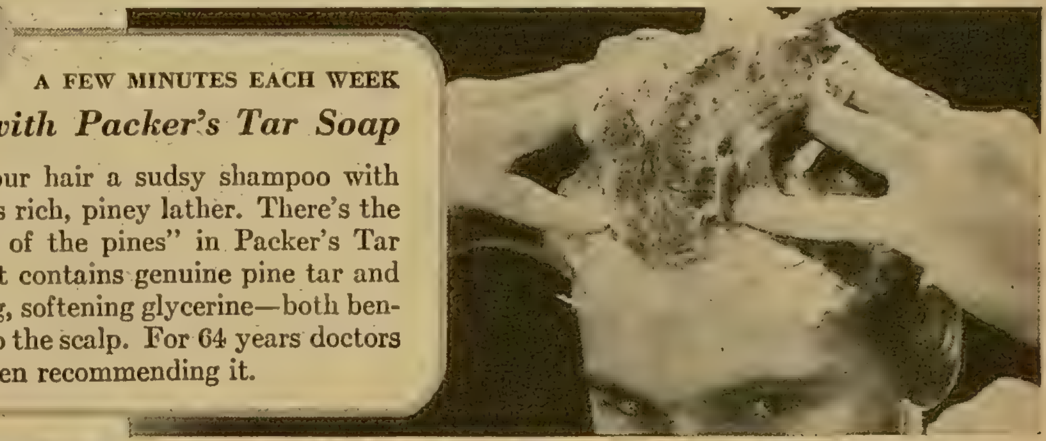
I suppose someone will stand up now and peep that the taxing of a bank, or the compulsory payment of a small percentage of its profits for the maintenance of an insurance fund, is unconstitutional. That argument is no longer available, for the simple reason that the Supreme Court of the United States has already sustained the right to require corporations engaged in banking to contribute a certain percentage to a fund for the protection of depositors who sustained losses because of the failure of insolvent banks.

My point is that the opposition and resistance to which I refer is not by any means solely because of the risk which such guaranties would place upon the banks. It is rather *because of the inevitably increased supervision of all banking agencies and the greater frequency of bank visitation* which such a system as I advocate would usher in.

The bankers' standpoint in this controversy may be gleaned also from a typical letter from the Marine Midland Trust Company of New York. It is reproduced herewith on page 23.

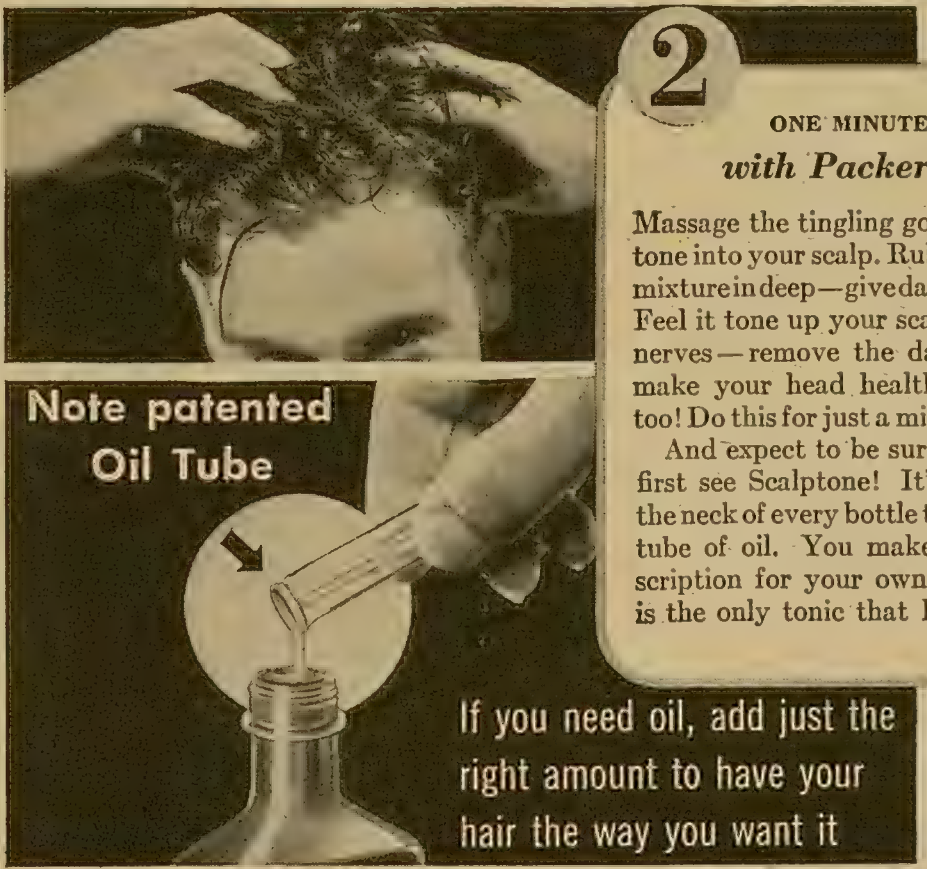
STOP DANDRUFF

with this COMMON-SENSE *treatment*



1 A FEW MINUTES EACH WEEK *with Packer's Tar Soap*

Give your hair a sudsy shampoo with Packer's rich, piney lather. There's the "health of the pines" in Packer's Tar Soap. It contains genuine pine tar and soothing, softening glycerine—both beneficial to the scalp. For 64 years doctors have been recommending it.

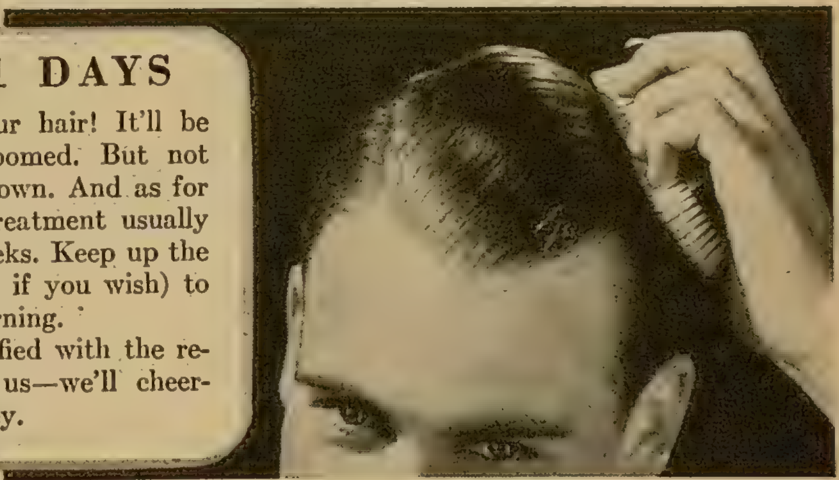


2 ONE MINUTE EVERY DAY *with Packer's Scalptone*

Massage the tingling goodness of Scalptone into your scalp. Rub your Scalptone mixture in deep—give dandruff the works! Feel it tone up your scalp—tone up the nerves—remove the dandruff scales—make your head healthy—and happy, too! Do this for just a minute, once a day.

And expect to be surprised when you first see Scalptone! It's *adjustable.* In the neck of every bottle there's a separate tube of oil. You make your own prescription for your own hair. Scalptone is the only tonic that has this feature.

If you need oil, add just the right amount to have your hair the way you want it



AFTER 21 DAYS

—have a look at your hair! It'll be healthy. And well-groomed. But not greasy, or plastered down. And as for dandruff—well, this treatment usually stops it inside of 3 weeks. Keep up the treatments (less often, if you wish) to *prevent* dandruff's returning.

If you are not satisfied with the results, write and tell us—we'll cheerfully return your money.

PACKER'S DANDRUFF TREATMENT

① *Shampoo with* PACKER'S TAR SOAP *once a week*

② *Massage with* PACKER'S SCALPTONE *every day*

Why, generally speaking, the so-called bankers were oftentimes nothing but bond pluggers—not even dignified as bond salesmen. Laugh that off, any big banker whose customers' index has become a sucker list!

It is true that some of the men we believed were big were the security-mongers posing as bankers, who had their high-pressure salesmen go to the little banker in the country, pat him on the back, and say: "I was talking with my president today. Well, he likes the way you're running your bank. He has his eye on you!" The country banker puffs up and says: "Oh, yes?" The salesman goes on: "He likes the way you're doing, and so he's given me a list of securities—and he knows you'll appreciate them. Your competitor across the street would not understand them, because he's not a genius like you!"

Then the country banker is given a list of securities and he buys them. *Now* the country banker is stuck, his bank impaired, and in thousands of instances depositors ruined!

The Congressional Record will show that on January 11, 1932, I told the House: "Here is a typical list of securities sold under this very system to an upstate bank in New York. The sale was before the crash.

"These securities were sold to this upstate bank by a bank in New York City the name of which every man, woman, and child would recognize immediately."

Mr. Strong of Kansas: "Who was it?"

Mr. La Guardia: "The ——— Trust Company, if you want to know. If I am urged to give names I will tell all. But then don't blame me if more people lose confidence in their banks! The conduct of the three largest banking institutions has been nothing less than disgraceful. As I was saying, they sold their securities to this small country bank, and after selling them under this high-pressure system I'm talking about (and it's not exaggerated a bit!) they made a large loan to this bank on these securities. A few weeks ago the big city bank suddenly demanded payment of the loan, or additional security. The little country bank said: 'Why? You have sufficient collateral. You told me so yourselves.' Then the city bank comes back with this: 'We don't like your list of securities.' The little bank said: '*You* sold them to us.' But despite that they sold out the securities—and the country bank was closed."

This is not fiction. It represents facts. It is typical of what the so-called financiers have been doing all over the country.

I will cite you another case in our state—a national bank in Middleport, New York. The president of this bank was approached by a man who said: "Mr. President, I represent the National Credit Corporation of Washington. Mr. Hoover is personally sponsoring this corporation, and it is his idea that we have a capital stock of $500,000,000. We want only good banks in it, and you are one of the outstanding bankers here. So we want you to subscribe 10 per cent of your capital stock." And he did.

A FEW weeks later there was a run on this national bank, and the president rushed down to Washington, to the Credit Corporation, and asked for help. This wonderful, much-advertised National Credit Corporation, founded to protect banks, flatly refused. "Oh, no!" said the Federal Credit Corporation. "Then at least give us back our five thousand dollars!" But even that was refused. The bank closed, the depositors lost, and the Federal Reserve took notice, for statistical purposes, of another failure, and the wonderful $500,000,000 Credit Corporation, heralded at the time as the savior of our depositors, eventually evaporated.

Why not first consider relief and protection of the depositors? In general discussions it would appear that the banks and the money belonged to the *bankers*. The banks and the money belong to the *depositors!* And if the depositors have lost faith in the bankers, it is surely the fault of the bankers and nobody else.

I would hang a banker who stole from the people. Now listen to this. Here's a firm that has been selling first-class securities and specializing in giving advice to estates. Here is the estate of a family I know. The father of these children purchased all these securities from a so-called first-class firm in New York. His purpose was to secure his family after his death. When his widow wrote to this same house, here is the reply that was received:

> At the request of your daughter, we write you relative to the securities held by the estate. At the beginning let us state that while the securities held may have been suitable under a plan Mr. —— had in mind, it is most difficult for us to give any really sound advice, at this most exceptional period, on securities held by the estate or yourself.

But when they sold the securities to this gentleman they guaranteed them as gilt-edged and recommended them as a sound investment to constitute a basis for the care of the family!

Furthermore, we must force bankers to be honest with the public when they sell them securities.

THE following descriptive titles are attached to some of these fancy but deceptive bonds. They are impressive, and naturally the public believed they were secured as presumably indicated. Note how, along with this era of dishonest banking and general misrepresentation, an entirely new nomenclature regarding securities has come into use.

First & Participating Mortgage Bond: Here is a description that is not only deceiving to the average layman but would catch even the average lawyer unaware. First & Participating Mortgage Bond certainly indicates a first-mortgage security. This style of bond is used by many railroads as well as by large corporations having isolated properties at different points. It is *not* necessarily a first mortgage on the main property of the company. It may be a first mortgage only on one separate parcel of the company's property, which is not included in the real first mortgage covering the real first-mortgage bonds of the company.

For example: A large corporation owning millions of dollars of property may have a small warehouse that is separate and distinct from its main holdings. It may issue a first mortgage on this little piece of property to the extent of several thousands (or millions) over and above its real value. It is therefore only a mortgage on that little property, and a participating mortgage, second, third, or fourth, on the main and chief properties of the issuing company.

As another example: A railroad may have five thousand miles of track, all encumbered by first and second mortgages. And it may have one mile on a small side line, not included in the main mileage. And on this small side line it may issue several millions of dollars of First & Participating Mortgage Bonds.

And they call the law a profession, and banking a public service!

First & Secured Mortgage: This is very much like the First & Participating Mortgage, and may be secured by a trifling piece of property or by a collection of collateral deposited as security therefor. Such was the case with the Kreuger & Toll bonds.

The Kreuger & Toll bonds were sold in this country as First & Secured Mortgage Bonds. And investors believed that they were buying bonds secured by all of Kreuger & Toll's industries, including the match monopolies. But they were doing no such thing. These were outstanding bonds on all of this property, already mortgaged to the hilt to European banks! When the time came to sell these bonds in America, they were not secured on any real property but merely by deposit of certain other securities. The list of these securities was filed with the New York Stock Exchange and with other stock exchanges of the country.

There was a crude joker in that agreement. There can be but one inference: Either the committees and the officials who passed upon the mortgages, etc., covering these securities were wholly incompetent or unpardonably guilty, since the agreement was approved and the bonds sold to the American public. The agreement showed a certain list of acceptable securities pledged.

Would it not occur to the average business man or woman that it would be rather unusual for a company to own a lot of securities and keep them in their safes, then sell *other securities* for the same amount of money, and pay interest on these latter, while retaining the securities they owned outright?

Now, that was bad enough, but it was not all. The American investor was giving up his good American dollars for collateral of doubtful European securities.

But wait a minute. Here is the joker in this agreement. It permitted Kreuger & Toll to substitute any of these bonds; and after they had sold hundreds of millions of dollars' worth to the American public, they took out the good bonds that were in their list, got rid of them, and substituted worthless bonds of Austria and other devastated countries, worth some five cents on the dollar!

I made this statement on the floor of the House, and I repeat it now without any claim upon congressional privilege.

Security Trust Bonds: The word "bond" is again used. The word "secured" is again used. The investor is once more deceived. For it means that only *some* securities have been deposited in trust. They may include a second or third mortgage, a personal note, or stock of a corporation. If it were an honest-to-goodness first-mortgage bond it would be called a first-mortgage bond. (Note that in the first instance they call it a First & Participating Mortgage Bond, not a First Mortgage Bond.)

Collateral Trust Bonds are usually a third-mortgage security. Such are what were palmed off in S. W. Straus Company, Inc., American Bond & Mortgage, F. H. Smith Company, and other such swindlers.

Guaranteed Trust Certificate means nothing at all. It might be similar to a Collateral Trust Bond, but it is not a first-mortgage bond against actual property.

Debenture Bonds: A high-sounding and impressive title. Many professional and business people, and even lawyers, think a debenture bond is something of the highest preference and a most acceptable investment.

But usually it is no such thing. It has no lien on any property. It only has a prior right to its earnings.

Gold Debenture Bond: This too means nothing. It is the same debenture bond, only payable in gold—if and when payable.

There are a few other variations, but space is lacking to describe them.

Not only did I see this present crisis coming, but I warned the public again and again. Last February 25, just before I quit my seat in the House, the Record shows that I spoke as follows:

"For the last few years the American public has been lulled into a state of indifference by continued and repeated promises that the crisis was over and normal conditions were 'just around the corner.' Many of us of the House exercised a great deal of restraint in not speaking frankly of existing conditions. I take this opportunity to state that some of us are commencing to doubt whether this continued restraint and silence is an honest policy for us to pursue, or whether it is not our duty to tell the American people frankly of the impending danger.

"CONSIDERABLE poetic license was taken on the floor of the House today in talking about the sound financial condition of this country.

"We let it go as poetic license; and I am sure that the members who uttered these optimistic statements did so with the hope and intention—hoping against hope—that what they were saying might materialize!

"The situation is so serious, Mr. Chairman, that we are on the threshold of our very future existence, and we might as well know it. Not even in a state of war, whether foreign or domestic, has this country been confronted with the dangers we are now facing and which may materialize within the next few weeks.

"I believe that every member of Congress should be willing to subordinate his personal and political interest at this time, and all join forces to do everything which may be necessary within the next few days and before this Congress adjourns. I believe that the newly appointed Secre-

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!
Primps for Hours for a Party
—Ignores her Teeth and Gums
. . . . . . and she has
"Pink tooth brush"!

THOSE hours of "primping" haven't been wasted! But if the young lady would look as closely at her teeth as *other* people do—she'd take better care both of her teeth and her gums.

"Pink" upon your tooth brush indicates that your gums are too tender—that they bleed easily. This condition may lead not only to serious gum troubles such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea—but to dingy, grayish teeth—so that some day you may think twice before you smile!

Keep your gums firm and healthy—and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

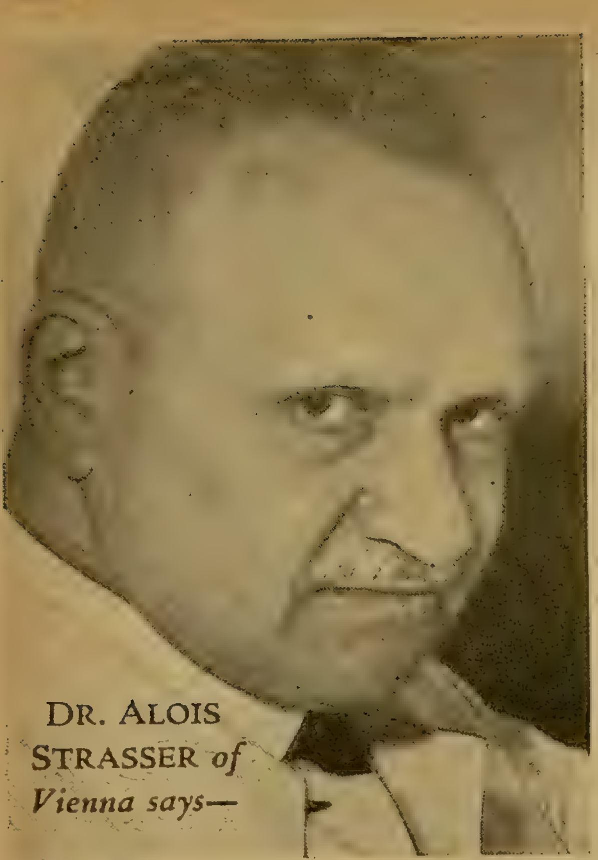
Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed, by the soft, modern food that gives them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums, massaging gently with your finger or the tooth brush.

Start it tomorrow morning. Buy a full-size tube. Follow the Ipana method regularly and your teeth will shine brighter, your gums will be firmer. "Pink tooth brush" will depart.

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. AB-532, 73 West St., New York City, for a trial tube of Ipana. Enclose a three-cent stamp.

IPANA

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE



DR. ALOIS STRASSER *of Vienna says—*

"HEADACHE – *that's a sign of Body Poisons*"

DR. STRASSER, head of the famous Winternitz Sanatorium in Vienna, warns intestines must be kept *clean*. X-rays show how.

DO YOUR bowels function normally? Probably not, say doctors, if you have frequent headaches!

As the famous Dr. Strasser (above) puts it, "When intestines become unclean, your body absorbs poisons." If we would then avoid headaches, "nerves," indigestion, etc., we must take some action.

"My advice," states Dr. Strasser, "is to include fresh yeast in the daily food."

And he goes on: "Fresh yeast in a short time puts intestines back in good working order . . . banishing all symptoms of self-poisoning" . . . *Including headaches!*

You know a clean system is important. So why not eat fresh yeast—3 cakes every day? You can get Fleischmann's Yeast—rich in vitamins B, G, D—at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains, and directions are on the label.

IMPORTANT! Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind doctors advise.

"When I was in high school," writes Elinor Miksitz, Miami, Fla., "I was struck by accident and knocked unconscious. My nerves were so upset I couldn't digest my food. My doctor advised Fleischmann's Yeast . . . Almost immediately my stomach condition was improved... headaches disappeared."

Copyright, 1933, Standard Brands Incorporated

tary of the Treasury should select his assistants, move into Washington, move into the Treasury office, so as to coöperate with the present officials and have the situation well in hand by the time he takes office. I believe that President-elect Roosevelt should put everything else aside, should move to Washington, and be on the spot and in constant touch and contact with the situation and with President Hoover for the few remaining days of his administration. Things are happening so rapidly that many matters cannot be delayed.

"I say this in view of what has taken place today, so that some of our colleagues may be apprised of the actual situation. We as legislators have responsibilities, and we cannot be lulled into inaction by optimistic statements that are not justified by facts.

"I simply wanted to take the time to express this thought, so that every member may be on the alert and ready to take up legislation in morning, afternoon, and night sessions if necessary; because the situation calls for action, and immediate action!"

But what of the future? Is there any hope for the country? Of course there is!

The veil of mystery surrounding the bankers has at last been pulled down by their own misconduct, and today these financial giants lie prone in the wreckage of their own temple, destroyed by themselves. The people of the country have received recently a very liberal, if costly, education in banking.

The truth is that honest banking is anything but difficult, involved, complicated or complex. Strange as it may seem, honest banking is extremely simple—but crooked banking must necessarily be made involved, complex, and mysterious in order to hide its crookedness.

SUBSIDIARIES, affiliates, trusts, debentures, underwritings, participations, purchasing rights, and generally subordinated methods! These are all instruments of modern high finance, and obstacles put in the way to destroy the scent and prevent the discovery of the real culprits.

Is it any wonder that the farmer of Iowa, the cattleman of Texas, and the tenement dweller of Manhattan are all trying to dope out this jig-saw puzzle?

There is nothing in honest banking, nothing at all, that cannot be made perfectly intelligible to the layman. That is just the point. The banketeers have deliberately coined mystifying phrases, and the like, to baffle and perplex the public. In a word, they have established a new system of terminology for the banking world, their desire being to make it complicated, involved, vague and incomprehensible to purchasers and other laymen.

To this end they have called in the art of the designer to embellish and decorate their fancy certificates.

But there should be nothing in banking or in investment that cannot be perfectly comprehended by the one who places his money therein.

For instance, under an honest system of banking and investment, such as must inevitably follow the crisis through which we are passing, instead of palming off on insurance companies, if you please, or on trustees of funds for minor children, or on widows and poor retired schoolteachers a highly artistically engraved piece of paper carrying a big gold seal and entitled "Participating Mortgage Bond," this is what will happen:

THE certificate will state plainly and frankly: "Junior, Secondary, and Subordinated Lien on the Property of X. Y. Z. Railroad." (The investor will doubtless understand one of these three words.) It will then go on to state that the property securing the bond is mortgaged under a trust agreement, but that on this same property there are other mortgages coming ahead of this mortgage, in the amount of $10,000,000. This mortgage is assessed for tax purposes at $11,000,000. The issue of the junior bond is $5,000,000.

Therefore by the simple use of addition and subtraction the investor will know if he wants to put his money into an investment secured by property valued at $4,000,000 over and above its assessed valuation.

Anything short of such clarity of statement is dishonest, and obtaining money through dishonesty or through misrepresentation, or by concealing the material facts of the case, constitutes a crime in New York State or in any of the other states of the Union.

And now, instead of a bond of this kind—a real-estate or junior railroad bond—let's take as our object of sale *a can of beans.*

If the same methods of advertising, labeling, and representation were employed to advertise and sell a can of beans as have been used and sanctioned in the sale of securities in this country, the seller of beans would go to jail under three different provisions of the federal statutes!

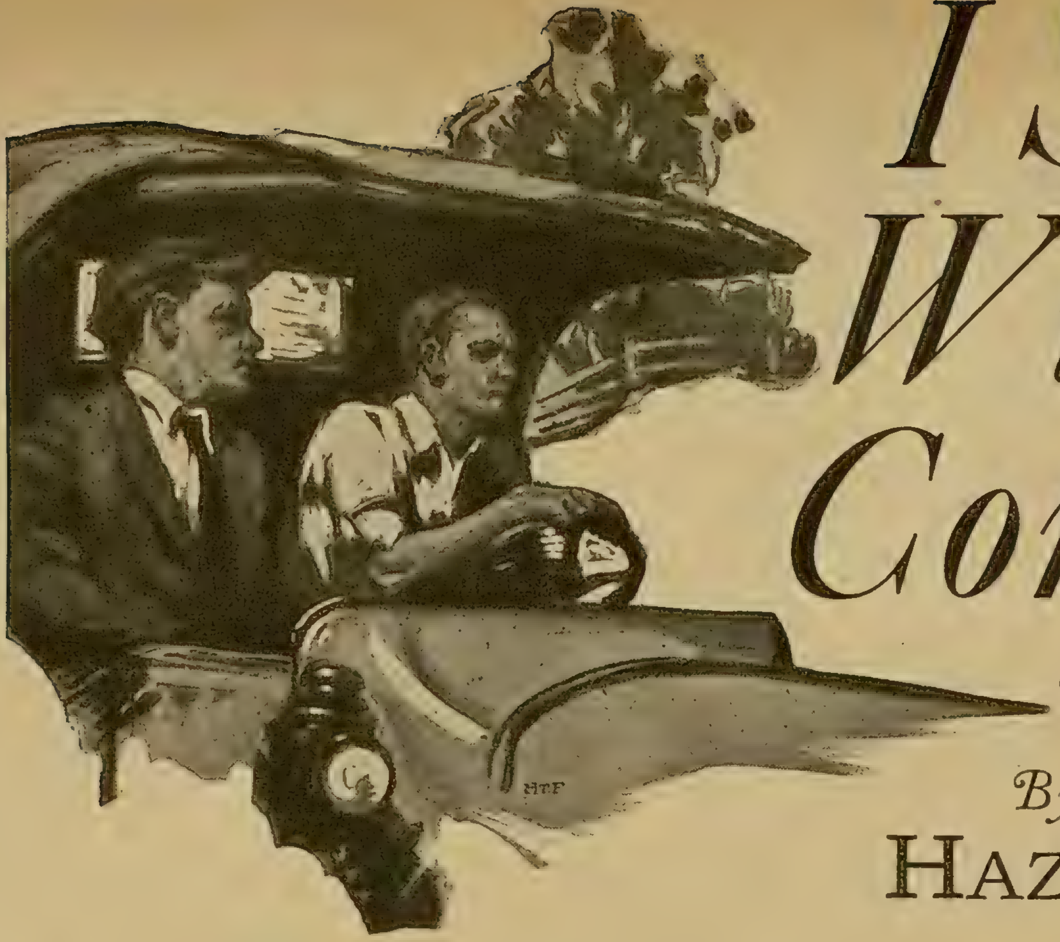
THE END

DETECTOGRAM ANSWER

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

MAY 13 1933

PROFESSOR STABUS STIGGINS
JEFFERSONS LANDING VA
DAWSONS STORY OF COURSE IMPOSSIBLE STOP AS BODY IN TRUNK DECOMPOSED BY WATER DAWSON COULD NOT HAVE FOUND TRUNK FLOATING STOP IF ENOUGH WATER IN TRUNK TO CAUSE WATER DECOMPOSITION TRUNK COULD NOT HAVE BEEN FLOATING BUT WOULD HAVE BEEN ON BOTTOM OF RIVER STOP
G H BENSON



I Sorta Wish You'd Come Back

A Short Short Story

By FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

(Reading time: 4 minutes 31 seconds.)

"I GET off at The Fork, buddy. I got to see a girl over to Steubenville."

"Okay. A girl, hunh?"

"Yeah. Her and I went together when I was back three years ago."

"Marryin'?"

"Who? Me? I'm not marrying no girl. I'm gonna join up with the navy again soon as I get to K. C. I like to eat regular."

"You got sense, Redhead. Them guys in the navy—why, they don't know when they're setting pretty."

"Yeah, it's plenty tough on the outside. I been hitch-hiking since the third of October."

"You come all this way just to see a girl?"

"N-no, not exactly. I think maybe I'll get me a job in St. Louie. Say-y, there ain't any jobs in that town."

"There ain't none no place. If I was you I wouldn't fool around long. They might be filled up in the navy."

"I got a gunner's rate and good discharge. I'll tell 'em to wire Commander Bailey. He'll fix it up."

"Sure wish I could get in the navy. But, hell . . . my wife would throw a fit."

"Yeah. That's the way they do."

"I guess this girl wants you to stick around, hunh?"

"Naw. She never said nothing like that. She knows I'm the kind of a guy that's got to be on the go."

"Does she know you're comin'?"

"Yeah. I sent her a post card from St. Louie. Said I'd be by on the bus. I didn't want her to think I was flat on my can."

"How you gonna show her a good time without any dough?"

"Aw, she don't care. She just likes to set around and talk. She's a funny kid."

"She must be stuck on you."

"I dunno. She didn't never write like it. She *acted* like it oncet, but I guess she give me up as a bad job. I'd write her and kid her so on and so forth, but she just wrote back 'Dear Friend.'"

"Maybe she's got a new boy friend."

"She ain't that kind. She's slow with all the guys except me. I'm the only one that ever had any luck. She likes 'em red-headed."

"Real luck, hunh?"

"Sure."

"It takes you sailors to get 'em goin'."

"Yeah. Love 'em and leave 'em. That's the idea. If you stick around they get off of you."

"She may fool you. You'll look swell, comin' outa your way to see her, if she gives you the air."

"Not a chance. She wants me to come back. She wrote it—twicet. She says, 'I sorta wish you'd come back.'"

"Sorta wish? What kind of talk is that? I'll bet you walk in, and her new sweetie's there, and they both give you the bird. You better ride along into K. C. with me. Then she can't make a sap outa you."

"I don't want her to marry me or anything like that. I just thought I'd stop by and say 'Hello.' How do you figure that'll make a sap outa me?"

"She don't know that the main reason you come from the coast was to hunt a job in St. Louie. She'll figure you come all the way to see her."

"That's right."

"Sure it's right. And if she's got another boy friend . . . wowie! . . . What a laugh it'll hand her!"

"Maybe she was just kidding me, at that."

"Now you're wisin' up! 'Sorta wish—' Hell! When a gal wants to see a guy bad she writes him a letter fifteen pages long and full of red ants. Am I right, or ain't I?"

"Most of 'em would. But Sally . . . she's an awful queer little kid."

"Nuts. They're all alike. You better stick with me. You mightn't catch another K. C. hitch today."

"Yeah. That's right. Well, I guess I better."

"We're comin' to The Fork. What d'y' say, Red?"

"K. C., buddy. Nuts to that 'sorta wish' stuff."

"Whoa! Ain't that a girl standin' under the sign-post?"

"Yeah. . . . It's her!"

"She's got a kid in her arms! Say-y, you look kinda sick."

"I—I guess she went and married on me."

"Stop . . . or K. C.?"

"I guess you better stop."

"Look . . . the kid . . . it's got red hair!"

"Y-yeah . . . no, it ain't real red, is it? Yeah, I guess it is red, at that."

"Jese, that makes it kinda differ'nt, don't it, kid? I mean, you had ought to do the right thing."

"Yeah. . . . Hullo, Sally."

"Hello, Benny. I thought you was coming on the bus."

"I was, but I got a ride instead. You . . . you got . . . a k-kid, I notice."

"Yeah. I sorta wished you'd come back to see him."

"You ought to of told me sooner. We—we got to get married, you know."

"Gee, I'd sorta like that, Benny."

"Well . . . I gotta be moving. So long, Redhead!"

"So long. Much obliged for the lift."

THE END

Leather, Lucky

George Arliss in a New Role, An Understanding Wife, A Manufactured Story, and Another Flying Picture

By

ROB WAGNER

(Reading time: 9 minutes 20 seconds.)

"IN your review of Private Jones you said that the picture ended in tragedy. It didn't. It ended with Jones peeling potatoes. It's a wonder you wouldn't wait until the end of the show."

I did wait until the end, and the version I saw ended in tragedy. If a story is written with an unhappy ending, studios usually shoot a happy ending "for protection," and then if enough squawks come from the various previews, they substitute the happiness stuff. That's what probably happened to Private Jones. Some studios even have a way of releasing one kind of ending one place and a reverse ending in another place. I can't catch 'em all.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ + WORKING MAN

CAST

Reeves, George Arliss; Jenny, Bette Davis; Benjamin Burnett, Hardie Albright; Tommy, Theodore Newton; Pettison, Gordon Westcott; Henry Davidson, J. Farrell MacDonald; Haslitt, Charles Evans; Judge Larson, Frederick Burton; the Secretary, Pat Wing; Briggs, Edward Van Sloan; the Stenographer, Claire McDowell; Tommy's bridge partner, Harold Minjir; Mrs. Price, Ruthelma Stevens; the Maid, Gertrude Sutton; the Butler, Edward Cooper; Hammersmith, Douglas Dumbrille. Directed by John Adolfi. Produced by Warner Brothers.

George Arliss is the president of the Reeves Shoe Company. His rival in business was also his rival in love. Arliss remained a bachelor; the rival had two children who became social wasters. While Arliss is fishing down in Maine he meets the youngsters, and, pretending he is just a hick fisherman, he gets himself invited to their New York home. Here he notes the wreckage of their lives and the impending failure of their father's business. He arranges to have himself appointed trustee, and as the adopted father of his ex-sweetheart's children he not only brings about their regeneration but merges the two companies.

Mr. Arliss shows in this picture that he is not a one-formula actor. Instead of the suave aristocrat he is a high-tempered, cantankerous old crab—fundamentally kind. A well written story builds into a series of dramatically hilarious situations in which Hardie Albright as Arliss's prig nephew steals a lot of swell footage. Gordon Westcott as the dirty heavy is utterly convincing, and J. Farrell MacDonald as Arliss's fishing crony will make you purr.

Just for once let's give credit to a bunch of authors—Edgar Franklin, Charles Kenyon, and Maude Howell.

Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans in Made on Broadway. Madge is the "understanding wife."

★ ★ MADE ON BROADWAY

CAST

Jeff, Robert Montgomery; Mona, Sally Eilers; Claire, Madge Evans; Terwilliger, Eugene Pallette; Mayor Starling, C. Henry Gordon; Adèle, Jean Parker; Ramon, Ivan Lebedeff; Mayor's Secretary, David Newell; Mr. Lepedis, Vince Barnett; Schultz, Joseph Cawthorn. Directed by Harry Beaumont. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

No, you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. Robert Montgomery tries it with Sally Eilers, and he doesn't make even a near-silk purse. Robert is a big public relations chap in New York wielding terrific power. In private he is just a little boy continually quarreling with his wife, Madge Evans, from whom he thinks he is getting a divorce. He rescues Sally—a sow's ear—from drowning, falls for her, and sets out to make something of her. Though Robert's character is inconsistent, he is so altogether charming that it is easy to appreciate his wife's understanding of him. Sally gets into all sorts of jams with Robert getting her out, but when he finds her preparing to blackmail one of his friends, he ditches her and grabs a boat for Europe, radioing his wife to join him. But she has outguessed him, and when he enters his stateroom, there she is!

An old but amusing scene: Rehearsing Sally's sob stuff for a murder trial. Cast and direction excellent.

★ ★ PICK UP

CAST

Mary Richards, Sylvia Sidney; Harry Glynn, George Raft; Muriel Stevens, Lillian Bond; Jim Richards, William Harrigan; Artie Logan, George Meeker; Sam Foster, Clarence Wilson; Tony, Brooks Benedict; Jerome Turner, Robert McWade; Prosecuting Attorney, Purnell Pratt; Mr. Brewster, Charles Middleton; Warden, Oscar Apfel; Johnson, Al Hill; Sadie, Patricia Farley; Freda, Florence Dudley; Magnolia, Louise Beavers; Matron, Eleanor Lawson; Don, Eddie Clayton; Peggy, Dorothy Layton; Sally, Alice Adair. Directed by Marion Gering. Produced by Paramount.

A factory-made story saved by the good acting of the cast, especially that of Sylvia Sidney, George Raft, Lillian Bond, and William Harrigan.

Poor Sylvia, always in jail, is sprung again. No money; rain.

and Law

Pick Up features Sylvia Sidney and George Raft. In this, George is a taxicab driver.

Richard Barthelmess, the star in Central Airport.

George Raft, a taxi driver, picks her up, takes her home, dries her out, and puts her to bed. He is delighted to learn that she's "not that kind." She gets breakfast. They live together—honorably! Sylvia urges him on; he buys a suburban garage. Success. Marriage? No; Sylvia has a husband in jail. She tells George all.

Lillian Bond, socialite, goes on the make for George. He is flattered and proposes marriage. No; Lillian simply liked him with dishonorable intentions. He returns to Sylvia, but she has gone. Her hubby has broken jail and comes to shoot George, so she goes with him to save George's life. She tells hubby that she's had their marriage annulled. Rough stuff and the police. Trial. Did Sylvia help hubby escape? Her lawyer pulls a swell gag that frees her. She and George get together again. A ragged story, but several good sequences. Also sympathy for the principals in their efforts to climb.

★ CENTRAL AIRPORT

CAST

Jim, Richard Barthelmess; Jill, Sally Eilers; Neil, Tom Brown; Girl in Wreck, Glenda Farrell; Swarthy Man, Harold Huber; Mr. Blaine, Grant Mitchell; Eddie, James Murray; Mrs. Blaine, Claire McDowell; Havana Manager, Willard Robertson; Amarillo Manager, Arthur Vinton; Man in Wreck, Charles Sellon. Directed by Wm. A. Wellman. Produced by First National.

Richard Barthelmess is a "flying fool," grounded in the first sequence for cracking up a transport plane full of passengers. He then joins Sally Eilers, parachute jumper, in a barnstorming tour, stunting. They love and live together, but Dick won't marry. Comes kid brother Tom Brown to take Dick's place while he is mending from another crack-up. Dick recovers and joins the pair at El Paso, only to find them bunking together.

Socko! But, alas, they are married! Tom and Sally go to Cuba, where Tom gets a transport job. Dick goes barnstorming in South America, leaving broken bones all over the map. He arrives in Cuba just as Tom has been forced down at sea. To the rescue!

Dick saves them all from drowning, and then tries to fly them back. Fog. Here is the one big new punch. A radio S O S calls for all the automobiles in Havana to beat it to the airport and floodlight it so that Dick may see the field. He lands his passengers, and then sadly saying good-by to Tom and Sally, off he goes to leave other bones in other places.

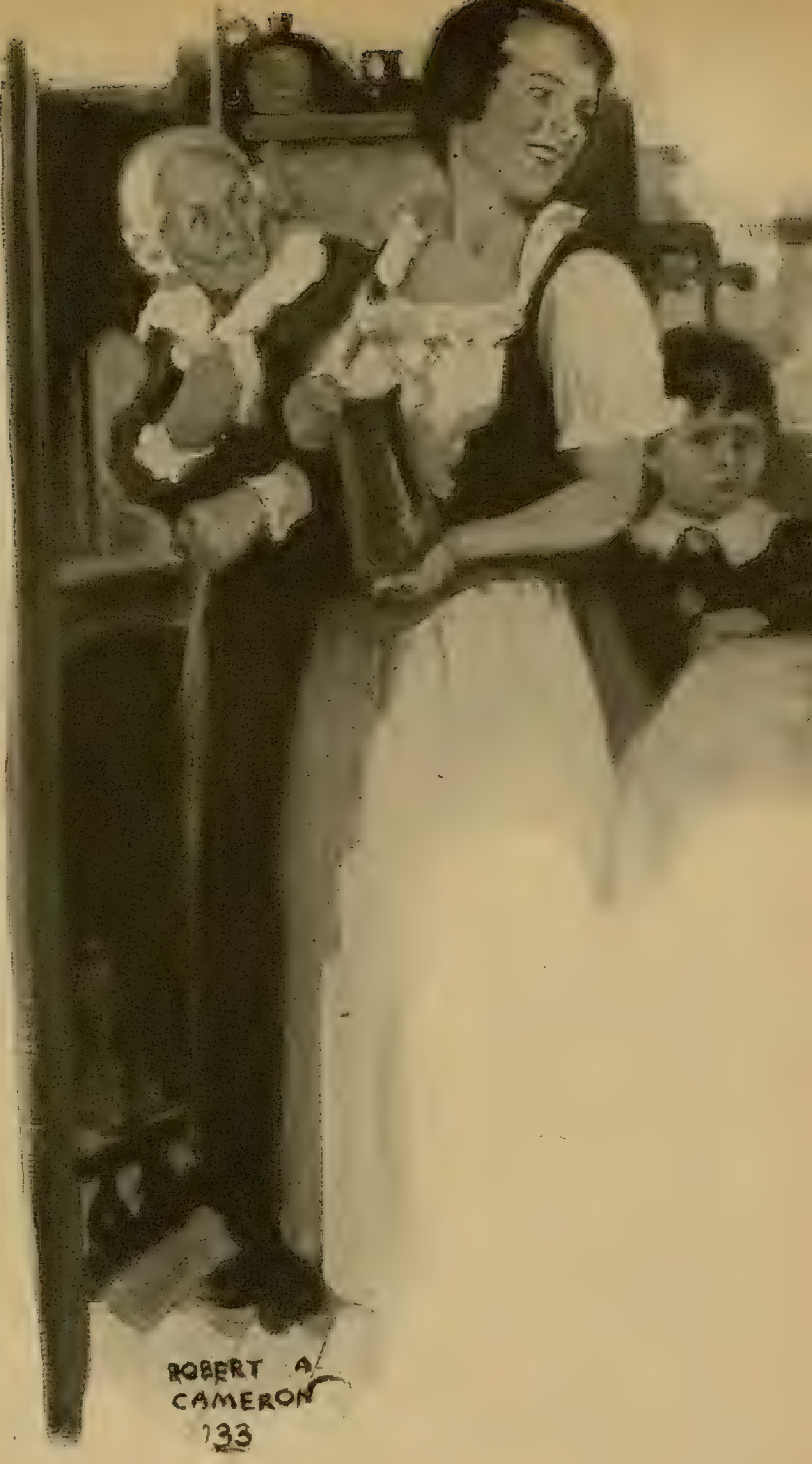
Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Topaze, Rasputin and the Empress, 42nd Street, Cavalcade, The Animal Kingdom, Babes in the Wood, Silver Dollar, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang.

★★★—Hell Below, Picture Snatcher, Baby Face, The Masquerader, The White Sister, The Rome Express, King Kong, The Great Jasper, Be Mine Tonight, The Face in the Sky, State Fair, Luxury Liner, The Sign of the Cross, She Done Him Wrong, Grand Slam, Tonight Is Ours, Me and My Gal, A Farewell to Arms, The Son-Daughter, If I Had a Million, The Mummy, The Half Naked Truth, Three on a Match, The Match King, The Kid from Spain, Cynara, Night After Night, Red Dust, Trouble in Paradise, One Way Passage.

George Arliss fills a somewhat new rôle in Working Man. As usual, he shines. With him is Bette Davis.

War *Brings* Tragedy



(Reading time: 18 minutes 7 seconds.)

PIERRE LEVERNE was recognized by his neighbors as he walked down the street toward his home, despite the change brought about by five years of soldiering and months in the hospitals. He was bearded, the flesh had been melted from a formerly massive frame, he was stooped from long fatigue and recent suffering.

They greeted him cordially enough, without admiration or enthusiasm, for he was arriving home many weeks after the Armistice. But he sensed that their indifference was pretended, felt the glances of pity and speculation. He squared his shoulders under the worn blue coat, shifted the heavy military bags suspended on his sides, strove to swing along as befitted a conqueror.

He knew what was ahead of him. His wife had written him while he was awaiting discharge from the hospital. That had been the first direct news in years, for his home had been in territory occupied by the Germans from August, 1914, to the end. He had left behind a wife and a son. He was returning to find another boy, born nearly three years after his departure.

Mme. Vautier, the woman who lived on the ground floor of the house, emerged at a trot, showered him with exclamations, shook his hand. Her husband rose from behind the cobbler's bench near the window, held out a welcoming paw. "Glad to see you back, Pierre."

"Glad to see you," the soldier replied automatically. He looked at them a while, not daring to ask questions. He had believed that nothing would frighten him after surviving the trenches, but he was afraid, almost ill with dread, as he clumped up the steep stairs. He heard Mme. Vautier shuffling quietly behind him, coming up to listen.

The door of his small apartment was unlocked. He pushed it open and entered. Mathilde was there with his son Justin and her mother, garbed in rusty black, as for a funeral or a visit to church. Pierre looked at his wife with astonishment. He had expected to find her as changed as he was, but she did not appear older than he recalled her. She was tall, full-bodied, with light hair and a round pink face.

"Hello," Pierre said awkwardly. He shut the door and hung his bags on the hooks behind it.

"Oh, hello," Mathilde replied. At a sign from her mother she pushed Justin forward and started: "I am sorry, and I ask you to—"

He kissed her to cut short the rehearsed speech.

"That's Justin? Come here, Justin. Do you know me?"

"You're my papa," the boy said. Justin had knobby knees, a flat, sullen face. He was seven, almost eight. He wriggled from Pierre's hands to get his grimy hands on the bags. Soon he was scattering their contents.

"Stop that, Justin!" Mathilde snapped.

"He can't hurt anything much," Pierre said placidly. "Leave him alone for today. Where's the—the other—"

"At my place," the mother said. "We had to wait for you before—"

"Just a moment," Pierre warned. "Justin, here's five sous. Get yourself some chocolate, and tell Mme. Vautier on your way out that the stairs are drafty and she'll catch cold. You tell her I said so." When the lad had left the room he turned to the woman: "How old?"

"He's just over two years," Mathilde said.

"We wanted to put him in an orphanage as soon as the war ended," said Mathilde's mother. "But she's married to you, and that kid is yours legally. You have to give your consent."

"In an orphanage?" Pierre shrugged. "Why? What's he done? It wasn't his fault—"

"There you go," the old woman snapped, "blaming it all on Mathilde!"

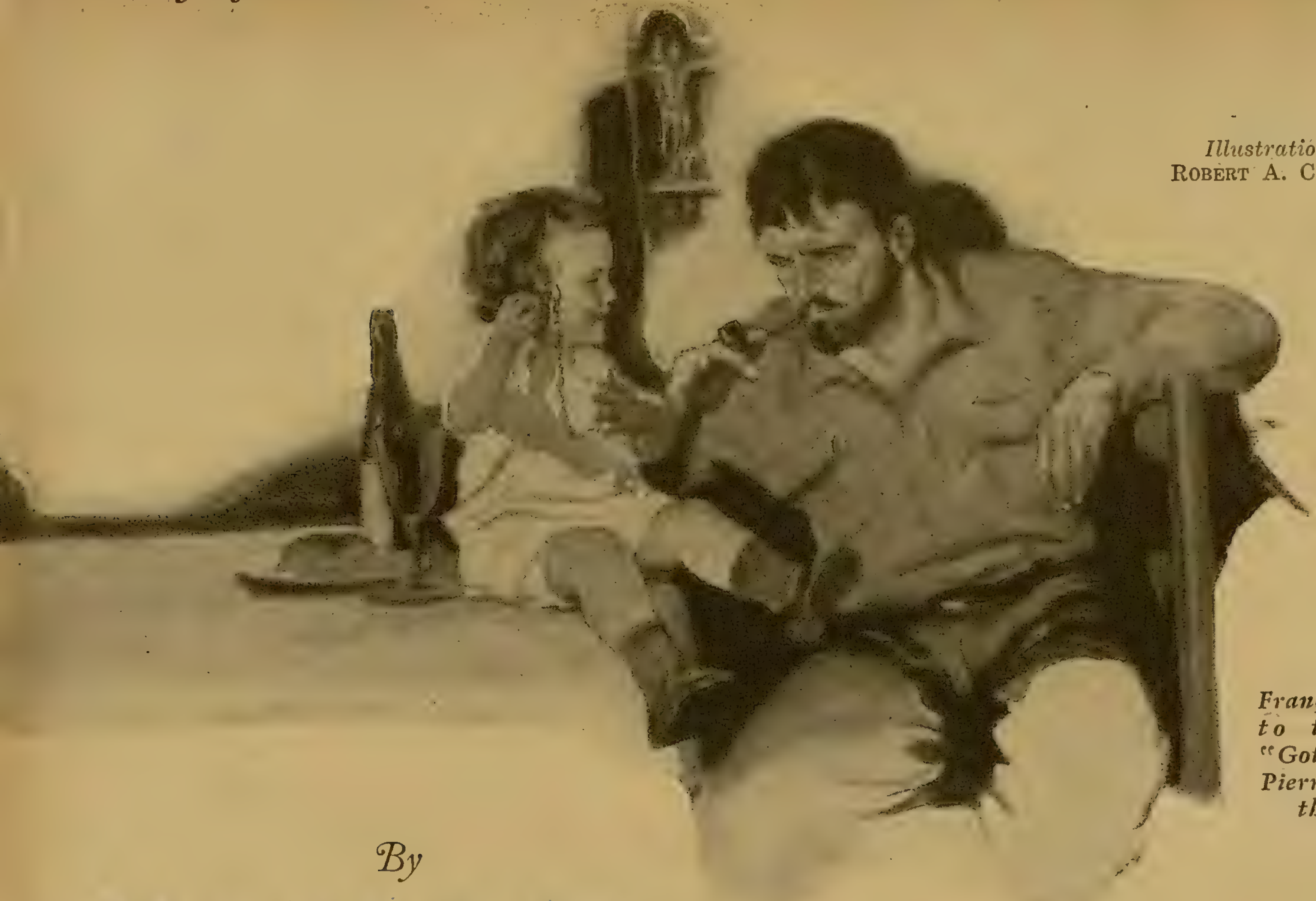
"I'm blaming nobody. The whole business was crazy, anyway." He indicated the door. "Get him. He's from a German, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Well, there's nothing to do about that, either." He

The Story of a Soldier's Return and the Woman He Left Behind Him

Illustration by
ROBERT A. CAMERON



François climbed to the table. "Got ticktock?" Pierre produced the watch.

By

GEORGES SURDEZ

mused a while. "Listen. What's happened? Now, if we hide that kid or get rid of him in an orphanage, that'll make talk. If I take him in and seem satisfied, nobody'll have any reason to gossip. I don't want him out on charity. He's done nothing wrong."

"I suppose Mathilde knew you would come back alive!" the mother started shrilly. "Everything you say—"

"Mother!" Mathilde protested.

"I suppose we'll have to stand for everything that man of yours wants because he was away and—and—"

"I don't want much," Pierre interrupted. "Just my home, my wife, and my kid. I've looked forward to this for five years, and nobody will cheat me out of them. You go and get that kid. What did you call him?"

"François," Mathilde said.

Alone with his wife, Pierre yielded to sentiment a little, wept as he embraced her. Neither of them spoke much, for there was too much to talk about, there were too many emotions sweeping them to be articulated. He was happy despite the quarrel.

He slipped out of his greatcoat, took a quart of wine from the cupboard, a glass from the shelf, and sat down in his shirt sleeves to enjoy his first drink at home, at his own table. Then they heard steps on the stairs, and a child's voice.

"Talks well already," Pierre remarked.

"Yes; he's—he's quite bright."

The old woman stood the child inside the door. Pierre looked at him, uncertain as to his exact emotions. Rightly he should have been in a rage; almost reproached himself for his calm. But this kid was about the age that Justin had been when he had gone off to war. And he was undeniably a handsomer baby, with blond hair and very blue eyes, and an odd, startling certainty of movement, a poise beyond his years. After granting his mother a single questioning glance François stared at Pierre as if fascinated.

"Come here and let's get a look at you," Pierre said.

François obeyed. He walked well, came forward confidently, earnest and unsmiling.

"What's your name?"

"F'ançois Leve'n'. That's my mamma and that's gran'ma!" He pointed as he spoke.

Pierre started and flushed. Of course this child would bear his name; this was part of the sad business, he thought with resentment. He looked up at Mathilde with the beginning of a scowl on his face, but his attention was called elsewhere. François had climbed on his knees and thence to the table. Then one hand grasped the man's ear.

"GOT ticktock?" François inquired.

Pierre produced the watch asked for. For a long while no one said a word.

Then Mathilde's mother spoke:

"Well, you two seem to be getting along."

She had been ready to serve as peacemaker and felt disappointed.

The old woman shuffled out and slammed the door. She must have met Mme. Vautier on the stairs, for she was heard speaking loudly:

"Do? Nothing; just sits there and grins. My husband would have broken my neck had I so much as looked —and he had no medals, either! Fine lot of men this war has turned out!"

Mathilde reddened and looked toward Pierre apologetically, her lower lip starting to tremble. The old dread of a weeping spell gripped her husband.

"Been traveling all day," he reminded her hastily, "and I'm hungry."

"I'll get supper ready."

Grease crackled in the pan, the familiar smell filled the room. Mathilde spread the checkered blue-and-white tablecloth, laid the covers. They had found the old groove; were running smoothly already. All was as it had been long ago; there was a small child on Pierre's knees.

It was as if he had not been away.

Pierre was given a job at the factory. Existence seemed very pleasant to him as he resumed his old habits.

His companions were men of his age, those who had been in the army and separated from their homes and families throughout the duration of the war. At first they granted him understanding and a sort of casual approval. Many of them were not in a position to fling the first stone.

But there were those who had remained in town during the occupation under German rule, men too old, too weak, or too clever to fight. After the first patriotic rejoicings over victory they listened to the ex-soldiers with swiftly increasing irritation and unconcealed boredom.

Before long Pierre's calm acceptance of his grievous misfortune angered them. In some odd fashion public blame had shifted from Mathilde who had sinned to her husband who had been in the trenches across the lines. There were scarcely veiled hints within his hearing, and he received a stream of anonymous letters.

Pierre shook his head, helpless and puzzled. He could not understand the general resentment of his attitude. He considered placing the boy in an institution, but decided against it. For it would be an admission of defeat, and after François was gone they would try to separate him from Mathilde. He knew that she was blamed more than others, principally because she had been too frank, open in her actions. Others had been hypocritical or clever, and although gossip whispered a hundred names, there was no tangible proof save in the case of his wife.

He reasoned that it had not been anyone's fault. No more Mathilde's fault for what she had done than his own for fighting. He remembered his sensation of startled unreality when he had found himself, after bayonet attacks, panting and bloody in the mud. Mathilde's plight had been part of the wreckage.

Years passed.

The older boy, Justin, was growing rapidly. He had big hands, enormous clumsy feet, and a huge freckled round head with protruding ears, on spindling legs and a weak body. Pierre had much trouble with him because he detested school—work of any sort. Teachers, traders, and policemen called constantly to urge Pierre to take parental action.

When the father obeyed these suggestions at last, Justin wailed in advance, screamed during the process, cringed, begged. Pierre saw that he was a physical coward as well as a dishonest boy. Nevertheless his grandmother, who had named Justin after her husband, took his part, called Pierre a brute, and even Mathilde seemed sullen.

PRECOCIOUS and crafty, Justin sought revenge. He would come in when Pierre was reading the newspaper, stamping his feet and whistling. When asked to be quiet, he would pretend regret and speak in a mild, submissive tone: "Oh, I forgot. Otto used to teach me that. Papa, can you play a mouth organ? Otto played one just wonderful!"

It was Mathilde who suffered chiefly. She would grow red, turn pale, grow red again. Pierre found out that Justin would threaten her with "making a crack to the old man" when she refused him money or permission to escape school. At such times he would refrain from scolding Justin, fearing to strike too hard in his anger.

"That boy of yours should be in a reform school," the chief of the local police told Pierre after a theft of some importance, which the father could not wholly compensate. "His grandmother will pay. But he's no good. You're too easy on him, Leverne; too weak."

Pierre shrugged in silence. Reform school? How would the neighbors greet such an act on his part? Keeping another man's child at home and sending his "own flesh and blood" to an institution! Perhaps the women had been right when they had wished to send François to an orphanage when he had come home. It was too late now, for François was over four years old and he would know enough to suffer, if not to comprehend.

Moreover, Pierre admitted to himself, the kid was lovable. Serious, steady, studying picture books with application, already trying to draw with the pencils his "papa" brought him from the office. He had much imagination, but there was no nonsense in his head. He showed an amazing sense of duty and discipline. Another trait depicted him: Justin was afraid of a big shepherd dog on the next block, while the baby played with it fearlessly.

He was intelligent beyond his years, and Pierre found as much pleasure exchanging ideas with the small child as with the majority of grown people. François constantly was groping to understand, to learn; endlessly curious, miraculously alive. Pierre would take both children to the band concert in the public square. And while Justin howled and raced with young ruffians of his kind, François listened religiously, perched on Pierre's shoulder so that he could see the glitter of the brass instruments and the conductor's baton waving in cadence.

Justin must have noticed his father's fondness for his younger brother. This was revealed when François questioned Pierre one evening:

"You're not a Boche, are you, papa?"

"No, François."

"Then I can't be a Boche either, can I, papa?"

"Of course not. Who says you are?"

"Justin. You gave me five sous for candy, and Justin took them away from me because he said I was a Boche."

THAT night Pierre consoled François and applied his hands to Justin with definite pleasure. That ended the affair for the moment, but the man grew worried. François was growing up; in two or three years it would be too late. Things told him would be remembered, would rankle.

"Listen, Mathilde," he told his wife. "We must move away from here." He explained his fears, and Mathilde nodded.

"I know all that, Pierre. But my mother won't stand for being separated from Justin."

"She can have him," Pierre said bitterly.

"If we go and he stays," Mathilde resumed, "mother will disinherit me. There's the building she lives in, the farm in the country, which brings in good rental, and some money aside from that. She'll say that I chose you and François instead of her and Justin."

"Does that worry you?" he asked.

She faced him with something in her glance he had never discerned before.

"Of course. For I can be comfortable in my old age if I stay here. Why should I leave? For that kid? He's made enough trouble as it is. And you wouldn't let me do the right thing—"

"It's all my fault, eh?" Pierre suggested with cool sarcasm.

"Not that he's born, but that he is here for people to stare at. People would have forgotten by now. Look at Marguerite. She used to run around with their officers; went with some to Belgium and all that. But her husband had no bolshevik ideas like yours. She's all right now—Marguerite here, Marguerite there! And I have to take that kid around with me, like a ball and chain, like an advertisement!"

"He's a nice kid—" Pierre protested.

"That's what you always say. You've turned against your own boy because of him. Everybody knows that little devil talks you into licking Justin all the time. I'm afraid Justin will run away, and he's not twelve. He threatens to if you don't stop beating him—"

"And if he goes your mother'll be mad and you'll lose money. I see that." Pierre slowly lighted his pipe. "What do you want me to do, Mathilde—what?"

"Do what we should have done at the beginning. Send him away."

"Don't you love him? You're his mother."

"I suppose I do—yes. I'll miss him. But it's the sensible thing to do. Maybe we could pay his board on a farm. He would not be unhappy."

It was agreed to try this arrangement. And Pierre made a four-hour trip once a week to visit the child. Before long the little fellow was ill, refused to eat. He wanted his father, the woman who cared for him explained. His howls of joy when Pierre arrived, his howls of dismay when he left, stirred the man. On the third Sunday he could bear it no longer, and took François home.

"Doesn't like it," he pointed out to Mathilde in apology.

"Why, he'd get used to it," the mother said.

"Look how thin he is. Bad to lose weight at his age." He tried to joke to carry the moment of tension beyond the danger point. "Not made to live with cows and chickens, that little guy."

"Maybe it's because you can't eat when he's away either," Mathilde scoffed.

Then Pierre slammed the table with his fist, shouted: "Suppose that's it! Where's the harm?"

And there was peace for a time.

But there was trouble again when François started going down into the street to play. He was a solid fellow, could cope with boys of his age on better than even terms. However, the larger boys took him in hand, made his existence miserable, keeping him away from others, warned all that he was a Boche. Pierre called on the parents as a last resort, striving to speak reasonably. He found no sympathy.

"In your own home you're free to do as you wish, but we can't keep our children from learning things."

Bercot, a teamster, was more outspoken:

"You can have a Boche in your family. We don't ask our kids to stand for him on the streets."

The man was large, hairy, and coarse. He was one of the louder patriots, probably to make up for a poor war record. Pierre retorted angrily, and the inevitable happened. Hampered by his crippled hand, Pierre took a severe beating. He was arrested by the policeman called to quell the trouble. As he had assaulted a man in his own home, had used what witnesses called "unpatriotic language," he was fined.

HE sent word to his employers he would be unable to report for work. He was ill from the blows, and his face was battered. To make matters worse, he quarreled with Mathilde, who was ashamed of his misbehavior.

She took Justin and went to her mother's house. She returned three times a day to prepare his meals, but refused to speak with him. She was waiting for him to apologize for his harsh words, for a decision concerning François, and he could not make up his mind to give her satisfaction.

On the second day, in the afternoon, a messenger brought a note to Pierre. While he was reading it François was unwatched and slipped out of the door and into the street. Encouraged by Bercot's victory, which had aroused enthusiasm not seen since the winning of the Marne, the children of the neighborhood swept down upon François eagerly. He was pursued from doorway to doorway to the valiant outcry of "Boche, dirty Boche!"

He was cuffed and beaten until he consented to wear a spiked helmet made out of paper and a carrot, had to goose-step up and down the cobbles. It was not consciously cruel; it was ridiculous. But a battered François, as heartsick as his battered "papa," stumbled up the steps. He climbed on the bed, rested his head on Pierre's chest, and sobbed convulsively.

"They—call me Kaiser, papa! They call me—Kaiser!"

Pierre tried to console him, then choked and sobbed also. This stilled François, who was brought to awed calm, patting the man's cheeks and touching his swollen eye tenderly.

"I don't care, papa, I don't care. Don't cry, please don't cry."

He was so worried, so contrite, that Pierre strove for a valid explanation, for something for which the child could not feel responsible.

"Papa's not crying about you," he said. "It's not your fault. Papa's lost his job."

THAT was the truth. The factory office had sent him the note, stating that he should not return. His conduct in private life was such as to make him an undesirable employee. Public brawls and unpatriotic utterings could not be tolerated. There was small chance in a small town to find someone who had not heard, who would give him work.

Pierre held the boy for a long time, thinking of all this. Then he rose to dress. He washed his face, washed François's face.

"You love me best in the whole world, François?"

"Yes, papa."

"Better than mamma, or granny, or Justin?"

The child was honest, and mused a while. "I don't like Justin and I don't like granny. And I like you better than mother because she likes Justin more than me."

"All right!" Pierre exclaimed.

He dressed François in his white Sunday suit. Then he packed two valises, took his savings from the tin can on the kitchen shelf. François was his son legally. He would not be missed. And Mathilde, with her growing greed for money, would not mourn a husband without employment. He had wartime friends in Paris; felt sure that he could find work. And there nobody would know; François would have a chance to grow in peace, to study and develop.

They walked down the street together, their shoulders squared, their chins up. The child clung to his father's hand. Neighbors noticed the baggage piled on the hand cart rolling behind them. And someone asked:

"Going away, Pierre?"

"About time, eh?" Leverne replied.

THE END

WHAT A SLEEP I HAD!

...POUNDED MY EAR LIKE A LUMBERJACK

● And this man used to toss and roll at night with insomnia—strength gone, nerves frayed by dawn.

If you suffer from sleeplessness, try this easy new treatment tonight. Nine out of ten who follow these simple directions report the most gratifying kind of results.

Here's what you do

Go to your druggist for a bottle of Absorbine Jr. Just before retiring rub a palmful briskly on the back of your neck with firm steady strokes, rubbing away from the brain.

Drowsiness quick!

Stretch out in bed. Relax. Breathe with long, slow rhythm like a person in slumber. Absorbine Jr. works quickly. Nerves lose their tension. Before you know it, you drift into deep, refreshing sleep.

Let us prove that Absorbine Jr. can do this for you—at our expense. Send in the coupon below, and we'll give you enough for a good night's sleep with our compliments. Absorbine Jr. is sold at all drug stores, $1.25 a bottle.

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions. Used by millions for "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

W. F. Young, Inc.
330 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.
Please send me a free sample of Absorbine Jr.

Name..
Address..
City.......................State...................

IN ANSWER TO

I *Intend*

SAYS COL. GEORGE

In an

Keystone photo

George Hutchinson and the Flying Family in the cabin of their Sikorsky amphibian before hopping off on the flight which ended in Greenland.

(*Reading time: 10 minutes 35 seconds.*)

GEORGE R. HUTCHINSON, who flew his family to Greenland last summer and lost his plane, is planning another flight.

"History repeats itself," he says. "Why shouldn't I?"

Hutchinson *has* made history, since he was the first man to take his entire family with him joy-riding through the clouds.

Elinor Smith's article in the April 8 issue of Liberty made me recall Col. Hutchinson. I remembered the hubbub it made. Editorial writers scolded and preached. Preachers and scolds editorialized.

The Flying Family was wrecked off the Greenland coast—the papers said. Hutchinson and his wife and his two little girls were probably dead, drowned or starved or frozen. However, as it turned out, not one of them had even been scratched. They were having a very nice time exploring the shore line and building a rock house when the rescuers came.

I read Miss Smith's article while on a train coming from California. It was a dusty trip, a long trip, a monotonous trip—a vastly different trip from that enjoyed by Hutchinson and his family. And for days after I arrived in New York I kept thinking of the man, and of Miss Smith's criticism of his Greenland venture.

Miss Smith was agitated by that exploit. She said she had no personal grudge against Mr. Hutchinson—but—And what a but! But—she felt Mr. Hutchinson's kind of stunt flights was the kind that should not be made. She believed his Greenland flight had brought public censure on all kinds of flying.

Somehow that Greenland trip didn't affect me the same way it affected Elinor Smith. It made me wish I had a plane in which I could take my family and go joy-riding over the world just as the Hutchinsons do. I felt a sneaking sense of envy.

I thought Hutchinson was doing something great for aviation. He was setting the pace, it seemed to me, for modern civilization. I wondered if other families would catch the fever from them; and if ten or twenty years from now it would not be a common thing for the lord and master to pile his wife and children into some sort of plane and take them gypsying, at least during the annual two-week vacation.

I decided to see Mr. Hutchinson and ask him a lot of questions. I found him in a suite at the Hotel Governor Clinton in New York, and we talked for hours.

Hutchinson is a slight, sandy man in his early thirties. He talks at the drop of a hint. He talks aviation, and he talks as he flies, a hundred miles an hour. Now and then the children, Janet Lee, seven, and Kathryn, nine, interrupt with a volley of words about Eskimos, or Greenlanders, or the Lord Mayor of London. Mrs. Hutchinson sits by and smiles and says very little.

"I have flown my family over one hundred thousand miles in my own plane," Hutchinson says, "and they've enjoyed every minute of the thousand hours they have spent in the air. Not one of us has had so much as a scratch from our adventures."

"But what about your stunt flying?" I asked.

"Stunt flying? I never stunted in my life," he answered. "I have the safest plane I can secure. I have the best and the latest and the most accurate instruments. I fly by day; never at night. When I'm flying the family I seldom spend more than three or four hours in the air."

"But that Greenland flight—wasn't that a stunt?"

"It most assuredly was not. We intended to go around the world, visiting sixty-eight nations. What an experience that would have been! What an education for the children! We went by easy stages to Labrador. We arrived in Greenland without any misadventure. But the Danish government would not allow us to fly across the northern part of Greenland because of the ice cap.

"There wasn't the least danger. It would have taken us not more than three hours to cross and the air was clear. But I couldn't convince the government. We had to go around the island, a twelve-hour flight."

"No danger?" I asked. "Flying over mountains of ice not dangerous?"

"Not at all. Lloyd's of London didn't think so either. They gave us all the insurance we wanted at better than fifty-five to one. Why, look! Six hours after we left New York we were in St. John's, Newfoundland. During the next seventeen days we made four jumps, flying over plenty of ice. We were traveling by short, easy stages, and we were all having a swell time."

"It sure was a swell time," said Janet Lee.

"On Sunday, September 11, 1932, we took off from Julianehaab and headed toward Angmagsalik. We were carrying a thirty-eight-pound lamb sent by the Governor of Julianehaab to the Governor of Angmagsalik. They seldom get fresh meat in Angmagsalik.

"We were only about forty miles from Angmagsalik that Sunday when we ran into a sudden heavy ice-and-snow squall. I nosed the plane down easily and landed in the Ikersuak Fiord.

"I intended to anchor and wait until the storm cleared, then take off again. We were taxiing across the water, looking for a place to drop an anchor, when a submerged chunk of ice knocked a hole in one of our pontoons.

"That was nothing but bad luck—comparable to a motorist's blow-out on a lonely road. We weren't in any immediate danger. The ship wouldn't sink.

"I radioed a message for help. The message was picked up by the trawler Lord Talbot. The captain radioed back saying he'd get to us in a couple of hours.

"However, because of the jagged rocks I had to taxi northward along the shore line. The surf tended to batter

MISS ELINOR SMITH—

to Do It AGAIN

R. HUTCHINSON

Interview with EDWARD DOHERTY

the plane against the rocks, you see—and I was taking no chances. Our radio apparatus couldn't get in touch with the trawler again, so it took our rescuers thirty hours to find us. We were sharing that lamb, nicely roasted, with some Greenlanders when we were found.

“We had landed, taken everything off the plane, and because the rocks were too slippery for anchorage we left the ship to the mercy of the waves and the icebergs.

“All over the world newspapers were writing stories about us; and some of them were saying pretty hard things. They thought us lost, forced down, drowned.

“All over the world mothers and fathers were saying, ‘That man Hutchinson ought to be put in jail for taking those two children across the Atlantic in a plane!’”

“WHY did you take the kids with you?” I asked.

“Well, it could hardly be termed ‘a transatlantic flight.’ It's a long story,” he said. “We all got the flying fever six years ago. We took a five-minute flight in a plane at Hallowell, Pennsylvania. That started us.

“I found myself positively feverish about flying. And to my amazement I learned that my wife and Kathryn were of the same mind. We had Janet with us. She was only eighteen months old, and we didn't know what to do about her. But finally we decided to take her with us—so that if anything happened we'd all be together.

“The only thing that happened was that we became, on that one flight, confirmed air trippers.

“I was credit manager of the Lee Tire and Rubber Company in Philadelphia, and I had a little money in the bank. I spent three hundred dollars on flying lessons. I promoted my own airport, resigning my position, and have given all my efforts ever since to aviation.

“My new profession began to take me away from home. I didn't like that. Neither did my wife. She said, ‘George, if you persist in flying, I'm going to fly with you.’ ‘What about the children?’ I asked her. ‘If it's safe for you to fly,’ she answered, ‘it's just as safe for me and for the babies.’ And there you are.

“I imagine husbands and wives used to talk like that about making trips in automobiles.

“I imagine that when the Pilgrim Fathers set out in dinky little ships for the new land, they discussed the dangers of taking their children with them.

“Maybe I'm a fool. And maybe I'm only a pioneer. But aviation can never reach its pinnacle of success until it is accepted in all its forms by men, women, and children.

“Anyway, I knew that flying was safe. So I started taking the family with me on all my flights. That was five years ago. And since then we have flown all over the United States, Canada, and Mexico. The children have had a fine education. They have met some of the greatest and finest people in the world.

“They have traveled in comfort. The planes that I have flown have been furnished with comfortable seats that tip back and become virtual beds, velvet cushions, window curtains, a bridge table on which they can do their arithmetic or cut out paper dolls, thick floor rugs, an adequate washroom, and food enough for two weeks. Also there was a radio capable of sending and receiving messages, and all the maps and charts needed.

“On the Greenland flight there was an experienced navigator, a mechanic who had been working on our particular type of plane for more than five years, and a radio operator. And our longest hop over water was only six hundred and seventy miles—a few hours—no danger for an amphibian.

“Our rescuers landed us in Scotland, and a large Junkers plane was loaned to us by the London Daily Sketch—one newspaper that didn't believe we were simply publicity-seeking stunt flyers. During the three days we spent in England and Scotland we flew continuously, and the children saw more of the two countries in a few hours than their grandparents saw in thirty years.”

Mr. Hutchinson spoke of the tour he made of the forty-eight states, and showed me the signatures of the forty-eight governors, and of former President Hoover, written on a scroll.

Kathryn looked up and told about crossing the Rocky Mountains and traveling high above the Mississippi River. “The world looks just like a jig-saw puzzle,” she said. “And we saw icebergs break up and roll over. And we met the Lord Mayor of London and we went through Westminster Abbey.”

“I have a tutor for the children,” Hutchinson told me. “But when we're flying their mother teaches them. They love doing their lessons in the plane, and reciting them to her. The plane is really a flying schoolroom—a very modern schoolroom with radio and moving-picture machine. We entertain the children with movies. That is, Mrs. Hutchinson does. The screen is hung in back of me, and she projects the pictures from the rear.

“I honestly think the kids are having the best time of their lives flying, and at the same time they are learning things the average child never learns. The tutor tells me that Kathryn, though she's only nine years old, can pass the examinations required for the seventh grade.

“And I'll bet there are millions of children who are no safer on land than mine are in the air; not nearly so safe. Most any child would gladly change places with Kathryn and Janet Lee just for their adventures.”

“Have you never cracked in a plane?” I asked.

“Of course I have,” Hutchinson said. “I don't believe there's an experienced pilot who hasn't.”

“Including Elinor Smith?” I asked.

“I don't know Miss Smith. I never saw her. But I think, if you ask her, that she'll admit she has had not one but perhaps several smash-ups. That isn't anything against her. We learn by making mistakes.”

“Are you planning another flight?”

“I have some radio and lecture contracts to fill, but I am contemplating another trip abroad, taking it easy, flying two or three hours a day, just having a good time.”

“You're not going to fly the Atlantic?”

“No. We'll crate the bus and ferry it across on a liner. We won't fly until we get to Europe.

“We could go by way of Greenland,” he said, “as we intended to do last year. But we've seen Greenland. There would be no point in going back there. We're not going for a stunt, you see—only to enjoy ourselves and see something of the world.”

THE END

Scarlet Woman

Illustrations by Stockton Mulford

(Reading time: 31 minutes 10 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Judith and Eddie Grainger's fight against the gossips of a small Southern town. Judith, employed by Kurt Weigand in the Karnak State Bank, marries Bill Vernon, who turns out to be a bigamist. He is sentenced to jail and Judith returns to Karnak and Weigand gives her back her old position. Eddie, the town ne'er-do-well, who has been Judith's high-school sweetheart, offers to marry her after Lisbeth Morrow and the town gossips brand her a "scarlet woman," and she accepts. Kurt Weigand dies suddenly and the town awakens to find that he has left the bank to Judith, which means virtual financial control of the whole county. Judith tells Eddie that she intends to make him president of the institution as soon as he learns banking. He leaves the house for a walk, and returns long after midnight. Judith goes to his room to tell him that she has arranged for a banker to teach him the business.

Part Five—Eddie Makes Good

SHE seated herself on Eddie's bed. His voice told her that he was surprised—and not a little perturbed: "Judith!"

He could not see her clearly—that was what gave her courage. He could not see her cheeks, or her eyes, or the warm pink flesh beneath the silken gown.

Her voice was steady enough. She mentioned her telephone call to the capital.

"I told him exactly what I wanted, Eddie—the very best man in the state to come down here and teach you the principles of banking. He seemed to find it quite amusing. Said his bank had merged with another recently and they were overstocked with vice presidents. He invited me to take my choice."

"Yes?"

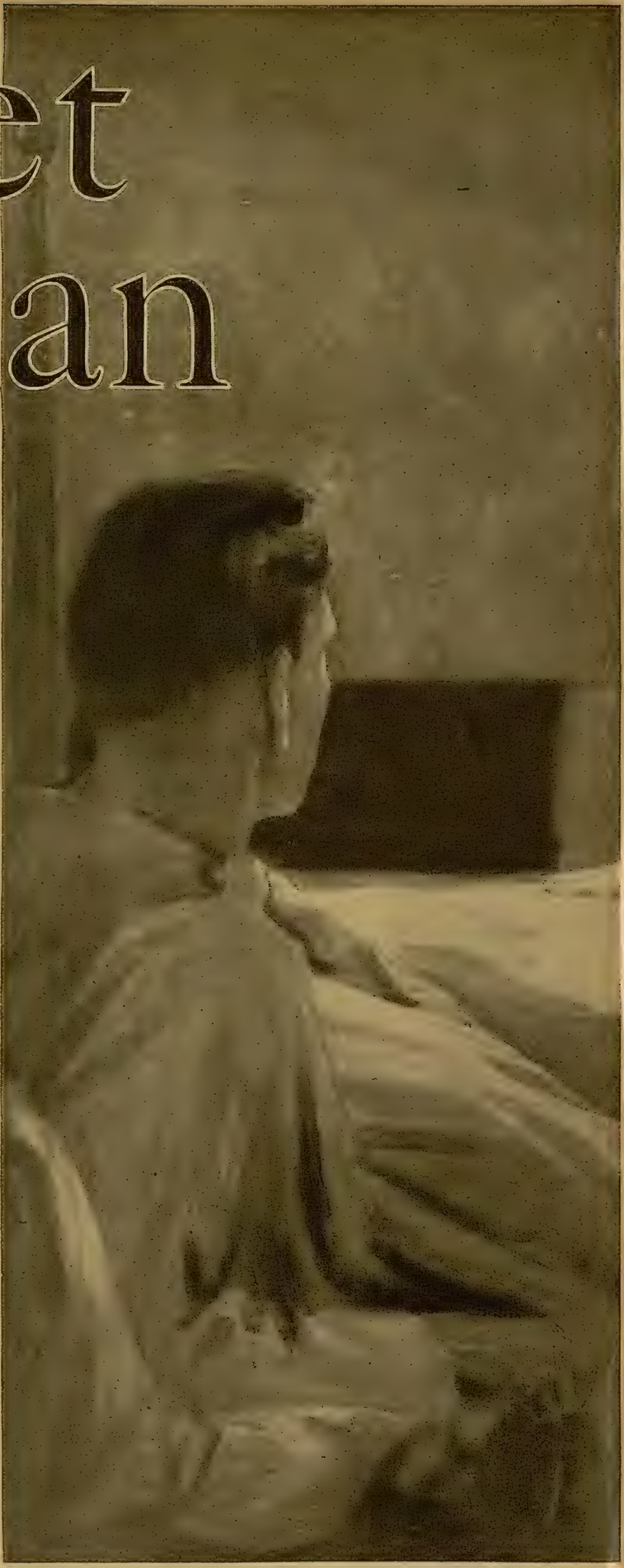
"I asked him whether it would be possible for me to have Peter Avery, and he said certainly—if Mr. Avery was willing. You've heard of him, haven't you, Eddie?"

"I believe so."

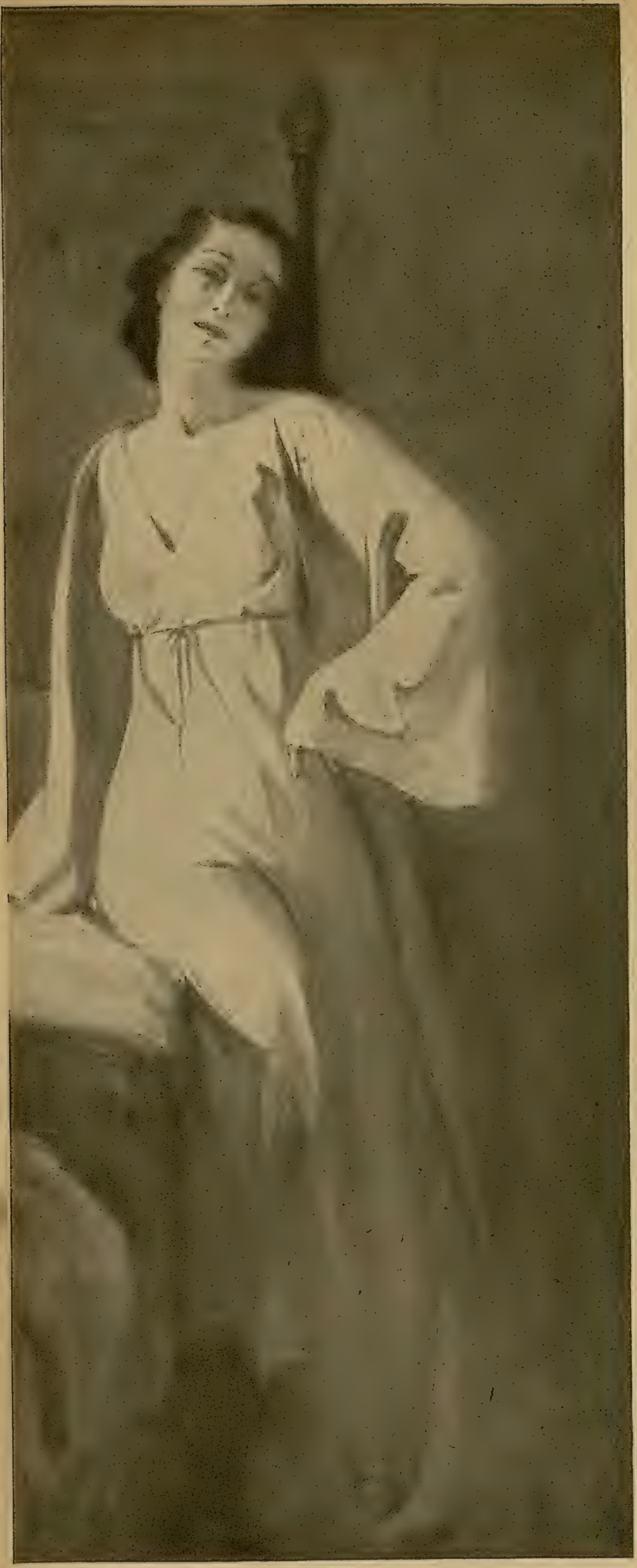
"He's the best man in the state. I suppose only Kurt Weigand was a better banker. He's delightful personally, and he knows the fundamentals and the theories as well as a college professor. In addition to that he's a wizard at practical banking. He'll make you work, but he'll do wonders. And I have a hunch that he'll be here by tomorrow night."

Eddie was staring at her, limned faintly in the moonlight which filtered through the curtains and traced a pattern on the floor. His mind was not upon the impending Mr. Avery, nor upon the practical, prosaic processes of banking. He was looking at Dutch Morgan, a little girl in pigtails and square-toed shoes, now miraculously grown up and become his wife.

He wanted to reach out—to touch her. He was young and he was no fool. He understood her excursion into his room; he knew that she was offering herself. It would be so easy to take her, and so wonderful. But he shrank



Eddie was staring at her, limned faintly in the moonlight which



filtered through the curtains and traced a pattern on the floor.

Peter Avery Arrives—A Worried Sheriff—Mrs. Morrow Pays a Call—The Plotters

By

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

from it—not because he didn't want her but because he wanted her so terribly much.

Wild thoughts were racing through a fevered brain; thoughts that could not be put into words. Thus far in their married life he had taken from her—taken everything she had offered except herself. Even she could not fully understand his sensitive nature, or realize how he shrank from what the town thought of him.

There had been no job for him after their marriage, despite his efforts to find one. She had supported their household. All that they now possessed had been provided by her: the cottage, the modest furnishings, the very food they ate. She was proposing to make him president of the bank, to give him the opportunity to prove himself. Now she was making another offer—the offer of herself. But he felt that he would be cheapening himself—and her—if he accepted this offer at this time. In the future, perhaps, when he had justified his own existence. But not now—not now, when he had done nothing but take from her. The future was too precious to be jeopardized that way.

He spoke quietly, hoping that she would not notice the tremble in his voice:

"You're a grand kid, Judith. I don't need to tell you how hard I'll work."

Silly empty words, masking his feelings.

"You look mighty tired, Judith—and it's late. Hadn't you better get some sleep?"

She rose and drew the dressing gown tightly about her. She didn't dare look down on him or touch him. She moved with uncertain steps toward her room.

"Good night, Eddie."

His answer came like a caress:

"Good night, Dutch."

PETER AVERY arrived in Karnak late in the afternoon. By instinct he guided his asthmatic car to Court-House Square and inquired of a broad-shouldered and definitely paunchy individual where he might find the Grainger home. The hefty gentleman answered in a deep, drawling voice.

"I reckon," he stated, "that you've made a tol'able good selection on somebody to ask, mister. I'm Gantt Kolker, she'iff of this heah county."

"Delighted to meet you, sheriff. And if you'll direct me—"

Gantt Kolker was scrutinizing the newcomer with rather disconcerting directness. He saw a small man at whose age he could only guess. At first he estimated him to be under thirty; then, when Peter Avery removed his hat for an instant, Kolker noticed that his hair was graying. "Fifty," decided Kolker instantly. Then, when the hat was replaced and he saw nothing but the healthy pink cheeks, the keen and youthful gray eyes, the quizzical twist at the corners of the mouth, and the very dapper sartorial ensemble, he said, "Thirty." Finally he decided to split the difference and call it forty, which happened to be almost correct.

"Seekin' them folks for somethin' impawtant, mister?"

Peter Avery smiled quickly. "Not very. Is their home near here?"

Gantt Kolker bellowed with amusement. "Most ev'y home in Karnak is pretty near this square, mister. They couldn't live awful far away an' still be in the town. Me, I'll be proud to conduct you there myself, Mr.—"

"Avery."

"Mr. Avery. I'm goin' nigh their house."

"That's awfully kind of you." Peter Avery made room for the bulky figure.

"Friends of yours?" asked Kolker.

"Yes." Peter was a trifle annoyed, but he had lived in small towns and knew better than to give offense.

"They expectin' you?"

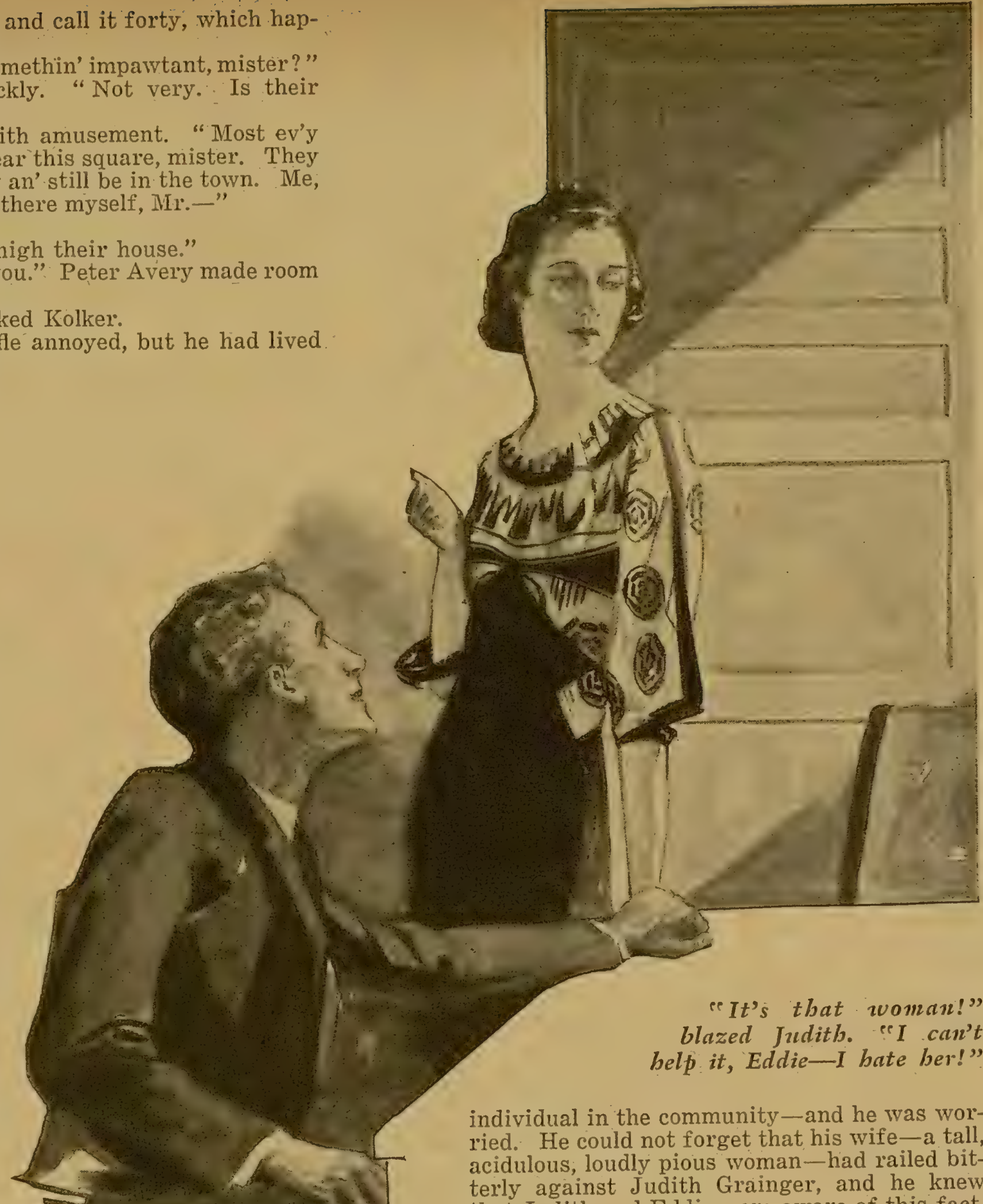
"I believe so."

"Him—or her?"

"I'm afraid I don't understand."

"I mean Judith or Eddie? Which one of them are you visitin'?"

"Both."



"It's that woman!" blazed Judith. "I can't help it, Eddie—I hate her!"

PETER'S voice was crisp, and to himself Sheriff Kolker commented that the stranger was an uncommunicative cuss. But this guardian of the public peace was nothing if not persistent.

"Great thing happened to Judith, wasn't it—her inheriting the bank an' all of Kurt Weigand's money?"

"I suppose so, sheriff. And now, if you'll be kind enough to tell me which way to drive—"

"Along yonder." The sheriff waved vaguely toward the eastern end of Court Street. "An' there ain't no hurry. Them young folks is most likely out walkin'."

As a matter of fact Sheriff Gantt Kolker was not eager to part from the newcomer until some information had been extracted. In common with all of Karnak, Kolker had been consumed with anxiety and curiosity since the day when the amazing will of the departed banker had been read to the town; and he knew that once Mr. Avery had been given opportunity to discuss things with Judith Grainger, the last chance of acquiring inside information would be gone forever—certainly as far as he was concerned.

Contrary to fictional tradition, all sheriffs are not honest, high-minded men; all are not possessed of eagle eyes, indomitable courage, and rugged integrity. Some of them are nothing more or less than cheap spellbinding politicians who administer justice when and how it best serves their purposes.

Such a man was Gantt Kolker. Physically he was all that anyone could expect. He conformed to every rule of sheriffdom, except that the leonine head housed a small, petty, and unscrupulous brain. The better citizens voted earnestly against Gantt Kolker every four years—knowing that he would be reëlected by an avalanche of votes from the less desirable element.

At the moment Mr. Kolker was perhaps more heavily involved with the Karnak State Bank than any other individual in the community—and he was worried. He could not forget that his wife—a tall, acidulous, loudly pious woman—had railed bitterly against Judith Grainger, and he knew that Judith and Eddie were aware of this fact.

HE himself publicly had expressed opinions which were far from complimentary. Therefore Mr. Kolker was perturbed, and if this stranger had any scrap of information to give, the worthy sheriff was eager to receive it.

But he found Peter Avery uncommunicative, despite his crisp affability. The dapper little man spoke about the weather, the quiet beauty of the town, the fact that there seemed promise of fine healthy crops of cotton and corn; but he said nothing whatever about the purpose of his visit. And finally he was directed to the modest Grainger home on Railroad Avenue and a thoroughly disgruntled sheriff trudged off.

Later that night Peter Avery registered at the Karnak Hotel: room with private bath. Mr. Ezra Gaines, proprietor of the hostelry and also a member of the Town Council, held earnest converse with Gantt Kolker in the presence of certain other congenial persons.

"Looks like he's aimin' to stay, she'iff. He has unpacked his suitcases, which he wouldn't have done if he'd been figgerin' to leave right soon."

"Did you ask him any questions, Ezra?"

"Yeh, but he don't give any more information than an oyster."

"Could he be a salesman? There's bound to be a lot of 'em down here when word gets around that Judith has inherited the bank plus a million dollars."

"Well," replied Mr. Gaines judicially, "he could be—and then again he couldn't. His manner ain't as differential as you'd expect a salesman to be. No, she'iff; I'd say he was somethin' else—maybe a lawyer."

"Hmph! I reckon we'll have to wait an' find out. And I'm hopin' we find out quick, too. Just between us, Ezra, I'm a mite worried."

"About what, she'iff?"

"Mo'gages. I been buyin' heavy an' spreadin' pretty thin. Things was all right so long as times was good, but they're diff'rent now. Tenants on some of my farms ain't makin' expenses, what with cotton down to nothin'—an' the share-croppers are even worse off. Judith Grainger could make an awful lot of trouble for me if she had a mind to."

"Me too," sighed Mr. Gaines. "My hotel is mortgaged to the hilt—and old Weigand was so tight about it, it wouldn't pay me to lose it, like it would most owners of mortgaged property. Yeh, she'iff, you sho' said it right: Judith could make things mighty unpleasant fo' ev'ybody in this town if she was so minded."

Gantt Kolker's eyes narrowed. "This town will stand just so much, Ezra—just so much an' no more. The same goes for me. I'm she'iff of this county, an' if Judith an' that kept man of hers should ever start squeezin' me, I reckon my friends an' I could make this place plumb intol'able."

Ezra Gaines smiled with relief. "I'm mighty glad to hear you talk thataway, she'iff. It makes me feel more relieved to know that the chief peace officer of this county ain't proposin' to let no girl like Judith Grainger ruin our life work."

JUDITH GRAINGER was seated behind Kurt Weigand's massive old desk in the office which had been Weigand's. She was dignified, grave, and businesslike.

"And for that reason, Mrs. Grainger," Quincy Morrow was saying, "we feel that you might consider the advisability of accepting counsel in the operation of this bank. We understand that Mr. Weigand thought highly of your ability, and we do not question it. But, after all, you are a girl and, if I might say so, a very attractive one. A new world has been opened for you by the inheritance of Mr. Weigand's personal fortune. No doubt you will wish to relieve yourself of some of the burdens; you may even desire to travel.

"We are men advanced in years, honest and fairly successful. We feel that your bank occupies a unique position. It is apparently sound at a time when banks all over the country are crashing. You control a power which you yourself cannot quite understand. You can save this community from suffering as other counties have suffered, or you can paralyze it. We feel that we are only doing our duty as public-spirited citizens in offering you the benefit of help and counsel—and even of our active efforts—without remuneration."

In a corner of the room sat Eddie Grainger and Peter Avery. Avery's pink-cheeked face was impassive, inscrutable. Only his eyes expressed admiration of the manner in which Judith was handling this delicate situation. She was courteous and attentive. She was positive.

"You've spoken frequently about what Mr. Weigand would have wished me to do, Mr. Morrow. Has it ever occurred to you gentlemen that if he had desired me to ask assistance in running this bank he would have said so in his will? Doesn't the will itself indicate that he wished me to run this institution as I think best?"

"Certainly." Quincy Morrow was desperately quiet and gentlemanly. "But Mr. Weigand was human—and therefore fallible. He was—shall we say?—sardonic. I cannot believe that he wished to jeopardize the community which was built up so largely through his own financial genius."

"You're right." Judith chose her words with care. "That is, you're right in believing that Kurt Weigand would not wish to wreck this town. But you are wrong in thinking that he did not wish me to retain control of this bank. I'm obliged to you gentlemen for your offer. At any time I need your advice I won't hesitate to call on you."

She rose—signal for them to leave. They glanced help-

Getting a Permanent?

A PERMANENT wave represents an investment in both time and money. Be sure of results. Get your hair and scalp in good condition for the permanent, because only pliable, healthy hair will take a soft and satisfactory wave. Before every shampoo massage a liberal amount of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic well into the scalp. This cleanses, exercises the tiny scalp muscles so that they function properly. Allow the Tonic to remain on the hair overnight if possible, and shampoo. After the permanent use the Tonic before every shampoo to overcome dryness and split ends. And you'll have a lovely finger wave if you'll put a few drops of the Tonic on your hands, and gently push the waves in place.

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC
Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE

Look for the trademark Vaseline when you buy. If you don't see it you are not getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State St., New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

Copr. 1933—Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

Answers to Twenty Questions on page 21

1—On one side only.

2—The Micmac Indian word *akade*, meaning plenty.

3—An evil spirit in Bunyan's allegorical romance, Pilgrim's Progress.

4—The oral law of the Jews handed down to chosen individuals.

5—An attitude of exaggerated, unreasoning patriotism.

6—Charles Dickens.

7—Robert Dickey (1840-1912), an Indian scout, trapper, and fur trader.

8—Ben Jonson.

9—In 1794.

10—William Henry Harrison, elected in 1840.

11—In 1926.

12—Irregular troops of the Turkish army.

13—Henry IV, in 1399.

14—It is 66,424 square miles.

15—Census of 1930, 10,055.

16—Open level plains in tropical and subtropical regions.

17—Porous rock formed by deposits from waters of mineral springs or streams.

18—The largest of New World snakes, sometimes exceeding thirty feet in length.

19—A German physician and founder of the homeopathic system of medicine.

20—Dark-brown seaweed, which is dried, burned for its ashes, and used in the manufacture of iodine.

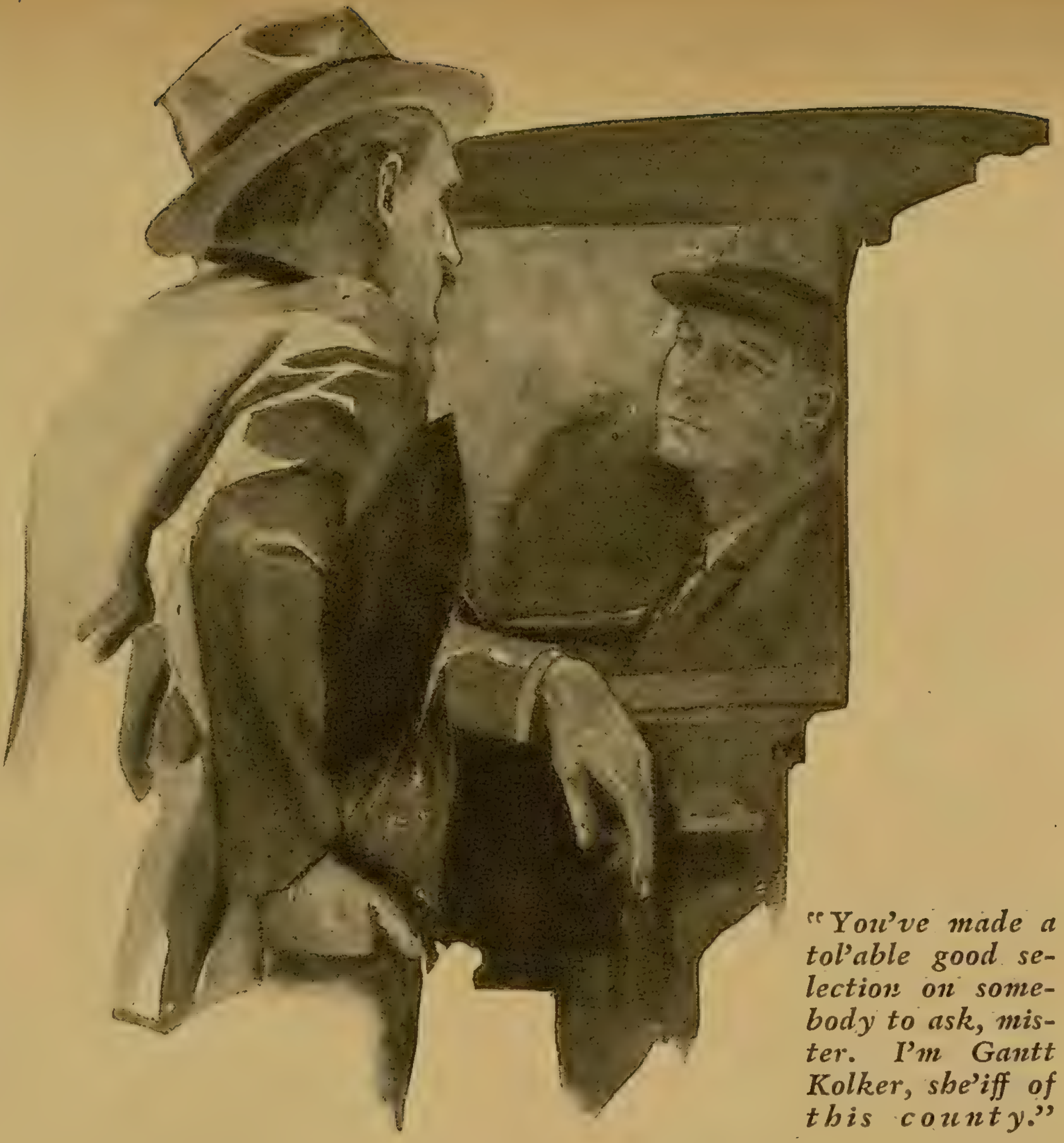
The Answer to the Aspirin Question

(question on page 21)

Xaxa is one of the many names for the substance known as acetylsalicylic acid or aspirin. Its value in medicine, when compressed into tablet form, depends upon its Purity. Squibb Aspirin tablets are Pure. Therefore they are Effective and Safe. To make sure of getting the highest quality in the aspirin you use—

Say "SQUIBB ASPIRIN, Please!"

SQUIBB
100 TABLETS
SQUIBB ASPIR
E·R·SQUIBB & SONS



"*You've made a tol'able good selection on somebody to ask, mister. I'm Gantt Kolker, she'iff of this county.*"

lessly at one another. They had talked around the subject, just as Judith also had avoided it. There was the grim personal element. It was something which could not be discussed—or forgotten.

"You intend to run the bank—alone, Judith?"

"My plans are not definite. For the present no changes will be made."

They bowed and walked from the bank. Judith waited until the door closed behind them, then sank back in the chair which Kurt Weigand had loved.

Peter Avery turned to Eddie.

"And that, Mr. Grainger," he said in his precise manner, "may be considered your first valuable lesson in practical banking."

THE little cottage on Railroad Avenue became a miniature college of economics and banking; the imposing edifice of the Karnak State Bank, its laboratory.

Peter Avery was a delightful person but an exacting taskmaster. Judith and Eddie learned that a keen, alert brain lay behind those deceptively pink cheeks, a profound knowledge of human nature behind those level gray eyes.

Somewhat timidly Judith made a few changes in domestic routine. She bought a bright inexpensive little sedan, being as yet unaccustomed to the thought that she possessed a fortune; and she hired a colored man to look after it and the garden. This person, who was long, angular, and vastly impressed with himself, rejoiced in the name of Clinic Jones. He had been, during a none too active lifetime, itinerant gardener, hotel bell boy, and assistant mechanic in one of the town's several garages. With the acquisition of his new job, a new suit of clothes, and great quantities of what he was pleased to call "magniloquent eatments," his colorado-maduro countenance lost what had threatened to become a habitual expression of melancholy. Nor did the presence of a dusky damsel in the kitchen do anything to lessen his interest in life.

The cook and maid of all work was named Gracious Foster. She was short, chubby, perpetually good-natured, and inclined—when not severely curbed—to soprano outbursts. From the beginning it was apparent to even the least inquisitive minds that Clinic and Gracious were not unimpressed with each other; and the net result, in so far as the Graingers were concerned, was that their establishment ran smoothly.

A small block of stock had been formally conveyed to Eddie and he was elected to the board of directors. For the first week of Peter Avery's sojourn in Karnak, Eddie remained at home with the crisp little man, absorbing lectures on the basic principles of banking. Peter was amazed by the young man's depth of intellect and his already sound knowledge of financial theory. Then the daily lectures shifted to the bank, where Peter instructed him in the practical aspects of the profession.

Peter taught them thoroughly and not too swiftly. And eventually, when their impersonal contacts had become personal and acquaintanceship and respect had ripened into friendship, Judith told him of her intention to make Eddie president of the bank.

" I don't intend," said Eddie, " to violate any of the principles of sound banking. But it's impossible to say that personal feeling won't intrude."

Peter nodded gravely. " I don't suppose that can be helped, Eddie. As to what you can do—" He gave a quick attractive smile and an expressive shrug. " What you can do in Karnak County is limited only by what you wish to do."

Eddie rose, walked to the window, and gazed into the garden. Then he turned toward his tutor.

" How much do you know of the personal situation, Peter? "

" Quite a bit," answered Avery, flushing. " It's rather difficult to avoid gossip at the hotel."

" You wouldn't dream of offering unasked advice, would you? "

" No."

" Then I'm asking it."

AVERY'S fingers drummed nervously on the arms of his chair.

" I can't advise you on a general course," he said at length. " That is a matter so personal and intimate that you and Judith will have to reach your own decision. Presuming that you decide to go ahead, my inspection of the bank's affairs would indicate that you can accomplish your ends not only without weakening the position of the bank but actually strengthening it—which, I might say, is an indication of Weigand's banking genius.

" But to say that you would not paralyze the community, and consequently jeopardize the bank itself, would be an improper statement." Avery was speaking precisely, as though at a board meeting. " And I must call your attention to another element which you should not forget: the human element—the element which is strong numerically but weak financially. That is an element which can start a run on the bank."

" I've expected something like that," admitted Eddie.

" It is brewing. Even as a stranger I can see that. The town is buzzing with critical comment. Substantial business men are frightened; the smaller men are desperate. A panic can be touched off on the slightest provocation. They're waiting for the signal."

" What signal? "

" Any one." Avery laughed dryly. " Perhaps a formal announcement of your election to the presidency."

" How long before Judith would be justified in making that announcement? "

" You're a grand student. I've been with you two months now. In another month you could—if you were willing to continue your studies—take the reins."

" Do you think that the announcement of my elevation to the presidency will start a run? "

" That is a guess, Eddie. My prophecy would be that it will frighten people. Then, if you commence turning the thumbscrews—well, draw your own conclusions."

" Good. One more question, Peter: Presuming that you are right and that a run can fairly well be expected—is the condition of the Karnak State Bank such that it can survive? "

PETER thought carefully before answering. Then:

" Your bank is in an unusually strong position. I would say that, with notice, you are reasonably safe. But you must understand that any run can get out of hand and become dangerous. Very dangerous."

" If it's coming, it's coming," said Eddie philosophically. " It seems to me that the shrewdest course would be to recognize the possibility, prepare for it, weather it, and then tell the whole town where to get off." . . .

Karnak was waiting for something to happen. Three months had elapsed since Kurt Weigand had passed to whatever reward the hereafter offers successful bankers. Judith had operated the stanch institution very much as it had been run before: a trifle more cautiously perhaps, but with unquestionable efficiency.

Her attitude toward those who had sought with unadmirable persistence to do her injury in the past had been frigidly courteous. Some optimistic citizens persisted in believing that she had forgotten and forgiven; but there were certain facts which gave that happy theory the lie. Several ladies of aggressive and unctuous virtue called rather shamefacedly at the Grainger home when Judith was there. She greeted them with chill politeness, remained standing during the few uncomfortable minutes of their visit, explained coldly that she regretted being otherwise occupied at the moment—and dismissed them.

Karnak knew that the blow was coming. It waited impatiently, nervously tense. Efforts to elicit information from Peter Avery met with a disconcerting lack of success. The slender little man was pleasant enough, but no more communicative than the Sphinx is reputed to be. He stated that he knew nothing, and refused to discuss the nothing he knew. He was, on occasion, rather curt—when his inquisitors happened to be persons whom Peter considered undesirable. But the constant effort to extract information from him made it very clear to Peter Avery that trouble, serious trouble, was inevitable.

On the morning of November 8 Eddie and Judith were driven to the bank by Mr. Clinic Jones, who sat at the wheel of the modest car in regal dignity. He deposited them in front of the bank, touched the brim of his

IMAGINE! A
GENERAL ELECTRIC AUTO RADIO
...AT ONLY $34.95!*
ITS NEW HOOK-UP
GIVES 4 TUBES THE
PERFORMANCE OF 7
SO COMPACT.... YOU
CAN HAVE IT INSTALLED
IN LESS THAN AN
HOUR!
IT'S A REAL
GENERAL ELECTRIC...
A BROTHER TO THOSE
FAMOUS RADIOS THAT
WIN THE TONE-TESTS!
1ST

★ *At your nearest G-E Auto Radio Dealer's* ★

*Price slightly higher Denver and West.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

AUTO RADIO

cap, and headed for home and a conversation of a most personal nature with Gracious Foster.

Eddie and Judith stepped into the empty bank. Her eyes were focused intently on his face. She saw him look about as though searching for something. And then he saw the sign on the door which led into what had once been Kurt Weigand's private office. It was a simple sign, neatly lettered, but its effect on him was all that she could have asked.

"Edward T. Grainger," he read, "President."

For a long while neither spoke, and then—quite unconscious of the gesture—his arm went about her shoulders.

"Gee, Dutch," he said unsteadily, "I could kiss you for that!"

She looked up at him quickly and eagerly.

"Why not?" she invited.

"Don't be silly," he said gently.

"Like it?" she inquired.

He gave a short embarrassed laugh. "It's got me, Dutch—I'd be ashamed to say how much. Maybe we'd better get out of the lobby. I could make a fool of myself very easily."

She followed him through the door into his office. Then, because she saw that he was shaken, she forced herself to speak lightly:

"Mr. President!"

"Don't kid me, Dutch. Give me time to think."

She had planned for this moment—and now it had come. His inarticulate appreciation delighted her; and then she heard him speaking:

"There isn't any use trying to put it in words, Dutch. Of course I knew you were going to do it. But just looking at that sign, and realizing—It makes me feel mighty humble. And grateful."

"Please, Eddie, don't say any more."

"I won't. Not now." Then he grinned ruefully. "You beat me to the punch," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"I was planning to surprise you. But I'm afraid my gift won't look like much after this."

HER eyes sparkled. "What is it, Eddie? I'm dying of curiosity!"

"Really? Well, wait a minute."

He passed through the door and sought the porter. In three minutes he returned, hands behind his back.

"Which hand?"

"Right."

And then he showed her, and she squealed with delight. It was a tiny little Boston terrier puppy—an eager, friendly, cuddly little thing which gazed at his new mistress out of eyes preposterously solemn and wrinkled.

"For me, Eddie?" She took it from him. "Isn't he darling!"

They were friends instantly, Judith and the puppy. She placed him on the floor and he strutted around the office.

"What's his name, Eddie?"

"He hasn't one. We'll have to consider—"

The Boston sat on his haunches and stared up at them speculatively.

"He looks old and thoughtful and very intellectual, Eddie. He absolutely demands an impressive name."

Eddie's face broke suddenly into a boyish grin.

"In that case, Dutch," he said, "we'll call him Mr. Einstein." . . .

Lisbeth Morrow had decided to be charitable, and was therefore immensely pleased with herself. In the largest and most luxurious bedroom of her large and luxurious house, she arrayed her thin and unluxurious figure in its best morning dress. She placed a startlingly unbecoming hat on top of her head, gave her angular hips a final approving pat, and sallied forth to do good in the world.

A smug smile sat upon her thin lips, her nose tilted slightly, and she graciously elected to walk the two blocks to the bank. She routed herself through Court-House Square, where she was fond of believing her passage was in the nature of being triumphal.

LISBETH had determined to help her husband. True, she had small patience with him; but since he *was* silly enough to be frightened of what Eddie Grainger could do to him and his mills if Eddie felt so inclined, then Lisbeth figured she had better settle the thing once and for all.

Between the tiny shrewish woman and her big kindly husband there existed a peculiar bond of affection. She dominated their domestic relations, her sharp tongue flayed his pet theories, her addiction to cruel gossip filled him with righteous and futile wrath. Yet they loved each other for some reason that nobody could understand.

And Quincy was worried. Fine lines had appeared at the corners of his eyes, particularly since the elevation of Eddie Grainger to the presidency of the bank. Of course Lisbeth knew it was absurd, this apprehension about business. To her way of thinking, the whole depression was ridiculous. She explained to Quincy that Eddie wouldn't dare cause financial embarrassment to so vital an enterprise as the Morrow Cotton Mills. Quincy smiled grimly and shrugged. Once or twice he had suggested that if she hadn't been so viciously militant against Judith Grainger his own affairs would not be so desperate.

And so this morning Lisbeth—without hinting to her husband what she planned—was making a semiformal call upon Judith at the bank. She was warmly pleased with her own generosity, and even slightly apprehensive that Judith might presume too much upon the gesture she was about to make.

Of course Judith would welcome her eagerly. The girl had been unfortunate—perhaps not quite so scarlet as she had been painted. And frankly, in the virginal bosom of the long wedded Mrs. Morrow there was a faint thrill of envy at the thought of what Judith must have experienced

For Greater
Comfort

EXTRA LONG STRETCH
PARIS
GARTERS
NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU
Happy legs are here again!

THE *very* last words in garter comfort: "Extra Long Stretch Paris Garters". The only garter made with the new extra long stretching, *long lasting* Steinweave Elastic. Encircles six legs easily, yet fits one leg perfectly. No binding—no slipping. A great relief and a great value.

Made in U.S.A. by A. Stein & Company
Makers of Paris Suspenders and Belts

SHELVADOR
PATENT NO. 1,898,922

No more reaching — just open the door and THERE it is!
LOOK

Net contents 3½ cu. ft.; Shelf area 8 sq. ft.; with SHELVADOR. $89.50
Net contents 4½ cu. ft.; Shelf area 10.6 sq. ft.; with SHELVADOR...... $99.50
Net contents 6 cu. ft.; Shelf area 11.5 sq. ft.; with SHELVADOR. $130
Western Prices Slightly Higher

The greatest improvement in refrigerator cabinet design since the invention of the ice box. Just open the door . . . and THERE it is! An exclusive patented feature of the Crosley—the finest electric refrigerator possible to buy, and at the new low prices.

Prices include freight, delivery, installation and one year's free service. Send for descriptive circular.

The CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
CINCINNATI, OHIO
New CROSLEY
Electric REFRIGERATOR
WITH SHELVADOR

as the supposed wife of a bigamously inclined gentleman.

Judith was in her private office when Lisbeth came through the door like a gust of icy wind.

Mrs. Morrow placed upon her countenance an expression of unctuous friendliness and her voice dripped with honey—albeit there was poison in the honey:

"Good morning, my dear."

Instinct came to Judith's assistance. Her big brown eyes narrowed and lost their softness.

"Good morning, Mrs. Morrow."

"I have come to call upon you, Judith. Ahem! I have come to call upon you."

"Yes?"

Lisbeth made a coy gesture. "Won't you ask me to be seated?"

"Surely." Then she said, "You wish to see me on business?"

"Oh! No indeed! This is purely a personal call—purely personal, my dear."

"I am very busy this morning, Mrs. Morrow."

"You modern creatures! Think of a pretty girl being absorbed in business. Isn't it just too interesting!"

Judith said nothing, and Mrs. Morrow began to suspect that things were not developing exactly as anticipated.

"There have been certain misunderstandings between us, Judith—certain regrettable misunderstandings—"

"There has been no misunderstanding, Mrs. Morrow."

"Oh! But, my dear, there has been. And it has occurred to me that I may have been just a trifle hasty in judgment."

Judith smiled faintly. "It's very nice of you to say so," she remarked. "But are you quite sure you mean it?"

"Please—oh, please, my dear! Surely you are willing to let bygones be bygones. We are all human and I understand that you were young and credulous—"

Judith's cheeks grew just a thought whiter. Mrs. Morrow sensed danger and rushed on:

"I have come to invite you to tea, Judith. At my home." She clutched at the vanishing shreds of her dignity. "Any afternoon that suits you. This afternoon, perhaps. Truly, there is no reason why you should not come."

"None," said Judith quietly, "except that I am very busy."

"But, Judith—"

"I am sorry, Mrs. Morrow. I appreciate your invitation. And now, if you'll be kind enough to excuse me—"

JUDITH focused her attention on some papers. Mrs. Morrow gasped and spluttered. She made two or three valiant attempts to speak, then drew her brief figure to its full five feet and swept toward the door. On the threshold she turned.

"I was hoping you would let me be your friend."

Judith looked up, smiled sweetly, and said nothing. Mrs. Morrow sniffed—and made an exceedingly hasty exit from the bank. She was, in fact, definitely undignified. Judith stared at the door through which the visitor had gone; then she rose and walked into Eddie's office.

That young man looked up from his work.

"Your eyes," he declared, "look as solemn as Mr. Einstein's."

She leaned against his desk, and he could see that she was nervous—very nervous. He gave her hand a reassuring squeeze.

"What's wrong, Dutch?"

"It's that woman!" blazed Judith. "I can't help it, Eddie—I hate her!"

"Fine! But who?"

"Mrs. Morrow."

Eddie tried to laugh her out of the black mood. "Is that supposed to be news, Judith? Of course you hate her. We both hate her. And that makes three people all hating each other—except me you, and you me. Which sounds involved but makes perfectly good sense."

"She just came to see me, Eddie. Invited me to tea."

"And you?"

"I told her I was too busy. I was polite, Eddie, actually polite. Or almost polite, anyway."

In Hollywood, '*Complexion*' means neck and shoulders, too

Carole Lombard

(Paramount)
"Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin so soft!"

Let the Lux Toilet Soap Beauty Bath keep your skin fragrant, glamorous

AN evening gown cut revealingly low . . . close-up lights so glaring they'd detect the slightest flaw . . . A screen star's neck and back and shoulders *must* be lovely!

That's why the lovely Hollywood stars use as a *bath* soap, too, the gentle, white soap that guards their priceless complexions.

You try this beauty bath! Whisk up in a jiffy a luxurious tubful of delicate lather—even in the *hardest* water. A few moments' relaxation in this fragrant bath, and you step out refreshed—your skin delicately perfumed. You feel *exquisite*, ready now to be your most alluring, most irresistible self!

QUICKER, EASIER
WAY TO GET RID OF
CORNS

First Drop of Remarkable Liquid

STOPS PAIN INSTANTLY

Hard corns, soft corns, corns between the toes, and calluses lift right off! You'll laugh—it is so easy and doesn't hurt a bit!

Just drop FREEZONE on any tender, touchy corn. Instantly it stops aching; then shortly you just lift that old bothersome corn right off with your fingers. It works like a charm, every time. Seems like magic!

A bottle of FREEZONE costs a few cents at any drug store. Try it.

FREEZONE

CREATE YOUR FUTURE

FREE—Introductory Book!

WHY long and wait for HAPPINESS and LASTING SUCCESS? Your thoughts of today can make your future. Let the Rosicrucians show you how to convert the energy of YOUR MENTAL PICTURES into practical realities. The elements of personal power and achievement lie WITHIN YOUR OWN MIND, not on the hazy horizon of tomorrow. The free book, "Wisdom of the Sages", explains how you may study and learn to be MASTER of your DESTINY. If you are sincere, address:- Scribe F.N.J.

ROSICRUCIAN ORDER
SAN JOSE • AMORC • CALIFORNIA

Ingrown Nail

Turns Outward

—NO PAIN

A few drops of Outgro in the crevice of the toe nail stop the pain instantly and so toughen the sensitive skin underneath the nail that it resists the ingrowing nail and forces it to grow naturally outward. Drug stores sell Outgro in small bottles. Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc., 578 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.

Tired..Nervous Wife

Wins Back Pep!

HER raw nerves were soothed. She banished that "dead tired" feeling. Won new youthful color—restful nights, active days—all because she rid her system of bowel-clogging wastes that were sapping her vitality. **NR** Tablets (Nature's Remedy)—the mild, safe, all-vegetable laxative—worked the transformation. Try it for constipation, biliousness, headaches, dizzy spells, colds. See how refreshed you feel. At all druggists'—25c.

FREE! Package of Flower Garden Seeds, samples NR and TUMS. Send name, address, stamp to A. H. LEWIS CO. Desk 59-F St. Louis - Mo.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

"Good girl! Must be a lady under all circumstances."

He saw with relief that she was recovering her balance.

"I know. But it *was* difficult—with her."

"And so you're not indulging in her tea?"

"Lisbeth Morrow's visit was significant, Eddie."

"Lisbeth herself is significant."

"I'm not joking. The whole town is watching us. People are restless—and there are a lot of ugly rumors being circulated. I'm afraid for you."

She did worry. And she would have worried more could she have listened in on a conference which was even then being held in the private office of Ezra Gaines, proprietor of the Karnak Hotel. Present were Mr. Gaines, Lefty Bragan, and Sheriff Gantt Kolker.

"Sure we can wreck the bank," Gaines was saying. "But what do we get out of it?"

Sheriff Kolker chuckled.

"I reckon we get plenty, Ez. Ain't any question what Eddie Grainger is plannin'. He's gotten tol'able stuck on himself since Judith made him president, and he's sore as hell against everybody who gossiped about his wife when she come back here after that Bill Vernon affair. That means you, Ez—and Lefty—and me—and hundreds of others; because there ain't any escapin' the fact that we did throw it into her pretty hefty. All right. He's aimin' to squeeze us until we haven't got nothin'. But if we force that bank to close it'll be taken over by a receiver under state control. Maybe they'll squeeze us too, but not any worse than Eddie would. And there'd always be the chance that on account of hard times they'd give us a break."

"Suppose that in tryin' to close the doors we actually wrecked the bank."

"We haven't got anything to lose, have we?—and we might gain something."

Lefty Bragan was in an ugly mood. "Also suppose there was trouble. Suppose something happened to Eddie?"

Gantt Kolker grinned. "I'm sheriff, ain't I? And the chief constable of this town is my son-in-law, ain't he? I reckon that ought to be answer enough—if we was friendly to the folks which caused anything to happen to Eddie."

Ezra Gaines shook his head. "That wouldn't do, sheriff."

"Why not?"

"Judith's got money, and the decent folks in this town—like Quincy Morrow—they wouldn't stand for anything like that."

"Hm-m. Maybe you're right and maybe you ain't. But accidents can happen, you know."

"Talk!" growled Lefty. "The point is, do we start the run on the bank or don't we? I got lots of friends and so have you fellows. Now what's the dope and when do we begin?"

Gaines and Kolker looked at each other.

"No time like the present, is there, Lefty?"

"None whatever," responded Mr. Bragan.

"Go slow," cautioned the canny Ezra. "If we're going to wreck the bank, let's not forget that lots of people have got to get excited. I think this will be fun."

Sheriff Kolker nodded.

"Lots of fun," he agreed, "for us. But not for Eddie and that snippy little wife of his!"

How well the plotters succeed in their plan will be told in next week's installment.

DETECTOGRAM

Professor Stiggins, world-renowned criminologist, has assisted the police of many cities in the solution of baffling crimes. One of his eccentricities is his flat refusal to write reports. He even conducts his social correspondence by telegraph. Sometimes this is a bit trying on his associates, as he delights in making them somewhat baffling, although absolutely clear. Below is one of his telegraphic reports. In it is every fact and clue necessary to solution—and it has only one possible answer. How long will it take *you* to solve it?

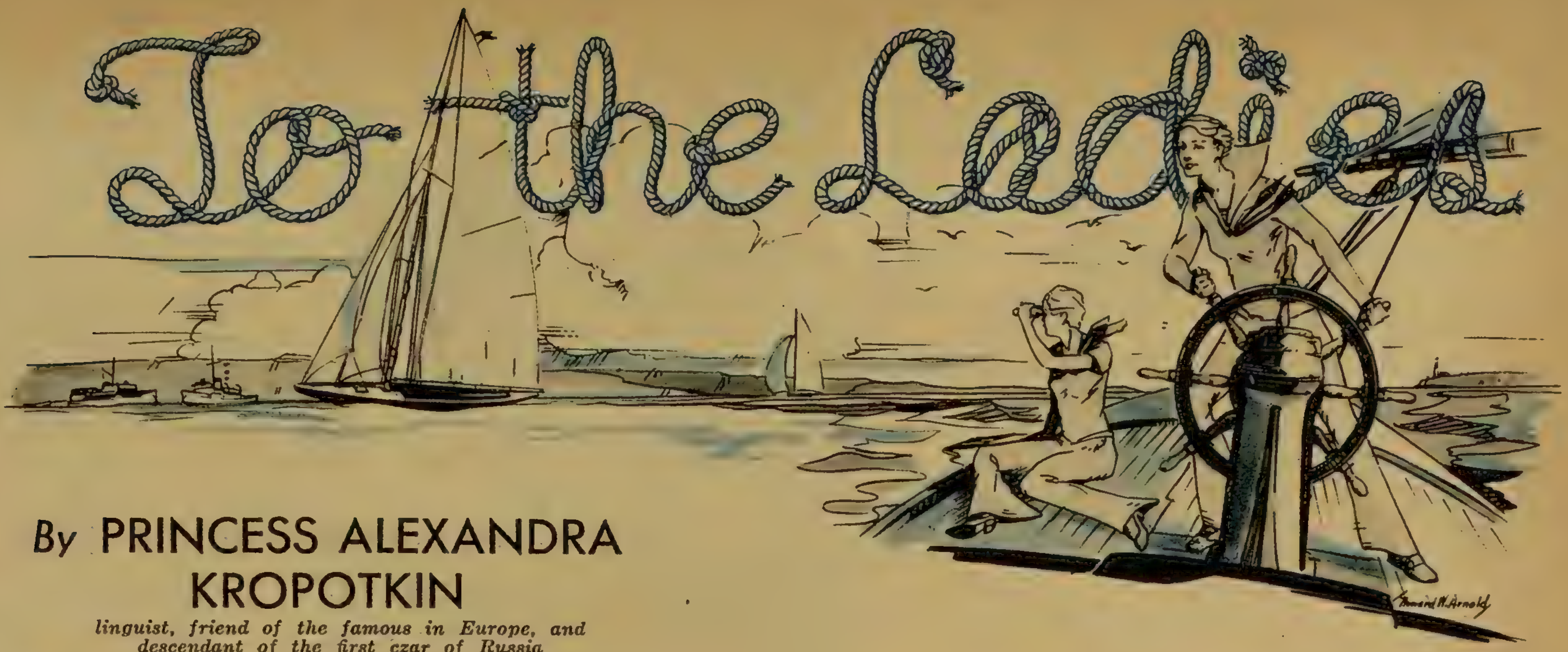
By H. A. RIPLEY

MAY 20 1933

GEORGE W SCHATTLE
ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT BUREAU IDENTIFICATION
CINCINNATI POLICE DEPARTMENT
CINCINNATI OHIO

GOLDSTEIN ONLY WITNESS TO TRAGEDY STATES HE SAW LONE GUNMAN ENTER HIDEOUT LINE UP THE THREE GANGSTERS GIVE THEM ABSOLUTELY NO CHANCE EMPTY HIS GUN AT THEM POINTBLANK AND THEN RUN STOP I FOUND TWO BODIES LYING FACE UP OTHER MAN FACE DOWN STOP CONSIDER THIS PARTICULARLY VICIOUS ACT AS EACH BODY BORE THREE SMITH AND WESSON 38 CALIBER REVOLVER BULLETS ALL OF WHICH INFLICTED ALMOST INSTANTLY FATAL WOUNDS STOP GOLDSTEINS DESCRIPTION OF GUNMAN FOLLOWS QUOTE EXCEPTIONALLY TALL MAN WEARING PULLED DOWN GRAY CAP BROWN PANTS BLUE TIE AND BLUE COAT WHO SHOT LEFT HANDED UNQUOTE GOLDSTEIN OBVIOUSLY LYING SO HOLDING HIM

STABUS STIGGINS



To the Ladies

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 minutes 36 seconds.)

I THOUGHT it would be interesting to find out how the daughter of the President remembers her childhood. There must have been something unusual, I thought, about being a kid in Franklin Roosevelt's family. So I went to Anna Roosevelt—now Mrs. Curtis Dall—and asked her. From what she told me I am sure that he was a peach of a father. A grand sport, a good mischief-maker, a shrewd disciplinarian.

"I remember," said Anna Dall, "how he cured me of one childhood fear. My brothers had fun playing in a small waterfall. I was 'scared' and would not go near it.

"Father picked me up in his arms and followed the boys. I was shrieking—more with rage than genuine fright. On went father until he fell down in the water with me and we both got soaking wet. When it was all over I was no longer afraid. I was above five at the time."

Mrs. Curtis Dall

Anna Dall and her brothers as young children lived in Washington when "F. D." was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Foreign diplomats were often around the house. Anna Dall recalls a trick the kids played on one of them.

"Every Saturday," she told me, "we had a family baseball game in our yard. It was a kids' game, but father and his grown-up friends usually joined in. One time a young statesman from one of the important embassies was there, and said he wanted to learn how to play baseball. For fun we kids told him he had to slide the bases face first. I think father was up to our deviltry—but he didn't let on.

"But father was never one to let us get away with real misconduct," continued Mrs. Dall. "When we were bad we were punished. Our worst punishment, we thought, was being excluded from a family picnic."

Mrs. Dall has the true Roosevelt energy. With two children of her own, she nevertheless has found time to do radio broadcasting and to help edit a magazine. Doesn't care for cooking and housework, but can do them as well as anyone if necessary.

BRAVURA is the correct word, I learn, for the style of quaintness we are going in for at present. If you wear puff sleeves and look as though you had just been riding on a horse car, then you're *bravura.* It's an Italian word, popularized by musicians, and means very dashing, in a fancy way.

AN ogre lives in a small American town I visited not long ago. The neighbors told me all about him. His meanness, his bad temper, have long made him a local bugaboo. His daughter grew up under this cloud.

In the same town lives a widow of equal disrepute. For years, by her spite and arrogance, she has earned the animosity of all. She has a son. He too has grown up under a cloud of the town's ill favor.

Can't you guess what has happened? It was almost automatic. Widow's son has married ogre's daughter. Fate drove them together, their parents' unpopularity separating them from other young people.

The outcome appears to be quite fortunate, I am glad to report. Neither girl nor boy seems to have inherited the unsocial qualities of their elders. Gradually they are winning their way into the town's good graces.

I don't suppose this little history means anything much. But it interests me. Perhaps it shows how quickly a new generation can live down the sins of an old.

PROHIBITION in future years may acquire the virtue of having given this country a new and better start toward civilized wine drinking. Wine has never yet been a poor man's drink in America, as it is in Europe.

I believe that light table wines lead to a higher quality and greater variety of national cooking. Light table wine could be popular here, I think, if it were sold at neighborhood grocery stores in convenient quart bottles at a reasonable price, say twenty-five cents or thereabouts. That is how the famous *vin ordinaire* is marketed in France. The consumption of hard liquor has always been low in countries where table wine is used by everyone.

WE were talking about Verschuer, the German scientist, who claims to have discovered that while most children are born at night, twins are generally born near noon.

Up spoke a recently rich friend of ours who has lost all his money through unwise investments and bad banks.

"Twins!" he exclaimed. "I wish I had been a twin—and the other one had brains!"

VIENNA, capital of the old Austrian Empire, was famous for its beautiful girls and tasty cakes. One of the specialties was this chocolate *torte* spread with jam and cream. Here's how they still make it in Vienna:

Cream 1 cup sweet butter. Prepare 6 egg yolks, add them one by one. Then, in the following order, put in ¾ cup sugar, scant ½ cup grated vanilla chocolate, grated rind of ½ lemon, ½ cup cake flour. Beat 15 minutes. Add 6 egg whites whipped stiff. Place in shallow pans. Bake 40 to 45 minutes in moderate oven. Have ready enough apricot jam to spread over cake when cool. The jam should be strained through a sieve. Decorate with whipped cream and grated chocolate.

IF you enjoy an occasional spell of the horrors, read The Werewolf of Paris, by Guy Endore. Made my hair stand up deliciously. (Published by Farrar & Rinehart.)

Born *to* Raise Hell

Bluffing a Fire Eater—Villa Takes Another Wife—Red-Flagger Treachery—A Thunderbolt on Wheels—Wild Mustangs as War Steeds—Cattle Rustling for the Latter-Day Saints

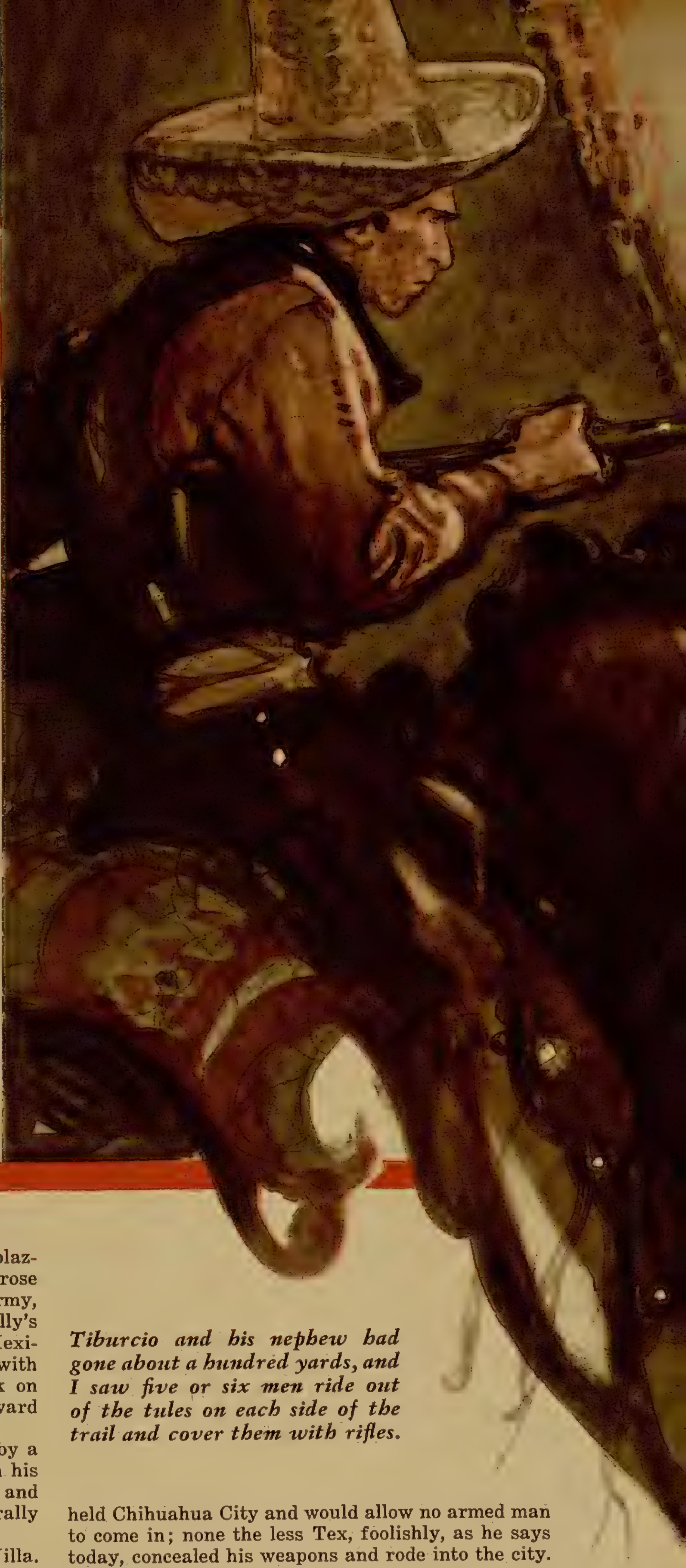
By

TEX O'REILLY

as told to

LOWELL THOMAS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK



Tiburcio and his nephew had gone about a hundred yards, and I saw five or six men ride out of the tules on each side of the trail and cover them with rifles.

(Reading time: 26 minutes 10 seconds.)

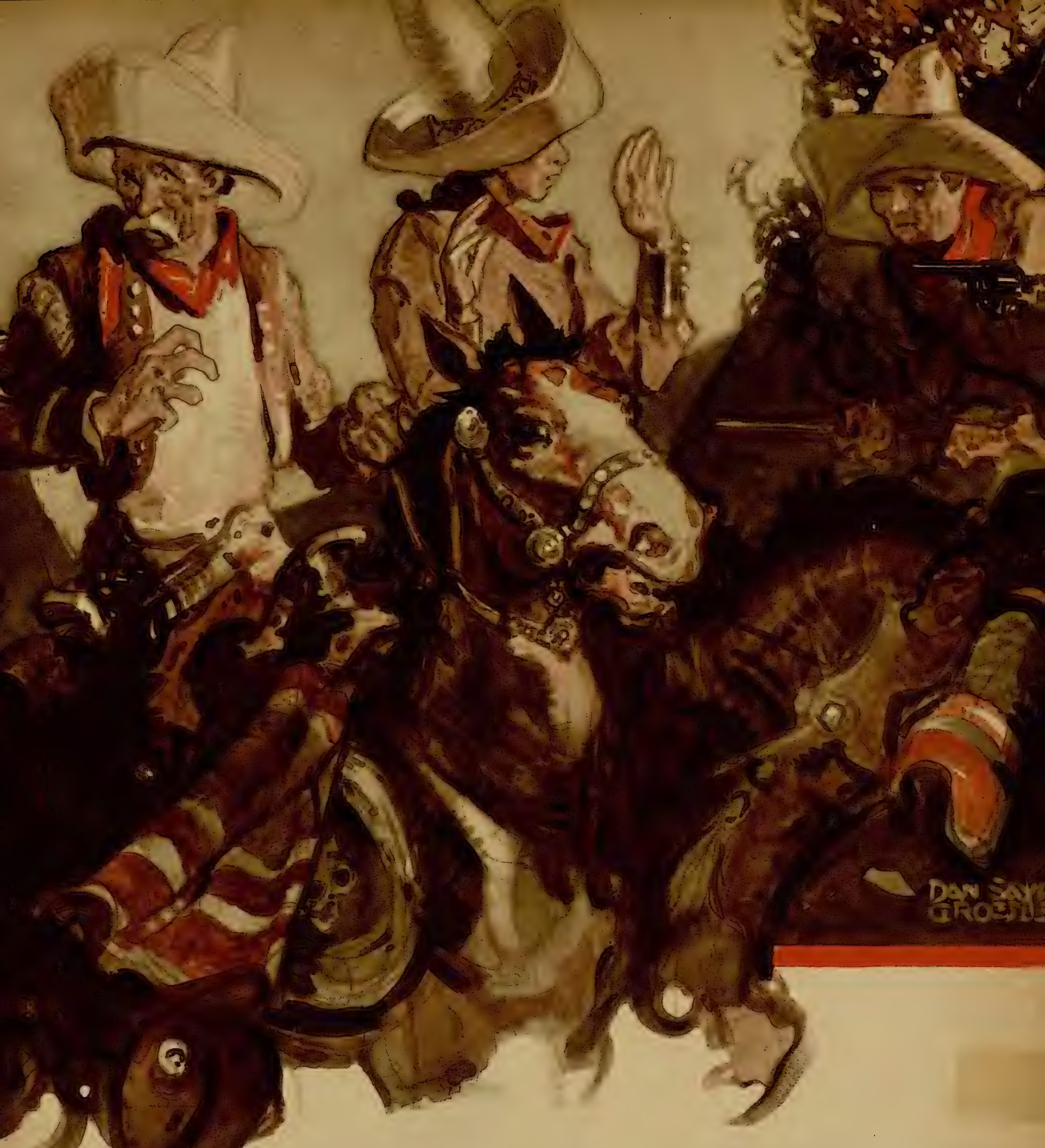
THE comic episode of the McGinty cannon, and the blazing real-life melodrama that developed when a morose old German miner tried to lick a whole Mexican army, were features of last week's installment of Tex O'Reilly's uproarious reminiscences. The cannon, a relic of our Mexican War, had been swiped from El Paso. Tex loaded it with a ball and fired it, once, in the opening of the attack on Ojinaga. They picked up the pieces of it, and afterward they used it only for noise-making purposes.

As for the old miner, detained as a mere precaution by a band of insurrectos, he first battled thirty of them with his fists and then, although tied up, got hold of some rifles and shot it out with their entire force until he was almost literally blown to pieces.

Tex was in on the capture of Juárez by Madero and Villa. During the fighting in Santa Rosalia he improvised hand grenades with tin cans and dynamite, and had a narrow if ludicrous escape from being blown up with a dynamite-laden mule. After that town's surrender he and Jim Adams set out through the desert to join in the attack on Chihuahua City. On the way they stuck up and commandeered a silver train. Arriving at Aldama, they heard that the Diaz government had fallen, and that Tex's friend Abram Gonzales was to be Madero's Governor of Chihuahua. The Federals still held Chihuahua City and would allow no armed man to come in; none the less Tex, foolishly, as he says today, concealed his weapons and rode into the city.

PART EIGHT—ENTER GENERAL HUERTA

THE first man I ran into was a lieutenant of Rurales, who had chased me a few times when I was acting as courier around Ojinaga. Five Rurales surrounded me, searched me, found the guns. Without giving me a chance to speak to anybody they took me out and threw me into the state prison.



It was a big modern penitentiary, with three-decked cells and a wide, airy space in the center. I have never seen a finer prison. But I was never madder in my life. The lieutenant of the guard, all puffed up with authority, treated me like an outcast dog.

Nearly two hundred insurrectos were in the prison, and I had a chance to talk to them when we were let into the yard for exercise. They told me that fourteen Americans were elsewhere in that jail; they had been captured in the Battle of Casas Grandes.

I had no idea when or how I could get out; I was not allowed to send word to anybody. Three days later the guards took me out of the cells, restored my arms, and told me to report to Governor Gonzales at Sauz.

Miguel Ahumada, the Federal Governor of Chihuahua, had gone out to the rebel army to meet Abram Gonzales and had turned over the government to him. One of his first acts was to telegraph an order to Federal army headquarters to find me and send me out to him. That night he gave me a commission as captain on his staff, and when he entered Chihuahua City amid a tremendous uproar I acted as his bodyguard.

The revolution had won, and Abram Gonzales was the idol of the people. That night the city was a bedlam of celebration. Next day Gonzales sent for me and said:

" I am going out to the prison at six o'clock tonight to release the Americans. I am taking my whole staff, and I want you to be there."

I said, "Governor, do the Americans know they are going to be released? Remember, they have been in jail for months. If you will give me an order I would like to take them the good news."

He gave me the order and I went out to the prison. I was wearing the colors of the revolution, a red-white-and-green hatband and a little rosette of those colors on my coat. The rosette was an officer's insignia. The lieutenant of the guard was sitting in the guardhouse and when he saw me he refused to come out. I sent the governor's order in to him, and he glanced at it and motioned with his head to the sentries to let me go in. That made me mad. I stepped to the doorway and said:

"You recognize this order—the governor's signature and the seal?"

"Yes."

"I represent the governor. I expect the courtesies due to officers of the governor's staff. Get up out of that chair. Turn out your guard and salute me."

He was wild, but he had to do it. They marched out the guard; he lined them up and saluted me. It gave me great satisfaction, because only three days before that lieutenant had treated me so badly as a prisoner. I returned the salute and stepped in. They locked the iron gates behind me, and the next minute I wished I had not been so darn' smart.

About three thousand prisoners were in there, and when they saw me wearing the colors of the revolution they went crazy. I was alone with three thousand men, several hundred of them loose, and they were howling and yelling and smashing everything they could lay hands on.

The guards rushed in. Luckily most of the prisoners were locked up, or Gonzales' little ceremony would have been ruined right then. It was half an hour before the place quieted down enough so that I could be taken to the American prisoners.

You never saw such a happy bunch of men in your life. They had been lying there for months with no idea whether they would ever get out. Several were badly crippled from their wounds and they were all discouraged and hopeless.

That night Gonzales made his little speech thanking them for their services to Mexico, and released them. Each man was given a suit of clothes, one hundred dollars, and a railroad ticket to the border. That was what they got out of the revolution.

A FEW nights later I was sitting in the Palace Hotel, having a little drink with two or three other insurrecto officers. Five Federal officers in uniform were sitting at a near-by table, and I thought it was a good chance to fraternize a little.

The situation was on a hair trigger, thousands of Federals and thousands of insurrectos in the city, and we were straining every nerve to avoid any outbreak of trouble.

Little by little we got acquainted with the five Federals and we invited them over to our table to drink a little treaty of peace. I was buying the drinks.

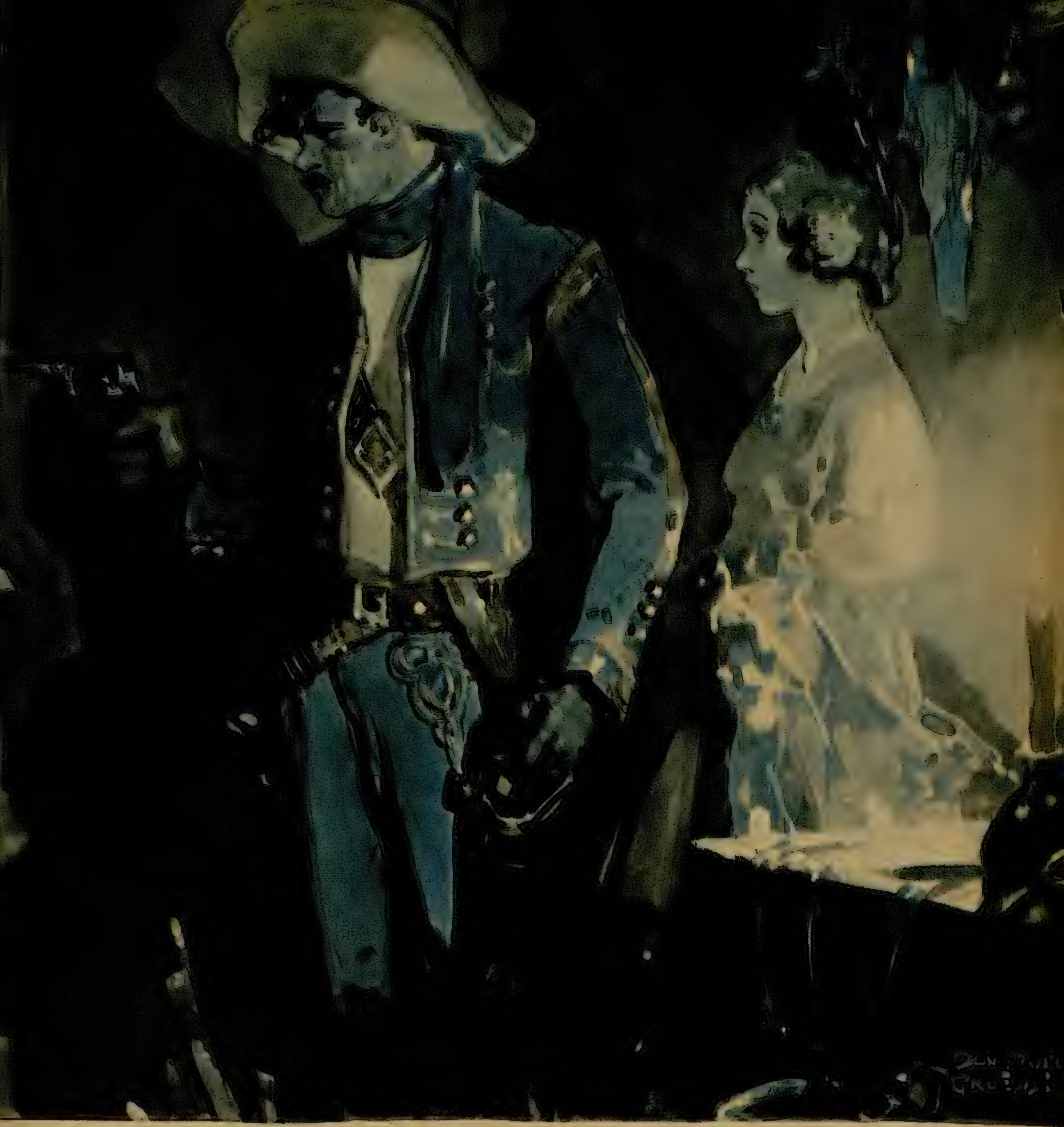
Everything was going fine, and after the second drink one of the Federal officers got up and made a little speech. He was slightly under the weather when he began and his own eloquence made him more so. The war was over, all Mexicans were brothers. *Viva* Mexico! *Viva* Madero! *Viva* Gonzales! A little disagreement between brothers. Mexicans had a right to disagree among themselves; foreigners had no right to interfere. Down with the foreigners! He, for one, refused to drink with a foreigner.

He had just lapped up two drinks I paid for, so his sentiment was a little late, but it was up to me to resent it. I stood up and told him my commission was as good as his, and I pasted him one.

I was amazed. It turned into something that might be happening in a short-story magazine. He challenged me. One of his friends offered to be his second. One of the insurrectos was my second. They stepped aside and arranged everything without consulting me. We were to shoot it out next morning at dawn, each man to use his own pistol. I was badly scared.

That night I was sitting by myself in the lobby of the hotel, thinking it over. I knew if I shot that Mexican I would never get out of that town alive; and if he shot me—that didn't offer any better prospect. I was trying to figure out some third alternative, but there wasn't any, and while I was lost in thought the other man's second came along and sat down beside me.

He said he was sorry this had happened; it might easily start trouble; the situation was delicate at best. But



The priest refused to marry them. Villa pulled his six-shooter and gave him three seconds to choose between marrying them and having his brains blown out.

of course it had gone too far to stop. I said yes. He said where personal honor was concerned there was no choice. I said no, no, there was no choice. Then he said offhand:

"Oh, by the way, captain, are you a good shot?"

I began to have a thought that the other fellow might be as badly scared as I was. I said:

"Oh, well, I try to keep in practice, but I'm probably not as good as I used to be. Of course I've won a number of national shoots, but in the International in England I was only second." As a matter of fact I had never shot in a competition in my life.

He was noticeably impressed. I elaborated a little. He went away.

Just before dawn my second came for me. We went in a carriage to an empty lot near the railroad station. It was surrounded by a high adobe wall. About a dozen army officers of both factions arrived, brisk and cheerful, and they had a couple of drinks of cognac.

They stationed us fifteen paces apart, and we stood there while they held a conference. They took our pistols, unloaded and inspected them, loaded them and handed them back. I took mine and did some fancy twirling with it on my finger, the way I had done in the St. Louis Wild West Show. The other fellow watched me nervously. I wasn't any more calm myself, but I said all right, everything was fine, let's go.

All twelve of the officers were acting as seconds by this time. They went over and talked to the other fellow and then they came and talked to me.

"Captain," they said, "we don't like to see this duel go on, because it may cause trouble to spread. Of course, this is an affair of honor that must be satisfied. We sympathize, captain, with your feelings in this matter. However, at such a time we must think of the future of Mexico. We are all breaking the orders of our commanding officers if this goes on."

The other fellow was coming nearer, a step at a time, watching me anxiously. So I said:

"Gentlemen, all this was as true last night as it is this morning. Nevertheless I have been insulted."

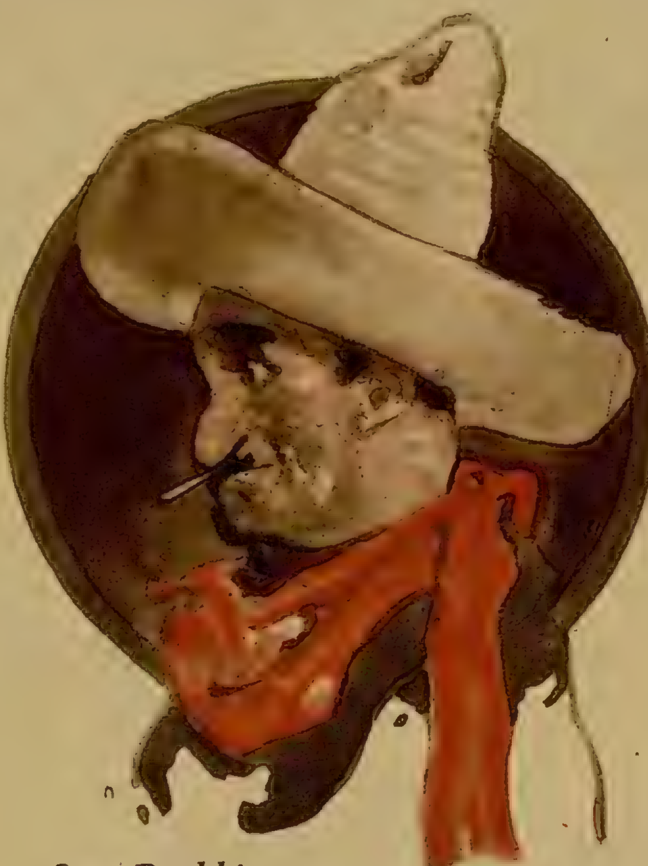
The other man's second said:

"My principal is willing to apologize for what he said if you will apologize for the blow you struck."

I hesitated till he started to open his mouth again and I was afraid he would take that back, so I said:

"Well, if he will apologize, I will accept—"

The words were not out of my mouth before he was on me, giving me the *abrazo*. That's the formal, polite Mexican hug and pat on the back. A popular man in Mexico gets calluses on his shoulders. So I patted him, and we all piled into the carriages and went back to the hotel and got drunk together.



Sam Drebbin

General Villareal had come up from Santa Rosalia, and one day he asked me to go with him to call on Villa. Villa had just come into Chihuahua City and established headquarters in a house near the railroad station, but that day he was in a room at the Palace Hotel.

I had seen him in Juárez, but had not met him. During the campaigns he always wore the leather *charro* clothes, but that day he was wearing a new black suit. He was a little under six feet tall, heavy-set and husky, and uncomfortable in his new clothes. His stiff collar bothered him. He kept moving his neck inside it, and he said:

"This is the first time in my life I ever wore a necktie."

He explained that he was dressed up for his wedding that evening. He was going to marry his old sweetheart, Luz Corral. During the campaign she had been living quietly in Chihuahua City, and as soon as the revolution was won he came in and married her.

HE asked General Villareal and me to the wedding, and we went. Villa was in his early thirties then, and Luz Corral was about the same age. She was not especially good-looking, but tall and well built and striking. She gave one an impression of quiet power. It was a quiet wedding, no veils or flowers or fuss, and Luz Corral had only one woman with her. Villa behaved very well, though he came up to the altar with his six-shooter strapped on over his black suit. His staff wore their pistols and some of them carried their rifles into the church.

Luz Corral was always friendly to me afterward. She was usually with Villa on the military trains during his years of power, and she was the only living person who could manage him in one of his fits of rage. He married three other women later without divorcing any of them, but to the end Luz Corral seemed to be his favorite.

Five years after he married her he walked into a church in Torreón one day with a fine-looking blonde girl, and the priest refused to marry them, saying:

"You are already married."

Villa pulled his six-shooter and gave him three seconds to choose between marrying them and having his brains blown out. The priest began to quaver the ceremony and went through it with the gun at his ear.

The revolution was over, Madero was in Mexico City, everything was lovely for the time being, so I resigned and went home.

Villareal had brought the old McGinty cannon up from Santa Rosalia to Chihuahua City; he knew it had been stolen and asked me to return it. I put it on a freight car, and it stands now in Pioneer Plaza, El Paso, a greatly valued old relic of El Paso.

I thought the Mexican war was ended, and I went back to my home on the ranch. But a few months later the Red Flag counter-revolution started, and I was an old Mexican revolutionist. It seemed both a duty and a pleasure to rally to the cause again.

MADERO had not had time to carry out his plans for making a Utopia of Mexico. He was provisional president for some months before Congress could assemble and officially install him as president. Meanwhile the extreme socialists were getting impatient. They had been fighting in western Chihuahua; the garrison at Juárez went over to them; then Orozco joined them as commander in chief. From some source they had plenty of money and they were well armed and equipped. They took possession of most of western Chihuahua.

Two of my friends joined them, Sam Drebbin and Tracy Richardson. Sam Drebbin was the little, short, fat, fighting Russian Jew who went across the bridge at Cavite Viejo in the Philippines, tackling 3,000 insurrectos single-handed in their own trenches. Sam was the only Jewish soldier of fortune I ever heard of, and he would fight any odds, any time, with anything from fists to machine gun. He always supplied the comedy besides. Sam never missed a chance for a joke.

He and Tracy Richardson were always together in those days, and they made an odd combination, for Tracy was a tall, lean, blond Missourian, one of the few men I ever saw who has the cold blue eye you read about. In 1910 Tracy captured Managua, the capital of Nicaragua, single-handed—and by mistake!

And now these two, good friends of mine, were fighting for Orozco in the Red Flag revolution, while I joined Madero's army. So we were fighting on opposite sides.

Old José de la Cruz Sanchez was loyal to Madero. I joined him at Ojinaga, was again commissioned captain, and with about forty Mexicans was sent to destroy the railroad below Juárez.

A nice old man named Tiburcio Sanchez had raised that outfit of Mexicans. He was not a soldier, had never been in a fight in his life. He was a kindly, simple old man who had been a customs collector.

We rode up the river toward Juárez, then heavily garrisoned by the Red Flaggers, and near old Fort Hancock we left our men in camp under the command of Tiburcio's two sons. Tiburcio and his nephew and I, with a few men, crossed the river and went into El Paso for supplies.

We came back to the river about ten miles above our camps. The lowlands along the Rio Grande were flooded with the annual overflow, the fords were impassable, and we had to ferry our supplies across. Tiburcio, his nephew, and I crossed first, taking a few boxes, and the nephew and I swam our horses across. I was going back to take charge of sending the stuff over.

The boxes were being unloaded when two armed Mexicans rode out of the willow jungle. All over those flat floodlands the tules grow in thick masses twelve or fifteen feet high, with narrow trails winding through them. The two Mexicans came down one of these trails, rode up to us, and said:

"Cruz Sanchez wants to see you."

We were expecting Cruz Sanchez and his men to join us. Tiburcio asked:

"Where is he?"

"Over here about a mile, on a ranch."

Tiburcio said:

"All right, we will go with you and meet him."

I had a feeling that something was wrong. I said to Tiburcio, aside, "Those men are not from Ojinaga."

"Nonsense, they're all right. Cruz Sanchez is due here about this time."

"Well," I said, "just the same, we will send word to him to come up here."

"Oh, no, that would not be courteous. He is a colonel."

"It will be all right. Cruz Sanchez knows me."

"Oh, no," he said. He would not send such a message. But I had a strong feeling that something was wrong. Still, that was no argument. So I said:

"Well, we will do nothing till we get these supplies across. That is the first thing to do. Then if you want to ride to meet Cruz Sanchez we will talk about it again."

I WENT back to the American side, but I was uneasy, and after the boat was loaded I started back with it. While we were in the middle of the river I saw old Tiburcio and his nephew riding away with the strange Mexicans. Tiburcio had borrowed my horse.

I jumped ashore and ran a few yards till I could see up the trail in the tules. Tiburcio and his nephew had gone about a hundred yards, and I saw five or six men ride out of the tules on each side of the trail and cover them with rifles. I knew then that they were Red Flaggers. A whole bunch of them came dashing out of the tules right on top of us.

Three men were with me. Two of them jumped into the river and struck out for the other shore. The Red Flaggers were shooting at them, and I cannot swim. One man ran up the river bank, and I went back into the tules and lay down in the mud.

The Red Flaggers searched those tules for nearly an hour. Three or four times they were within a few feet of me. They found the other man and I heard them drag him out and kill him.

When they finally rode away I slid out and made my way down the river to a place where I knew there was a skiff, and I got it and crossed to the American side.

A big bunch of Red Flaggers was in that tule country. They had swooped down on our camp and scattered the men commanded by old Tiburcio's sons. Later we recovered the bodies of Tiburcio and his nephew. The Red Flaggers had taken them a few hundred yards along the trail,

Just a little piece of chocolate

YET what a big part it plays in the health of millions

It *looks* like chocolate. It *tastes* like chocolate. Yet millions have found it such a big thing in keeping healthy.

A little thing for a big purpose—to keep "regular"—that's Ex-Lax!

Ex-Lax checks on every point you should look for in a laxative:

Ex-Lax contains a laxative ingredient approved by doctors everywhere.

It tastes like the most delicious chocolate you ever ate.

It does not gripe or disturb the stomach. Causes no disagreeable after-effects.

It is *not* habit-forming.

It is a laxative scientifically timed to act thoroughly, gently and safely.

Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. In the 27 years that Ex-Lax has been a household favorite, many laxatives have come and gone. Yet Ex-Lax is still the leader, holding old friends and winning hosts of new ones every year.

There's only one Ex-Lax!

Success breeds envy. Beware of imitations of Ex-Lax! The names of some imitations *sound* like Ex-Lax. But there is only one *genuine* Ex-Lax. See the exact spelling when you buy. Insist on getting Ex-Lax to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results!

Get Ex-Lax at any drug store—in 10c and 25c sizes.

EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

keep "regular" with EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

tied them to a barbed-wire fence, and killed them.

That ended our first attempt to cut the railroad behind Juárez.

After that I was working out of El Paso. Garibaldi was there frequently in those days; he was brigadier general then and a great favorite of Madero. Harry MacDonald was there in command of a fine bunch of men; old Jack Noonan, Dan Mahoney—who afterward married the daughter of Governor Cox of Ohio, a little Frenchman named Carpentier, and several others.

I didn't work with them, but we'd meet in El Paso and have great times together. We were making raids down from El Paso, dynamiting the railroad. Five Mexicans went with me and we got eleven bridges. Harry MacDonald's crowd got five. Between us we stopped all railway communication with Juárez.

Meanwhile the war was going on, and down at the little station of Conejos, below Santa Rosalia, one man got an idea one day that changed the whole course of Mexican history.

Conejos was only a little station and railroad yards. General Salas was moving up from Torreón with the main Federal army, and in Conejos five or six loaded troop trains were drawn up on parallel tracks. A couple of miles out of town in the hills Orozco and Salazar had a little bunch of men, and one of these men had this bright idea:

From their position a straight two-mile down grade ran into Conejos. There was an old switch engine on the tracks and part of a carload of dynamite intended for the mines. The idea was simple enough. They loaded the switch engine with dynamite and tied dozens of cases on the front of the cowcatcher. Then the engineer got up steam, started the engine full speed down grade, and jumped off.

The flying engine smashed into the troop trains. The explosion derailed all the trains, killed more than a hundred men, injured hundreds more, tore up everything, and threw the Federal forces into a panic. Then the Red Flaggers attacked.

General Salas lost his whole army there, and that night he committed suicide.

His death was a great loss to Madero. The defeat was serious, the Red Flag rebellion was growing, and Madero needed strong generals. He looked about for someone to replace Salas, and in Mexico City there was an old retired army officer, the old type of ruthless war general. He had been retired at sixty-five, and was living on his retired pay, sitting around in cafés drinking cognac and boring everybody with old stories. He was a has-been, done for, forgotten. But he was the old relentless, unscrupulous, hard-headed kind of soldier.

Madero did not understand fighting men. War was murder to him; he hated it. But it seemed to him that if murder must be committed, the worst murderer is the best one. He picked up that old reactionary officer and put him in command in place of Salas.

THAT man was General Huerta. He came up to Torreón and reorganized the army. In a series of fights the Red Flaggers were driven back to Bachimba Pass, Chihuahua was recaptured, and Huerta got the credit for winning that war. But the other men who were fighting on each side of him had a big hand in it.

Villa was one of them. He fought on Huerta's flank during that whole advance. He took Parral twice, but was never given command of men enough to hold it. He was never given any important command. The old Federal officers were in the saddle with Huerta, and they hated Villa. They hated all the insurrecto officers who had won the Madero revolution. On one occasion Huerta arrested Villa as a bandit and would have shot him, but at the last minute Emilio Madero, brother of President Madero, succeeded in saving him.

A Federal force was gathering in Sonora at the town of Agua Prieta, which is separated only by the international border from Douglas, Arizona. I couldn't fight all the time; I never took money for fighting and I had a family to support. So I went to Douglas as A. P. correspondent.

Garibaldi was in command in Agua Prieta. It was there that I first met Obregon, a lieutenant colonel then. Later he was President of Mexico. He was the finest type of Mexican country gentleman. He had been living on his big irrigated modern farm in the Mayo valley in southern Sonora, but when the Red Flaggers revolted against Madero he organized a force of his Mayo Indians to fight for the government.

A bitter feeling was developing against my friend Garibaldi. He was a brigadier general, and a number of the old Mexican officers felt that to ask Mexicans to fight under the command of a foreigner degraded them. In the end he had to resign. He left Agua Prieta and went to the Balkans to join the Greek army in the war with Bulgaria. And everybody knows his record in the World War. Afterward he was one of the volunteers with Gabriele d'Annunzio when they took and held Fiume. He opposed Mussolini and is now an exile from Italy, living in the United States.

When he resigned his commission and left Mexico General Sanjines took command of the forces at Agua Prieta, and we moved down into eastern Sonora to the Mormon colony of Colonia Morelos.

WHEN the law against polygamy went into force in the States a number of Mormon colonies were established in Mexico by permission of the Mexican government. Two of them were on the high plateau of Sonora, and they made that desert bloom like Salt Lake Valley. They had thousands of acres of irrigated farms, enormous herds of fine cattle.

Their neat houses, built of red brick, were surrounded by gardens and lawns and flowers. It was like part of the United States set down in Mexico.

They were most hospitable; Bishop Lilywhite gave me a comfortable three-room brick house to live in while we were there. Obregon shared it with me, and we became well acquainted.

He was unmistakably Irish, rather stout, with a carefully tended mustache, gray eyes, brown hair, and proud of his Irish grandfather, whose name was Malloy. He was proud, too, of his Mayo-Indian blood.

When everything was ready at Colonia Morelos, General Sanjines moved the army into Chihuahua through Pulpit Cañon Pass. When we rode out of the pass we saw Ojitos Ranch lying in the middle of the plain. On this ranch, owning the land as far as he could see and ruling it like a king, a brother of the distinguished Lord Charles Beresford had lived for twenty years. Beresford had died a few months before we came in.

We established a camp at the ranch, turned our horses loose to graze, and settled down to rest while General Sanjines got in touch with Huerta, who was moving up toward Chihuahua from the south. The Red Flaggers held most of western Chihuahua. It was their stronghold. As soon as we were in communication with his forces we intended to move to attack the Red Flaggers. In the meantime we were relaxing and resting, expecting no trouble, when suddenly one morning at eleven o'clock our sentry on the hill gave an alarm. The Red Flag army was moving out of the low range of hills and forming on the plain.

The attack was completely unexpected. We had not known they were anywhere near us. There was a frantic scramble all over the place. Cowboys rode out and rounded up the herds of horses and drove them in. There was no time to pick and choose; the half-wild ranch horses came in with the rest and each man broke in his own mount, saddling up. They were bucking and pitching all over the corrals, and the Red Flag army was advancing across the plain.

General José de la Luz Blanco formed his infantry in our center. Salvador Alvarado was in command of two hundred Yaqui Indians. He was taking them out on Blanco's left, and I went with them. Some cavalry was forming on Blanco's right.

Our two field guns were mounted on the hill behind us. We barely had time to get into position when the firing started and the Red Flaggers charged us.

I never saw such fighters as those Yaquis. They are tall, hard, splendid fighting men, the fiercest fighters in Mexico. We met the Red Flaggers halfway. Those

Yaquis charged and broke their line, drove them back in hand-to-hand fighting. Then Obregon came in with a beautiful cavalry charge. His Mayos struck the enemy's right and drove it back.

It was tough fighting, but the battle at the ranch did not last more than an hour. Then Salazar and Campo began to retreat, putting up a stubborn rear-guard action. We stayed right with them, forcing them back into the hills with charge after charge. The Yaquis captured two of their cannon. At eight o'clock that night, after nine hours of hot fighting, Obregon made his final charge, captured two more cannon, and drove the remnant of the enemy back toward Casas Grandes.

THAT ended the fight and finished the Red Flaggers as an organized movement. After it was all over, when we were back at the ranchhouse where the officers were quartered, Obregon came in, sat down at the piano, and played like a man inspired. He was a marvelous musician. He played for an hour or more; no one interrupted him; we all sat listening, and at the end I remember he almost lifted us out of our chairs with Chopin's Funeral March.

When it was ended he looked around at us and said, "Why is that called a funeral march? It is a triumphant song of victory out of defeat."

Huerta occupied Chihuahua, Madero's forces had won, and that campaign was over. So I went back to Douglas, and there I met Bishop Lilywhite again.

The scattered bands of Red Flaggers were now raiding, robbing, and murdering all through eastern Sonora. The Mexican Federal forces were not yet organized to protect the people of Sonora, and the American colonists appealed to the United States. But Bryan was Secretary of State then, and he never protected an American abroad. He ordered them to leave their property, their work of twenty years, and run away from those bandit gangs.

The Mormons all came out together, several thousand refugee families in long wagon trains. They had been obliged to abandon all that they could not carry.

Talking this over one time with Bishop Lilywhite, I had an idea. I was doing nothing just then. Harry MacDonald and Dan Mahoney had come up from El Paso and they were footloose too. Why couldn't we go down into Sonora and bring out their blooded live stock for the Mormons? There were thousands of head of fine cattle and horses down there, and little bunches of Red Flaggers and Federals and home guards and Indians chasing around on those ranges stealing everything in sight.

We made a deal. MacDonald and Mahoney joined me, and we got two Mexicans and one Pima Indian. We would make a quick dash down into that country, round up a bunch of that stock, and drive it north to the border. The Mormon agent would meet us there, take charge of the stock, and pay the customs duty on it. We were not smuggling or violating any laws, and we were getting ten dollars a head for all the stock we rescued.

We were having a great time; one of the few times in my life when *I* ever got paid for enjoying myself. Everything was fine, till one night we came in and camped about a hundred yards on the Mexican side of the line. On the American side a troop of American cavalry was camped, and with it an old friend of mine, Lieutenant Cook. He asked us to come over and have supper with him. So we walked across the line and had supper, and while we were sitting there talking another troop of cavalry came riding in, and the major in command arrested us.

Next week Tex will tell how he was tried and acquitted, in the teeth of a wild rumor that he was now an outlaw and terrorist; how he kidnaped a Mexican band and marched it across the border to serenade "Mrs. O'"; how Madero was murdered and Villa turned against Huerta; how death unmasked a grizzled bad man and proved him to have been a woman. He will also throw light on the mysterious fate of Ambrose Bierce, the American author, and will recall Villa's lunching with Pershing.

CORNS

THIS IS THE
MEDICALLY SAFE
SURE WAY!

ENDS PAIN AT ONCE!

Be on your guard. Old-time methods for treating corns are unsafe. They don't remove the cause and can't prevent corns from coming back again. The modern, medically safe treatment is Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These cushioned, soothing, healing, protective pads end pain in ONE MINUTE; stop shoe friction and pressure; heal sore toes overnight; prevent blisters and keep you rid of corns. Used with the separate *Medicated Disks*, included at no extra cost, Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Don't cut your corns and risk blood-poisoning!

Quickly Remove Corns and Callouses

Special sizes and shapes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Soft Corns between the toes. Get a box today. At all drug, dept. and shoe stores. For every foot trouble there is a specific Dr. Scholl Appliance or Remedy.

CALLOUSES

BUNIONS

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

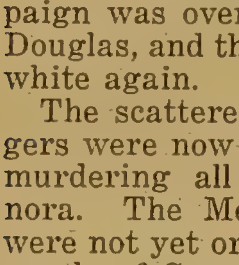
Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Stop Broadcasting!



SONNY had been trying for several minutes to say something and was having some trouble getting it out.

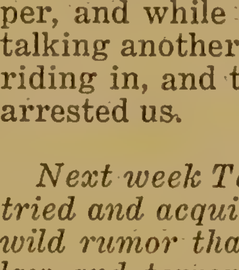
"Uh-uh-uh—" he stuttered.

"Why don't you say it?" queried his sister.

"I have to think," replied Sonny.

"Think on the inside," came the prompt rejoinder.—F. A. Behymer, Lebanon, Ill.

Harsh Criticism



MOTHER had taken her five-year-old son to call on the newly wed neighbor. They were asked to stay for lunch.

At dessert mother noticed Sonny was not eating his custard-pie crust. Calling this to his attention, she received the answer:

"Mother, this isn't pie. It's pudding in a paper plate!"—E. F. Russell, Box 125, Amenia, N. D.

Itching Skin

For 20 years now, soothing, cooling Zemo has seldom failed to end itching in five seconds, and clear up even the most stubborn cases of Eczema. Such wonderful results are due to Zemo's rare ingredients not used in other remedies. Get Zemo today—if you want to end Rashes, Pimples, Ringworm and Eczema. It's worth the price because you get relief. All druggist's, 35c, 60c, $1. Extra Strength Zemo, double results, $1.25.

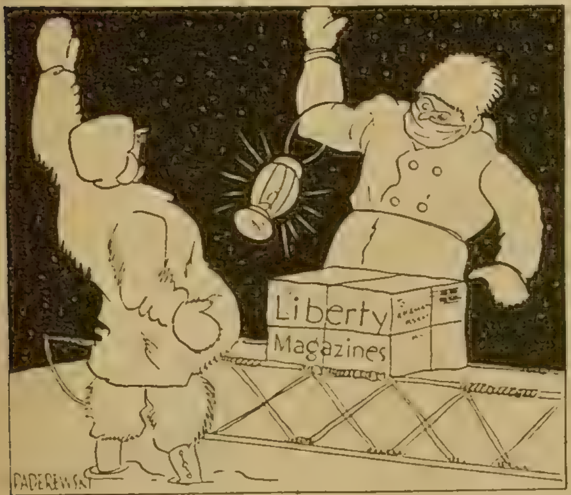
zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

VOX

The Christmas Returns Are Coming in from Saskatchewan

Prince Albert, Sask.—You didn't expect to hear from the North Pole—or almostly—did you? Here am I way up here west of P. A.—not that I didn't once live farther south. Well, what I was going to say:

Last winter my brother sent me up a whole scad of Libertys for Xmas—Gawd, what a Xmas present!



Did our family eat 'em up, or did our family eat 'em up! Kid brother, the pater—who generally doesn't fall for such tripe, as he calls it—even the mater, who is very, very modest, read 'em and liked 'em!

I certainly enjoy and appreciate those stories that have such a h— of a kick to 'em; also your hedgeless, hawless, true-to-life articles which come so directly and to the point.—*Blondie West.*

The Maritimers Give the Good Old Razzberry to Little Boston Albert

Moncton, N. B.—I have noted the pitiful bleating of the geographic expert Boston Albert in Vox Pop of April 15, and it is evident that he requires a postgraduate course in geography, statistics, and general powers of observation.

The term "down-easter" is generally understood to apply to natives of the New England States and not to the inhabitants of the Maritime Provinces of Canada.

The term "bluenose" is applied to Nova Scotians only; they are proud of the nickname and are a fine people. Regarding the term "herring-choker"—Maritimers catch herrings principally for other deep-sea fish bait; the surplus they ship to Boston as food for the multitude.

Maritimers are noted for numerous accomplishments. They go to Boston and other New England towns and take most of the executive jobs right out from under the New Englanders' hats. They leave the ice-wagon driving to the natives.

Another nasty thing they are noted for is grabbing most of the shipmasters' positions, and navigators that are native are the descendants of Maritimers. The "herring-choker" as a rule wins all the boat races. The principal snag in this game is called the Bluenose.

Regarding the remark about prewar clothes, maybe in the back country the people are not up to the latest big-city style; but then, I have seen some mighty crude specimens down in dear old Massachusetts, Vermont, and New Hampshire.—*J. F. Sexton.*

Pincher Creek, Alta.—Have always enjoyed your fine sense of humor, but I think that Boston Albert has topped you this time. I bet you a dollar to doughtnuts he is a "bluenose" himself. Anyway, you have a big job ahead of you when the deluge of statistical letters from the Maritimers arrive at your office. Those Indians will be out for scalps!—*C. E. MacIntosh.*

Hartford, Conn.—Say, Boston Albert, what little down-east girl gave you the air? Or did a down-east boy covet your ice-delivery route?

Thanks to Liberty for publishing the viewpoint of a "catfish."—*Nancy.*

Moncton, N. B.—Boston Albert made a good case against us down-easters, but the real reason came last. A primitive race whose sole ambition is to come to Boston. The rest of the letter was unnecessary. The point is proved.—*Ambitionless Maritimer.*

If That Pay Day Was Like Some Army Ones We've Seen They Took in the Sidewalks

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Your story about Tex O'Reilly in the current Liberty is of great interest to me.

I did not know much about O'Reilly previous to the Boxer trouble, but I am sure that I knew him at the time that he and I and a few others were in Korea with Young. Yes, we had quite a time in Shanghai after the pay-off, and I could tell a story or two about those days and other days up to the time of Dr. Sun Yat-Sen.

When you see The O'Reilly again, tell him that Black Jack is reading his story with more interest than the average reader of Liberty could.—*John J. Lasker.*

Sounds Like Stabus Stiggins

LAREDO TEXAS LOST NICKEL OUT OF PANTS POCKET DURING NIGHT STOP NO HOLES IN POCKET STOP HAVE LOOKED OVER ENTIRE HOUSE AND HAVE QUESTIONED CHILDREN STOP FOUND WIFE READING NEW LIBERTY STOP HAVE ABANDONED SEARCH FOR NICKEL

LINDSEY PETTY

Now Is That Nice, Lulu?

Montreal, Que.—I never wrote Vox Pop before, but cannot resist the temptation to tell Mr. "Sorehead" Nathan Cantor, whose letter was in the issue of April 8, that the reason most prizes go to readers outside New York and Brooklyn is because most people in other places are more clever than those who compete from Mr. Cantor's burg!

Mrs. Lulu Hart

Mr. Nathan Cantor's letter proves just why he does not win prizes in Liberty contests. It also proves that Nathan is no relation to Eddie.—*Lulu Hart.*

While We're About It, Why Not Two Padded Cells?

New Castle, Pa.—It's bad enough to read the stories in Liberty, but to read Vox Pop is the final test of one's sanity and any person who writes to you is certainly eligible for a strait-jacket.

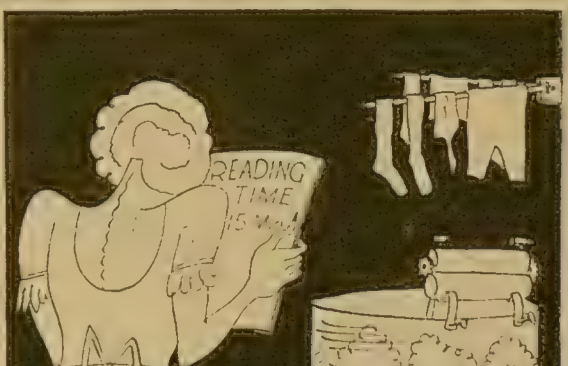
It is generally known that insane people are sly, tricky, and able to conceal many things from their keepers. Because of this trait I have managed to hide the fact from my friends that I am a reader of Liberty. As a personal favor I would feel indebted to you if you would see to it that the author of Hell Hounds has plenty of padding in his cell.—*Ted F. Higgins.*

Darn' Clever, These Women from the Chinook State

Raymond, Washington—We like to read Liberty, especially for one feature, and that is your articles all have a reading time and our washing is large.

We use a washing machine, and for some clothes it takes fifteen minutes to clean, others longer.

All you have to do is to put in the clothes, figure how long to wash, pick up Liberty, select an article with reading time to correspond. Presto! Your clothes are done and you've enjoyed your article.—*Mrs. J. M. Eager.*



POP

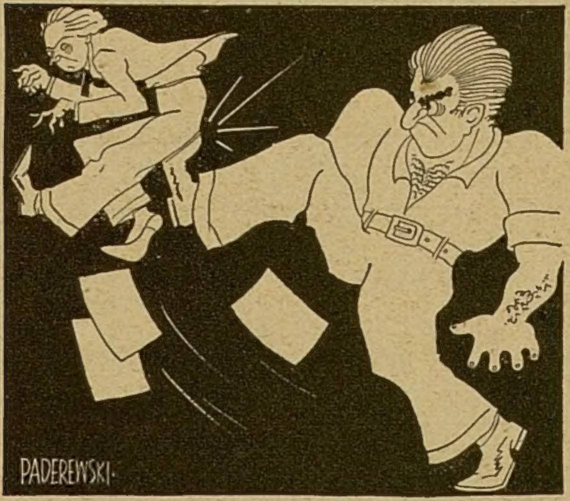
adam john barth
VOX POP EDITOR

Whoops, My Dear! Just One of Those Great Big He-Men from the Wide Open Spaces

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—At one time in my life I pictured in my mind's eye that an editor would look like this:

Six feet four in his socks, hamlike fists, hairy-chested, broad forehead and shaggy mane, and not afraid of death, hell, or high water.

But after reading a few pages of Vox Pop in Liberty, have discovered that some editors have long flat feet, spindle legs, and wear a Weary Willie look, plus a cigarette on their lip. If I wanted this to appear in Vox Pop, would just fill it full of baloney and applesauce, with a lot of old .49 stuff about the merits of Vox Pop editor. But out here we are he-men and don't have that kind of lingo in our vocabulary to use on thin-skinned editors that always pick their letters to publish with a lot of horsefeathers and taffy.



So go ahead and cast out the ones that don't click with your vanity. Some morning you will probably find a note that has been slipped under your door stating everybody is wise and you had better beat it!—*H. C. Murdock.*

Those Caissons Go Rolling Along Right Over Willie's Head

LOVINGTON, N. M.—I want to slip you some confidential information! The person writing under the name Crown Prince Wilhelm is not Crown Prince Wilhelm at all! He is just another ex-crown prince.

This egg and I have something in common: we are both "exes." He is an ex-prince, I am an ex-sergeant of the Seventh Field Artillery. The golden age for both of us came to an end fourteen years ago.

During the war it was reported that Mr. Ex-Prince was suspicioned of having a few stray bats in his belfry. Fair-minded as I am, I put this down, at the time, as simple Allied propaganda. But since Mr. Ex-Prince now sets down in black and white that he visited fortune tellers, repulsed blondes (and him a soldier!), and believed that the Americans thought Alsace-Lorraine to be a lake, that bat story seems conservative.

His song and dance about the German super-soldiers standing up the remainder of the entire civilized world seems to have been copied from The Charge of the Light Brigade and is mere beer foam. It is true that there were more nations lined up for the Allied cause than for the German, but a lot of their armies were paper armies, which means, according to Rupert Hughes, "more ink than soldiers." It is a fact that can be substantiated from any number of reliable sources that, until well into 1918, Germany and her allies had more men and more guns *actually engaged at the front* than the Allies.

I am a Liberty fan, but don't feed me too much of this Crown Prince fodder. —*Bill Davis.*

We Keep the Printers Working Night and Day Turning 'Em Out

MAPLE PLAIN, MINN.—Here is an idea that might be worth real money to you. Soon your editors will run out of crusading material and then they can begin a campaign against split infinitives. A big percentage of your Vox Poppers could conveniently use some instruction in the proper use of the verb forms.

Paul A. Anderson

Imagine my disappointment when I run across a "to always be" or "to further add" in some otherwise perfectly good letter. And these same pudding Galsworthys and Rineharts complain because Liberty acknowledges their literary efforts with rejection slips!

More power to you, Liberty! May you never run out of rejection slips.—*Paul A. Anderson.*

The "Wear Cotton" Movement

ANDERSON, S. C.—For the past two years the Wear Cotton Association of America has sponsored the Southern Cotton Festival. Last year practically every state in the United States was represented in some way at the Cotton Festival, and most of the Southern states sent a queen. The queens and their attendants wore cotton clothes wherever they went.

This year we are asking one outstanding woman leader in each state to be sponsor for her state in our Wear Cotton Association. We have also asked the national presidents of women's organizations throughout the country to bring it before their organizations.—*Mrs. George F. Bigby, President Wear Cotton Association of America.*

"Yawl" Listen to This

REIDSVILLE, N. C.—May I rise to rebuke the small army of Southern linguists who objected to the use of "you-all" by Mr. Eric Hatch in his great story Five Days? This was no doubt used merely to improve the wittiness of his expert dialogue.

James Whitsett

All comedians, when imitating Southern speakers, use this term. It has become an identifying mark, practically always bringing a laugh. Let it continue. Although commonly written and spoken as "you-all," the true pronunciation is "yawl"—to rhyme with drawl.—*James Whitsett.*

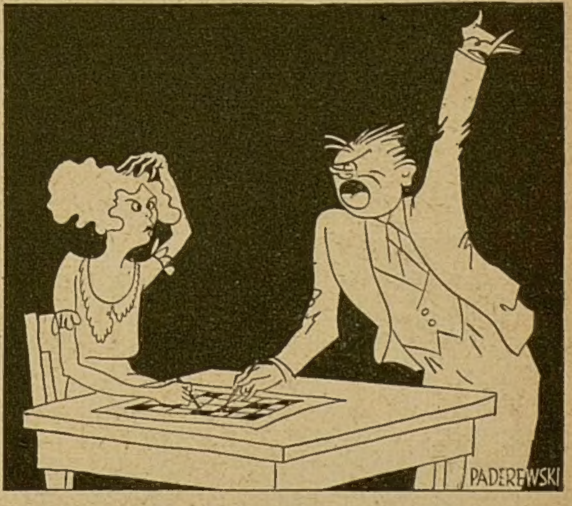
Perhaps Peggy's Press Agent Has a Good Imagination

BALTIMORE, MD. — Princess Alexandra Kropotkin says of Peggy Fears in the April 22 Liberty that "Edgar Allan Poe was a forbear of hers." May I call the attention of both ladies to the fact that Edgar Allan Poe had no children and, consequently, no descendants? In other words, he isn't anybody's "forbear." This claim reminds one of the people who claim to be descendants of George Washington.

Usually I enjoy To the Ladies, but while writing I should like to say that paragraph about Lupe Velez was a sour note—all her American money in cold cash in a safe-deposit box when we are begged and implored not to hoard! She'll never get a cent of mine to add to it.—*M. C. Phillips.*

What! You Don't Read the Bright Sayings of Children?

PITTSBURGH, PA.—My wife buys Liberty—reads it through. Then I get it. Work the puzzles—solve the problems—compete for prizes—try to answer the Twenty Questions. It's all over in two days.



My wife says I am nuts and I claim she is nuts. Perhaps we are both right —who knows?—*William Boher.*

ANNOUNCING
COVER TITLE WINNERS FOR APRIL 1

$50 FIRST PRIZE

Herbert W. Wilson,
San Francisco, Calif.
"Two Minds Without a Single Thought."

$25 SECOND PRIZE

Dr. Milton A. Bell,
Philadelphia, Pa.
"Ohm—Sweet Homme."

$15 THIRD PRIZE

W. C. Ayer,
St. Louis, Mo.
"The Absent-Minded Artist Paints a Magazine Cover."

$10 FOURTH PRIZE

Edith Magee,
Canton, Ohio
"Young and Foolish."

TEN $5 PRIZES

C. J. Evans, Cleveland, Ohio; John A. Goodall, Mountain Home, Idaho; Monte Kelsey, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Herbert J. Kleinrichert, South Bend, Ind.; W. K. Perdue, Canton, Ohio; A. J. Randolph, Lockney, Tex.; William E. Rice, Baltimore, Md.; Cort W. Sayres, Highland Park, Mich.; Ohla Smith, Miami, Fla.; John C. Woods, Millington, Tenn.

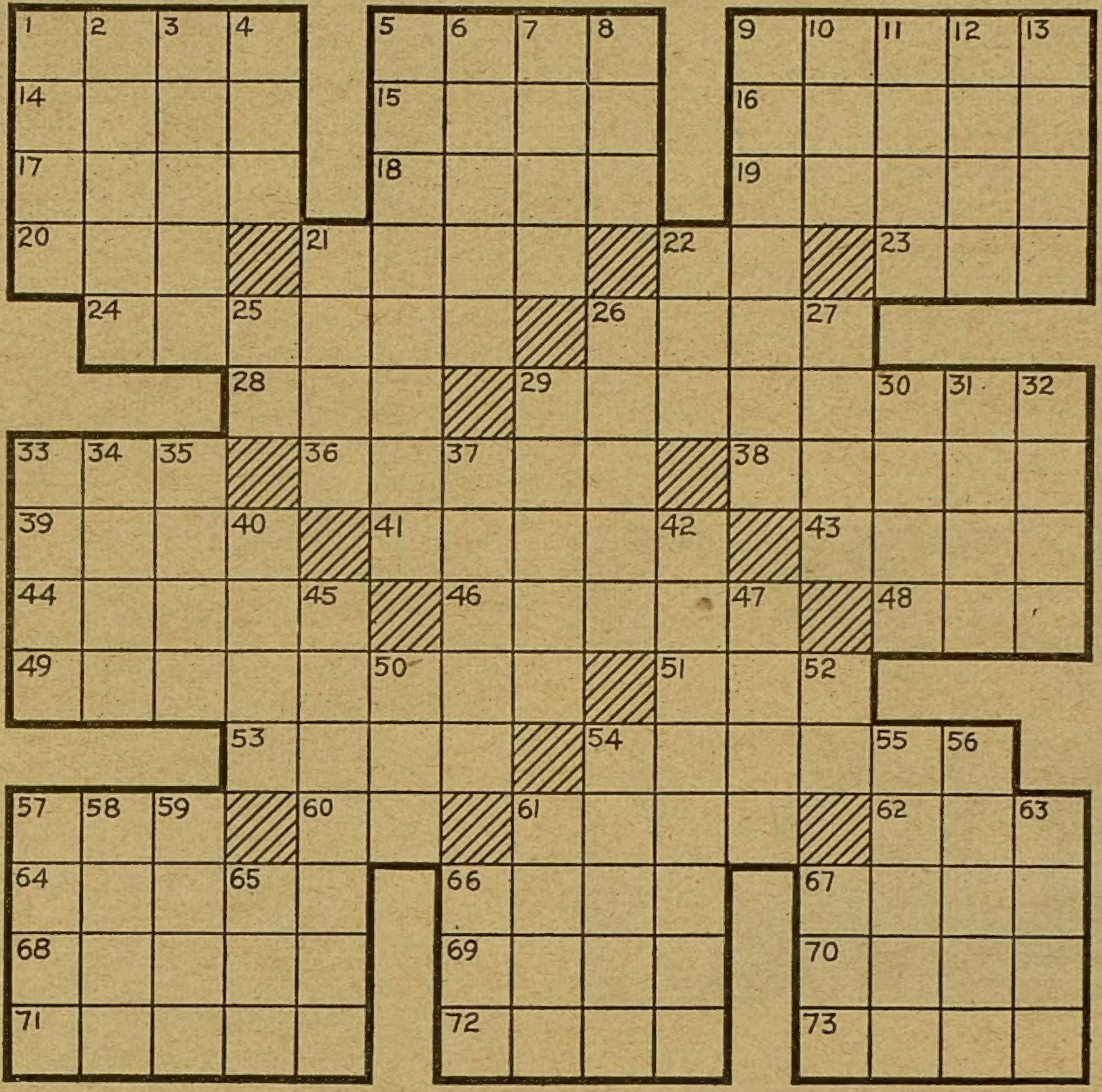
FIFTY $2 PRIZES

Harry Ashton, Philadelphia, Pa.; Walter F. Arnold, Long Beach, Calif.; V. Beede, Orangeburg, N. Y.; G. L. Cathcart, Torrington, Conn.; Laverne Caron, Detroit, Mich.; Kennard E. Colton, Eugene, Ore.; Mrs. Gertrude A. Cox, Portland, Ore.; Elizabeth Crowe, Omaha, Neb.; Winifred Cummings, Fountain, Minn.; Bruce Currie, Oklahoma City, Okla.; D. Allan De Long, Allentown, Pa.; John Dugan, Pekin, Ill.; William P. Gaynor, West Roxbury, Mass.; Milton Frank, Baltimore, Md.; Abigail Gold, Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. Grant, Victoria, B. C.

Mrs. W. Gustafson, Chicago, Ill.; W. Karl Hilbrich, Erie, Pa.; Harold B. Hill, Hot Springs, Ark.; Mrs. E. Howat, Toronto, Ont.; Robert E. Hungerbuhler, Bronx, N. Y.; Fred D. Karchner, Milton, Pa.; Florence E. Kelsey, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mrs. Daniel Kennedy, Washington, D. C.; James Kinsale, Chicago, Ill.; Lee H. Kunert, Aberdeen, S. D.; Isador Lesser, Washington, D. C.; Edwin Carlile Litsey, Lebanon, Ky.; Mrs. Helen Magill, Orlando, Fla.; Leo O. Martin, St. Anne, Ill.; Frank Mazel, New York, N. Y.; Fred N. McIntyre, Miami, Fla.

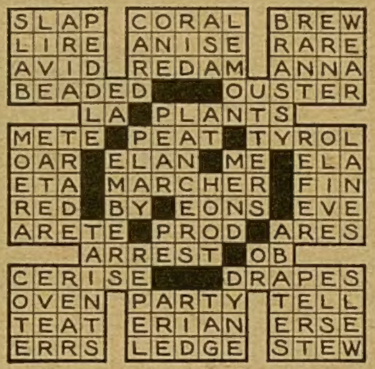
Morris M. McKnight, Monroe, La.; Roy E. McNulty, Sioux City, Iowa; J. F. Merritt, Almonesson, N. J.; Lloyd Ira Miller, Allentown, Pa.; Leon H. Mudgett, Albuquerque, N. M.; Casimer Orstynowicz, South Bend, Ind.; James Owen, Norwich, N. Y.; Mildred H. Petty, Madera, Calif.; John F. Pryor, Jr., Bronx, N. Y.; H. Racik, San Francisco, Calif.; H. M. Rogers, Wallingford, Conn.; Mrs. William Stoddard, Clint, Tex.; E. E. Stone, Paris, Ky.; Betty Sullivan, Springfield, Ohio; W. A. Tanner, Malden, Mass.; Carrie Tucker, San Francisco, Calif.; George West, West Palm Beach, Fla.; Marie Evylin Wilcox, Lawrence, Kan.

CROSS WORDS
A NEW PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

1 Wish
5 A king of Midian
9 That on which a thing rests
14 A person of an Eastern race prominent in the sixth century
15 Injury
16 Degrade
17 Spanish and Portuguese measure
18 A route across an ocean
19 South and Central American animal
20 A tree
21 Commanded
22 By
23 Compass point
24 To hail
26 Measure for diameter of wire (plural)
28 Bewilderment
29 Heeled over, as a ship
33 High in the scale (musical)
36 Brings to its correct condition
38 Shop
39 Biblical land
41 Sharpening device
43 Flexible tube
44 Recess
46 Meaning
48 Man's nickname
49 Dies
51 Hawaiian garland
53 Tiara (poetic)
54 Controlled
57 Billow
60 Chinese measure of weight



Answer to last week's puzzle

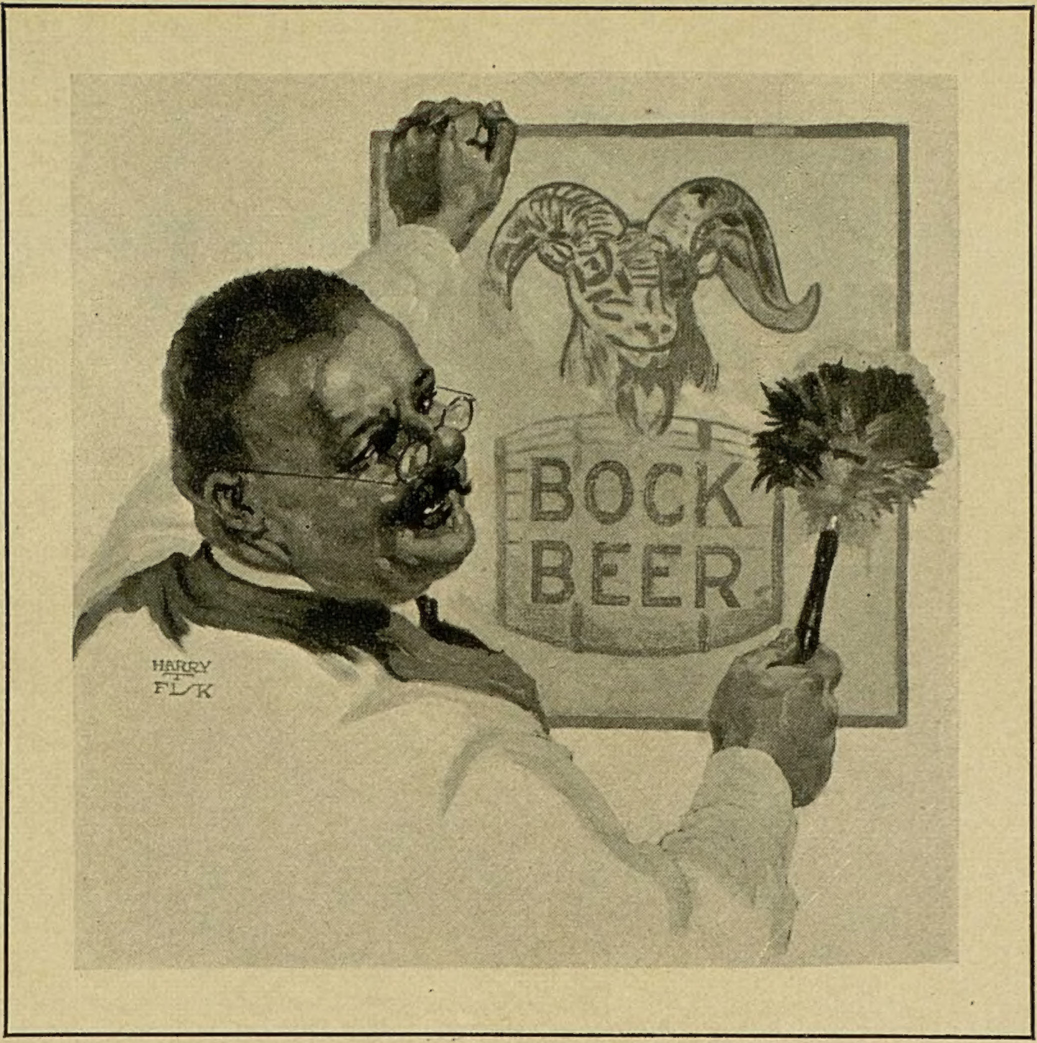
61 Thigh of an animal prepared for food (plural)
62 Cause to be quit of
64 Division of a poem
66 Prefix: half or partly
67 One of the incarnations of Vishnu
68 A flower
69 A king of Sweden
70 Roman highway
71 Tall bamboolike grasses
72 Mounds
73 Greatest in number

VERTICAL

1 To possess
2 Ellipses
3 City in Italy
4 Period
5 Narrators
6 To avoid by artifice or subterfuge
7 Any twining stem
8 A beverage
9 Encounter between ships of war (plural)
10 Sleeveless garment worn by Arabs
11 Subverts by digging or wearing away
12 Daughter of Seb and Nut (Egyptian mythology)
13 Withered
21 Range for target practice
22 Melody
25 Note of the scale
26 Worker in stone
27 A son of Adam
29 Roman goddess of growing vegetation
30 Time when the sun is on the meridian
31 Gaelic
32 Act
33 Surrounded by
34 Single
35 A soft mineral
37 Absolute
40 A vegetable
42 Disputants
45 Makers of clothes
47 Portuguese coins
50 Capuchin monkey
52 A preposition
54 Bast fiber of an Asiatic plant
55 Muse of lyric poetry
56 United States coin (plural)
57 A cicatrix
58 To relieve
59 Poker stake
61 At this point
63 Short lance
65 Spread for drying
66 Put in place
67 Margin

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

There's
Money
in
This
Picture!



$250 *in* CASH PRIZES

WILL BE PAID *for the* BEST TITLES SUBMITTED!

Your Chance to Win Is Excellent

HERE'S another opportunity to title a Liberty cover drawing and win a substantial cash award. There may be big money in this week's picture for you! Will you file your claim? You may receive $50. That's the first prize. You may receive the check for $25 which will be mailed to the author of the second best entry. You may win one of the other sixty-two cash prizes, each of them being well worth the having. Your chance to share in this distribution of cash money is excellent. Your opportunity to compete successfully is the same as that of any other reader. The important point right now is to file your entry!

The drawing, reproduced above, almost writes its own title. Surely you can think of several of prize-winning caliber at a glance. Get them down in writing while you have them in mind.

Then read the rules. They are brief and simple. All necessary information for completing your entry and filing it for prize consideration are contained therein. Also, when your entry is ready for mailing, make sure that your name and full address are plainly readable.

You will find winners of the second contest of this series announced on another page of this issue.

NEXT WEEK A NEW $250 CASH PRIZE CONTEST

TITLE CONTEST
CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize	$50
Second Prize	25
Third Prize	15
Fourth Prize	10
Ten Prizes, $5 Each	50
Fifty Prizes, $2 Each	100
Total Prize Money	$250

TITLE CONTEST RULES

Each suggested title must be of not more than ten words.

Each title must be accompanied by a note of not more than twenty-five words stating what, in this week's issue of Liberty, appeals to you most.

The title which in the opinion of the judges supplies the cleverest, most interesting caption for the picture and which is accompanied by the most interesting note, as above, will be adjudged the best.

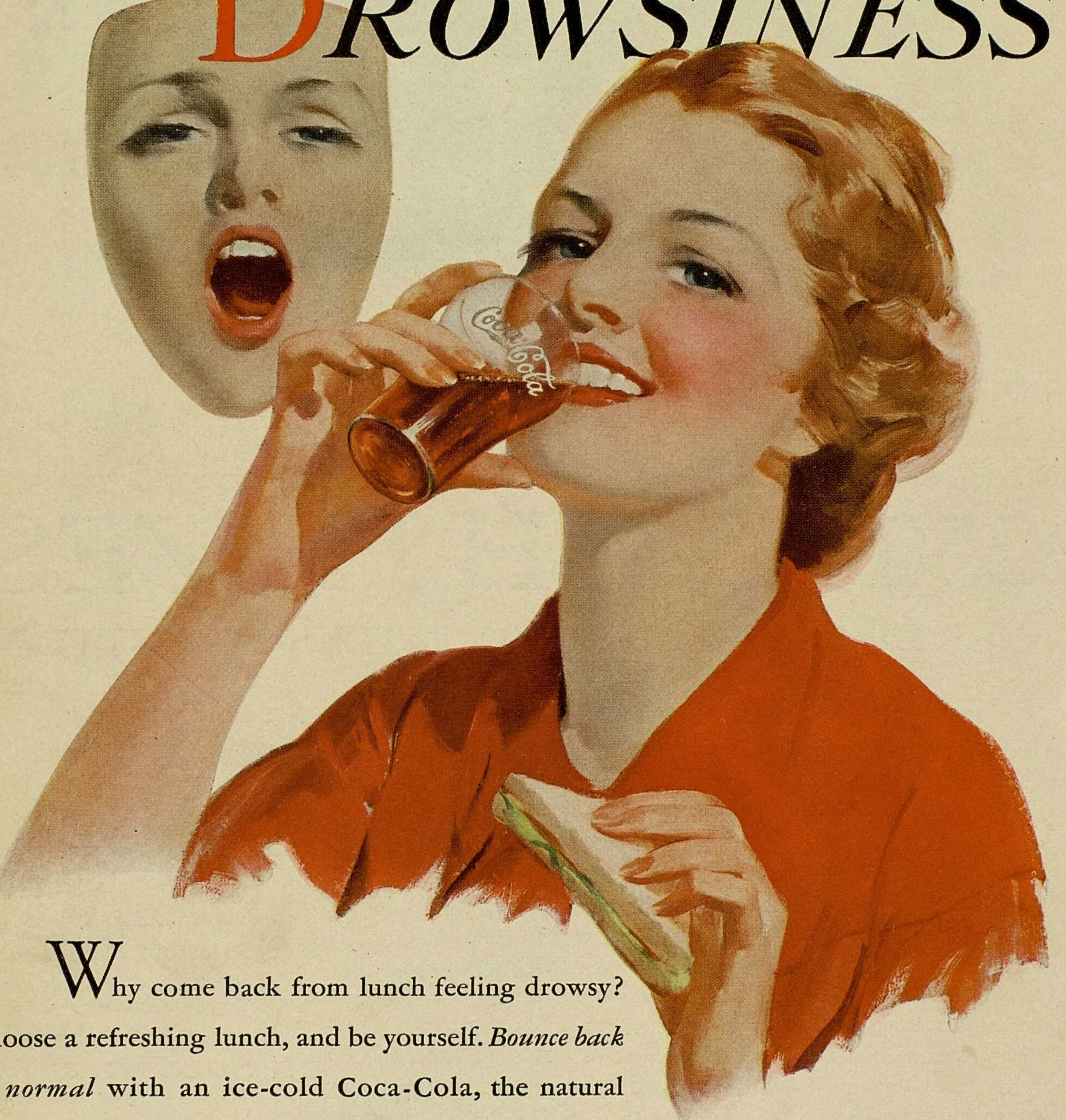
Judging on this basis, Liberty will pay a first prize of $50. For second best, $25; for third best, $15; for fourth best, $10; for the next ten, $5 each; and for the next fifty $2 each will be paid. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

Address all entries to TITLE CONTEST EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Anyone, anywhere, may compete in this contest except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

This contest closes Monday, May 29.

No after-lunch DROWSINESS



Why come back from lunch feeling drowsy? Choose a refreshing lunch, and be yourself. *Bounce back to normal* with an ice-cold Coca-Cola, the natural partner of so many good things to eat. • An ice-cold Coca-Cola is more than just a drink. It's a very particular kind of drink — combining those pleasant, wholesome substances which foremost scientists say do most in restoring you to your normal self. Really delicious, it invites a pause, a pause that will refresh you.

Back to work
with a fresh start

© 1933 COCA-COLA CO., ATLANTA, GA.